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MAXIMUMS AND SPECIMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

My reasons for writing this 'ere hortobiography is, that I thinks the history of any man's life, never mind how poor and low he are, if so be it are wrote down without any lies and hartificial gammon, are a moral lesson to them as reads it, and may do 'em good.

Fool as I are, I har seed and larnt a thing or two in my time, and as I har *paid* for my larning, perhaps my 'sperience may be o' use to many as may find themselves similarly sitivated as I vas.

All I har said, and done, and thought on, as Rosso, the French fileosofer, as said afore me, I har put down permiscuously, jest as it comed into my 'ed, without thinking nuffin of my spelling, or my languidge; them 'ere is nuffin: if so be the *beef* are good, wats the hodds vether it's sarved up on delf or china?

To begin with my beginning. I war born—there arnt no doubt about that, but vere and ven is another pair o' shoes. Howsomdever, not to make no mystery o' nuffin, and perwent the world from supposing that I means to *pitch it*, and wants to make believe as how I war born a genlemn, I boldly says, that my mother war a vasher-voman, and my father a nackney-coachman.

I shan't say nuffin about my babby days, cause they warn't nuffin out of the common, so cuts avay at vonce to ven I vas a boy in jacket and trousers.

We lived in a cellar in the Dials, and a wery nice crib it war, and wery wholesome, bating the smell from the rags and bones as father dealt in ven he gived up the driving business, and *tuk to hese* and smoking.

As I war a harty boy, and we hadn't got too much room, mother used to start me out into the streets to play with the other blagard boys as lived in the neighberhood. Now this 'ere war all wery pleasant to a young youth like me, 'cos I could do as I pleased, and didn't care nuffin for nobody; but howsomdever, it warn't good for me, cos for vhy? Young uns should be teached things by degrees, and didn't ought to be let to get their larning permiscuously. Boys larns no good in the streets; on the contrary they larns a deal o' harm, picking o' pockets and gambling, and sich likes. I got my eddecation as I could, by hods and hends. My reading I larnt by the play-bills; and this 'ere vas the vay I did it.

Mother tuk me one night to the Vells (Sadler's Vells), and I seed a play vich made such a heligible himpression on my hinnocent mind that I war halways a thinking on it. It war a water piece called Rokeby, and a werry good un it war; I har never seed nuffin like it since, not heven at Droory Lane and Common Garden, or heven the 'Talian Hoppera, thof I've seed many wonderful things at hall of 'em. I suppose the reason why I thinks so are, that I war so hunsofistycated then, and warn't up to the artful dodges I are now.

Hevery thing I seed in them juleval days was so uncommon prime and shiny—like new boots, poor hinnocent creeturs, wot don't know nuffin about the rain and mud, and soleing and heeling and patching, but thinks the pavement will never be nuffin but clean and smooth. Oh! if them west-end boots could but see the old uns as hangs up in Monmouth-street, there'd be a lesson for 'em. It's astonishing how soon the shine is taken out of heverything; time and misfortun is the hard brushes as wears us out, and bad conduct is the knife we cuts our upper leather with, ven ve tries to scrape off the dirt afore it is dry.

But to return to my larning to read. I war always a hankering after the play, and a slinking about the play-house, staring at the hactors and hactresses as they comed from rehearsaling. Cremmeni! how different them people har when they've got their own clothes on, a

valking about like hornary ladies and genlemn in the hopen hair; them as looks the best and has the most to say for themselves at night, looks the wust and most fullishest in the morning; rum creeturs them, the whole biling on 'em, specially them as does the clowns and pantermines. The playhouses used to hang out then, just as they do now, boards with the bills o' the hentertainments as war to be seed. That 'ere Rokeby I spoke on was a thing that tooked werry much, and so in course it war hacted hevery night.

I used to look at the board every morning, and thof I didn't know wot war writ on it, I knowed when it war Rokeby, for this ere reason—it war one word, and the letters war big uns, with a pictur of a ship at the top of 'em.

So says I to myself one day, ven I was a leaning aginst a post, as all genlemn does in the Dials, thinking o' nuffin, says I, "There's a deal more writing under that 'ere Rokeby. I should like to know what it are." So vot does I do but asks a boy of my acquaintance, vot went to the parish college, and had larnt to read, what it war; says I to he, "Jim!"—his name war Jim Lobkins (poor feller, he war lagged a year or two arter for valking into a genlemn's house, and borrowing his spoons and forks)—"read me that 'ere!" He did it right hoff like nuffin at all, barring spelling a crack-jaw vord or two, vich war never meant to be pernounced.

I war astonished at his larning, and ven I vent home I said to myself, "Bill, you wagabond, vat har you been a-doing vith your time all this 'ere vile, that you can't read no more nor a norse or a donkey! You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, you hignorant hidle warmint!"

From that ere werry day I turned hover a new leaf, guved hover playing and leaning against the postises, and set to vork to inform my mind, and cultivate my hunderstanding.

I beginned with Rokeby. I larnt to know a R, and a O, and a K, a E, a B, and a Y.

By little and little I larn'd hall my letters; then I larn'd *words; and then* I could read like a house afire,

quite as vell, and, atween ourselves, a precious sight better nor my friend Jim.

That vos my first great lesson in life; it showed me wot patience and persewerance does ven ve makes up our mind to do a thing.

These is my reflections on that 'ere pint:—

MAXIMUM.—There arnt nothing but wot patience and persewerance can floor.

SPECIMENT.—If you wants to drive a nail into a piece of hoak, don't hexpect to 'complish it vith von or two knocks; if you does you'll find your herror, for it will heither bend or break; but if you keeps continually hammering at it, gently, by degrees, it's sure to go in all right and regular.

CHAPTER II.

AT this 'ere time I vas atwixt eight and nine year old; a fine strong boy, as himpudent as a vaterman, and as vide awake as a veazel.

As I said afore, a change had comed hover me, and I beginned to see as I warnt a-going on well, and that it vould soon be all round my hat with me if I stayed at home much longer a-wasting my time in hidleness and bad company. So says I one day to father—as he vas a smoking his pipe by the fire, a custom o' his'n, poor old chap, vot had growed upon him so much as ve got poorer and poorer, that he beginned with it as soon as he waked in the morning, and never gived it up till he dropped hoff to sleep at night—"Father," says I——

By the bye, now I thinks on it, I'll jest say a few words about backy.

I read t'other day, in a book wrote by a first-rate genlemn in a curly vig and viskers, that "gin is the poor man's friend."

Now that 'ere sentiment I plumply denies, and 'spect-

fully begs to say, as the first-rate genlemn arnt seen and practized all the things he writes about, or he'd a knowed better.

I speaks from 'sperience, and I says *backy's the poor man's friend, and gin's his bitterest henemy.* I har tried 'em both hover and hover again, and has reason to know it.

The smoker ayn't *halways* hinclined to be wicious; the drinker *are.*

The *weed* makes us quiet and patient; the *spirit* stirs us hup and sets us on to mischief;

"One gives hall the pleasure, t'other hall the pain."

Not as I hadwocates deadening the hintellects and putting thought to bed; but, to them as has comed down in the vorld, and darn't reflect on their rewerse—and them, too, as has never had no adwantages at no time, and has honly brute hinstinct to help 'em—I says, that, vot hallays their hunger and lulls their pains, by putting 'em, like the cows, into a *ruminating* state, in vich they cares for nuffin and for nobody, *and doesn't do no harm,* are a blessing vot the vell-fed and prosperous can't heven himagine.

Many and many's the poor creetur, as aynt got no money to buy wittles, and hasn't no hope for to-morrow, as lays out the last penny in backy, and makes it serve for meat and drink, and house and clothes, and friends and relations.

Jest hask the basket-people in the markets, the bricklayers' labourers, the soldiers, the sailors, the coachmen, the vatermen, the coal-heavers, and hall them as is in want, or has to vork hard and rough it in hall veathers, vich they would give up soonest—backy or gin?—and I'll vager Prince Halbert's hallowance to a midshipman's harf-pay, they all on 'em say *gin.*

But to return to my old governor. "Father," says I, "I vants to speak to you about summut perticler."

"Vat are it, boy?" says he, a smoking away, arout moving a muscle; "*gee* up."

"I vants to cut avay from home," says I, bolting it out in a breath, for I vas mightily afeard on him.

"Cut avay!" says he, taking his pipe hout of his mouth and looking at me like a policeman ven he's called on to hact hofficially; "cut avay! You haven't *found* something have you?" Then he put his pipe in his mouth agin, guved me another *blue* look, and puffed avay like vun o'clock.

"No, father," says I, turning wery red at the insinevation; "I ayn't *found* nothing at all; but I believes if I stays here much longer I *shall;* so to perwent that 'ere I vants you to let me go and 'arn my living in a honest vay."

"Woah!" says the old boy, putting down his pipe on a table ahind him, and pulling himself hup in his chair as if he war stopping a coach; "woah a bit, lad: that aynt so easily done as said; you aynt got no eddication, you don't know nuffin o' hosses, and I aynt got no friend to give you a shoulder; the thing's unposserbul—it won't gee—you can't cut in or turn the corner nohow; so pull up and get hoff your box at vonce."

"I must and vill find some vay to get my living, father," says I, growing wehement, and striking my fist on the table; "I'm young and strong, and willing to vork, and it aynt good and prudent o' you to try to baulk me."

"Bill," says the poor old feller, shaking his head, and looking at me with tears in his eyes, in a most piteous manner; "Bill," says he, "this 'ere aynt the cheese—you shouldn't bullock your father in this ere vay; I don't vant to be no hobstacle to your hadwancement—on the contrary, more t'other—but vot can I do? My knowledge o' human natur and hosses tells me that a man as is poor and friendless can't do nuffin for his family more nor sharing his crib and wittles with 'em; its hall wery fine talking o' doing things, but the *practize* is different; you may drive up to a stand, but if you aynt got no tin to pay the vaterman his reglars, you'll never have a chance o' being hired."

Jest at this moment in comes mother. "Bless us,"

says she, "wots up atwixt your father and you, Bill? you both on you looks as queer as a quartern o' soap arter a week's wash. Vat's the matter, daddy? has the young willin been a haggrawating you?"

"No," says father, quite calm and moloncholy; "the boy's found hout that going pardners with his old father and mother in poverty and misfortun aynt the stilton, so he vants to cut hout of the rank and set up a veelbarrow on his own account."

"Does you, Bill?" says mother, turning wery pale, and putting her head on my shoulder and veeping like a vatering-pot; "I've long been afeard o' this."

"Yes, mother," says I, viping avay her tears vith the corner of her apron, and speaking out like a man; "it's time I should go and seek my fortun; I'm a very great burden to you and father, and——"

"You aynt, boy! you aynt!" sobbed she, a-hinterrupting me, and putting her harms round my neck and kissing me; "you aynt, dear Bill, you aynt — are he, father?"

"No, no," snivelled the old man, a-blowing his nose to perwent me from seeing him a-crying; "more t'other side o' the way—all right—drive on—drive on——"

"I know I are keeping you both out of many comforts," says I, taking a hand of each of 'em, "and I didn't ought, now I am strong, and old enough to shift for myself; so, if so be you'll consent, and let me go and get a honest living, I shall halways be a comfort and pride to you; but if so be you're foolish, and won't part with me, mark my words, *I shall be sure to find my vay to the gallus.*"

"Oh, Bill," says mother, putting her hand on my head, and looking all over my face as if she would vorship me, "my dear child, don't talk of such a dreadful thing; go and do as you likes; I feels you is right—you *shall* go thof it breaks my heart to part with you."

"That's a dear mother," says I, a cuddling on her up; "don't be downhearted, you'll live to be proud on me yet; what says you, father?" says I, a-holding out my hand to him.

"Vy," says the old coachman, a-taking it and shaking it, "as your mother says you may go, and seeing as how as she har got the whip hand o' me since this 'ere roomatiz perwents me from getting on the box, I suppose I must back hout of my objections, and let you have your head. But attend to this 'ere warning from an old un, vot knows a good deal about human natur and hosses: Mind your eye, and take care vot you're arter at the first turn out from the stable; many's the young un, by starting too fast, has rubbed his veels at the gatevay, and has got a capsize at the first corner; take adwice by me, go gently hover the stones, and never cut hout of the rank, unless you sees a good opening and the street clear afore you."

That wery day I beginned to sarch for a place. I washes my face quite clean, brushes up my jacket, and cleans my shoes, and avay I goes round to the shops to try and be a harrand-boy. Oh, how I valked!—hall hover London nearly.

"Please to vant a harrand-boy, sir?"

"No."

"Thank you, sir; you don't know o' nobody as does?"

"No; shut the door."

"Thank you, sir."

That 'ere vas the question, and that 'ere vas the hanswer, go vere I vould.

I persewered for a fortnit arout success, and vas halmost a-going to give it hup as a bad job, ven it struck me all of a heap von night, as I layed on the floor on two of father's old horse-rugs, a-thinking o' what I should do, that I warn't a using the right bait to catch the fish. So, next day, instead of hopening the door, and jest putting my head into a shop, and asking the question in a visper, I valks in boldly, picks hout him as looks like the master or foreman, goes up to the counter, and says, "I begs your pardon, sir, but I'm a poor lad as vants to get work—I don't care vot I does—have you got a wacancy for a harrand-boy, or nuffin, sir?"

I seed at once by the difference of the hanswers I got that I had changed my fly to adwantage, for they hall on 'em looked hard at me while I was a torking, and seemed

pleased with me. Young as I was I know'd vy. I war a good-looking, wery clean, and civil-spoken boy; all on 'em things vich couldn't be found hout ven I honly popt my head in at the door.

Thinks I to myself, von of these days, old feller, you'll tumble on your legs, and get vot you vants; and so it happen'd.

I called at a grocer's in Holborn, and goes up to a good-humoured-looking old man, with a shining bald head, as I vas sure vas the master.

"No, my lad, I doesn't," says he, in hanswer to my usual question; "at least not jest now."

"Thank you, sir," says I, wery respectfully making a bow, and turning to go avay.

"Have you ever been out afore?" says the old genlemn.

"No, sir," says I, a-coming back; "this 'ere is my fust start; father and mother's wery poor, and I don't like to be a burden to 'em; good morning, sir;" and I vas going again.

"Stop," says the genlemn, calling me back, and looking at me kindly; "you seems a respectable lad."

"I are, indeed, sir," says I, holding up my head, and speaking out boldly—for *when ve knows ve is honest, it aynt never wrong to be proud on it*—"you may 'pend upon it I are."

"Well, well," says the old genlemn, "I dare say you is; I likes your looks, and I'm sorry I don't want you; there's a shilling, my lad, to take home to your father and mother."

"Thank you, sir," says I, and the tears comed into my eyes, and rolled down my cheeks, for hunexpected kindness is so wery touching, 'specially ven von is accustomed to meet with t'other thing. "Thank you, sir, I'm wery much obliged to you, I are, indeed;" and I vas a going blubbering out of the shop, ven he called me back again.

"Stay, stay, poor boy. I thinks Mr. Calomel, the 'potecary hover the vay, vants a lad to carry hout his fissik; *run hover and see.*"

"I vill, sir," says I, jumping for joy, and darting out of the shop like vinking.

"You may say *I* sent you," bawled the good old grocer, as I was passing the door-step.

"Oh, thank you, sir," I shouted, making a bound across the street, and running out o' breath into the doctor's shop.

Quick as a flash o' lightning I seed I had now a chance—I had got a recommendation.

"Please, sir," I gasped—"the genlemn hover the vay" —here I stopped short, for I didn't know his name— "the genlemn hover the vay——"

"Vell?" says the doctor.

I guv'd a look through the vinder, and again found the great use o' learning to read; I saw wrote hup in gold letters, on the shop oppersite, "Timothy Hallspice, grocer and tea-dealer."

On I goes like a house afire. "Mr. Hallspice, sir, the grocer hover the vay, sir, sent me to ask you, sir, if you didn't want a harrand-boy, sir? and if so be you does, sir, I wants to hoffer for it, sir."

Oh! how I trembled and held my breath vile I vas a vaiting for his hanswer. Which on us hasn't done the same at some time or hother of his life?

"Yes, my lad, I do, but——"

Oh! that orrid word *but;* it has broke more hearts, and blowed avay more hopes, than any hother word in the Hinglish language.

"But," says the doctor again, "I've jest seed a boy vot I thinks vill suit me."

"Wery vell, sir," says I, quite cut up; "I'm wery sorry; thank you, sir; good morning, sir," and I war a going.

"Does Mr. Hallspice know you?" says the doctor, calling hafter me.

"No, sir," says I, for I warnt a-going to be a liar, and pertend he did; "he honly told me I might say he sent me hover to you."

"Hah!" says the doctor, scratching his viskers. "Do you know town well?"

"Yes, sir," says I, "hevery part on it."

"How much a week do you hexpect?" says he, shaking up some fissik in a bottle, and fixing his eyes upon me.

"Whatever you pleases, sir?" says I, seeing that he war a-nibbling.

"Can you get a character?" says he, putting the bottle of fissik hup in paper.

"No, sir," says I, "cos I aynt never been hout afore; but if so be you'll please to inquire about father, in Earl-street, Seven-dials, you'll find as he's a honest old man, and that I are the same."

"Well," says the doctor, writing on the bottle, and taking another squint at me, "call to-morrow, and perhaps I may engage you."

I did call to-morrow, and I war engaged. That war my second great lesson, and these is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Be you never so poor, a cleanly person, and a modest address, are a letter of hintroduction wot halways commands attention and respect.

SPECIMENT.—If you vants to get a place, don't think it's honly to hask and have—if you does you'll find your herror; but comb your hair, vash your face and hands wery clean (vater are halways to be had, thof soap mayn't); rub hall the dirt hoff your clothes; so as ven you presents yourself you may *look* decent and respecterbul—*that* pleases the eye.

Ven you speaks, don't visper your vords as if you vas hasking charity—nor don't bolt 'em out roughly, as if you thought you vas condescending; but speak mildly and respectfully *all you want to say*, in as good languidge as posserbul, and you'll have a chance o' pleasing the ear.

If you can get well thought on by these 'ere two great hadwocates o' human natur, *your business is half done*—hall the rest is easy.

CHAPTER III.

"So you are comed, are you?" said a young genlemn in a wery pale and dirty face, and a pepper-and-salt vest-cut, vith bright buttons and black sleeves, vot vas a taking down the shutters, as I presented myself vith a little bundle under my harm, at six o'clock the next morning, at the 'potecary's shop, to begin the duties of my sitivation.

"The new *scraper* I suppose?" continued the young genlemn, taking a sight of me from my 'igh-lows to my fur cap, and busting out a larfing.

"Yes, I are," says I, a-measuring him with a fightable hexpression in my counternance, for I didn't like his grinning; "har you hany hobjection, *old* scraper, as I suppose?"

"None o' the least," says he, looking rather frightened. "Honly it's so funny." Then he grinned and larfed again.

"Vot's funny?" says I.

"Your coming for my place," says he, a-going it again. "Pair o' scrapers—ha! ha! ha!"

"Vell," says I, "if there are, vot then? I don't think there's anything to larf at in that!"

"Oh, aynt there, though!" says he, a busting into a regler conwulsion. "Do you know wot you'll have to do? Oh my!" then hoff he vent again.

"What I'll have to do?" says I, rather startled; "I'm to make myself gennerrally useful."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the young genlemn, till his pale face turned quite red, and the dirt got streaky vith his tears. "I thought so — nice time you'll have on it. My eyes, how you'll be vorked! You're like vot they say o' the young bears, hall your sorrers is to come."

"Indeed!" says I, feeling quite queer. "In vot way?"

"*Vy, in hevery* way," says my conwulsive friend, seat-

ing himself on the counter, a-swinging his legs and counting on his fingers, vile his heels hammered avay at the panels. "Hup at six hevery morning, vinter and summer, take down the shutters, sweep the shop, clean the vinders, birch-broom the pavement, fill the coalskuttles, clean the boots and shoes, and knives and forks, and spoons. Brush clothes, polish the brass, vash bottles, scrape galley-pots, vork at the mortar, and chevey hout with fissik. 'Ome again, stead o' sitting down comfortable to brekfast, bleged to clean yourself and put on your livery to hanswer the private door and vait at table. Jest as you've gone down into the kitchen and is a-beginning to get your own peck, haccident hoccurs. Called to 'old the basin vile the governor bleeds the case, or to 'old a servant-maid's 'ed ahind her, vile the 'sistant practises on her teeth. That ere done, you're going down again for your nourishment, ven dingle, dingle, goes the governor's bell; hoff you're started to call a coach. Then cheveyed hout with more fissik; no ope o' sitting down to your wittles, like a Christian; bleged to get a hunk o' bread and meat, and heat it like the ackney-coach hosses, as you runs. 'Ome again, bleged to vash your face and hands to vait at missessis tea-party; valk about hall night with a tray, and keep continually snuffing candles. Then ven the people is all gone (who, none on 'em, never thinks o' giving you nuffin), jest as you have got warm and comfortable in your shake-down bed in the surgery, ding, ding, ding, goes the night-bell. Hout you must bundle, and hanswer it in your shirt, thof the wind and cold is enough to blow you avay, or cut your legs hoff. Genlemn taken vith appleplexy; or, lady in the hinteresting vay; run hup stairs, and call the governor; told to dress yourself and go along with him. Chevey for a coach; get to the patient's ouse, bleged to wait two hours in the passage on a vet mat, perishing with cold. Then cheveyed 'ome for the cutlery and fissik. Arter that you'll ardly have a hour and a harf o' sleeping afore you're ringed hup to open the shop, and begin another day, on the same percussion principle as the one afore."

"*Vot! hevery day alike?*" says I, a-smiling, for I

seed he war a fullish idle chap wot war fond o' magnifying his hexertions. "You aynt in earnest, old scraper?"

"Yes, I are," says he, a-grinning and sniggering worse nor ever. "You'll soon have quondam-stuff, or be vot ve perfessionally calls 'packed hup and directed.'"

"Orrible!" says I, a-himitating his grinning, and pertending to be frightened. "I vish I hadn't comed—I'm afeared I shan't suit."

"I knows you vont," says the young warmint, larfing like a chap vot's won a prize in the lottery, or bowled his tagonist hout in a contested helection. "You're like me—you larfs and can't keep your contenance. That's how I'm a-going, and that's how you'll follow me." Then hoff he vent again.

"How do you mean?" says I.

"Vy," says he, "perfessional people must be serus. Thof the cases makes hever so funny faces, or says hever so queer things, you must put on a hinnocent countenance, and look as serus as a beef-eater at a royal visit to the theatre, when they're a playing a pantomime under his nose. It's so difficult to see and hear funny things arout larfing at 'em. Ven I vaits at table, I'm like a hair-trigger, the least thing sets me hoff. 'Give me the winegar,' says missis, t'other day. 'Yes, marm,' says I. 'The *chilly*,' says she, 'for this 'ere curry aynt hot enough.' Now the hidear of chilly winegar being hot, set me hoff to sich a hawful degree that I war obliged nearly to suffocate myself with my napkin to perwent haw-hawing hout right. Howsomdever, missis twigged me, and I cotched it. I never can be serus. If people only looks at me, I larfs. Master's afeard to send me with a message to hany of his patients, lest I should offend 'em by grinning in their faces. He's lectured me hover and hover again about it, but it's all o' no use, larf I must; the more I tries to be serus, the more I grins; so last Monday week, I did for myself hout and hout, and got the sack."

"As how?" says I, a-pitying on him.

"*Vy,*" *says he,* looking serus and laughing halter-

nately, "a genlemn in a werry bad state o' consumption —von of the governor's patients vot me and the 'sistant had booked for Gravesend some time afore—calls on us, and vants to see Old Pill-box (that's our name for the governor) werry particler. 'He's not at 'ome, sir,' says I, biting my lips to keep myself serus; for I knowed where he war gone, and the thought on it made me ready to bust. 'Where are he?' says the genlemn. 'Hout, sir,' says I, a-hammering at the mortar, to keep his eyes hoff o' me. 'Where?' says the genlemn, who was rather hard o' hearing. 'On business,' says I, a-blowing my nose, and stuffing my handkercher in my mouth to perwent an explosion. 'What business?' says he. 'Perfessernal business,' says I, bursting right out in a roar, for I couldn't contain myself no longer; '*he's gone to a funeral!*' The genlemn got into a wiolent rage, and complained to master, and that's how I've made a wacancy for you; and if you wants to stay, I'd adwise you to cultiwate the hart of being serus, and larn, whathever you sees and hears, to keep your counternance as himmoveable as a marble statty, or a horator ven they're a hissing on him."

"Thank you," says I, "I'll take your int, for its vorth attending to."

And so it war. Thof I knowed I warnt such a fule as he, I seed that it war a bad thing to trifle with one's business, and get into a silly habit o' larfing and joking hout of place and season.

That hevening the old scraper vent avay, and the next morning seed me in the pepper-and-salt vestcut and black sleeves, a-hopening the shop, as regular hestablished as if I had been in the perfession hall my life.

Thof I hadn't no time for hidleness, I soon found the vork warn't near so hard as my larfing friend, the hex-scraper, had tried to make me believe; a thing, by the bye, wot constantly appens in all sitevations of life. *The chap wot's going hout halways magnifies his vork and hard-ships to the chap wot's coming in.*

I never could find hout hany good reason vy he should do so, but, *howsomdever, he always does.*

My vages vas eighteenpence a veek, and I slept in the ouse, and had my wittles found me.

Now, thof eighteenpence a week may seem a wery ridiculous small sum to them as throws avay pounds in foolish hextravagance, it war a little fortun to me; and ven I touched it on the first Saturday I feeled as proud and hindependent as a genlemn clerk vot has five hundred a year, and coals, and candles, and lodgings, for the slavery of writing his name and reading the newspapers.

Torking o' writing puts me in mind o' summut. The wery fust day I was 'stablished with the doctor, I 'sperienced a wery hunpleasant diskivery; thof I could read, *I couldn't write*, and wot was worse, I couldn't read writing hand.

I suppose the doctor forgot to hask me about it, or praps he took it for granted from my 'spectable happearance that I had been to school, and had larned that adwantage as a matter o' course.

A feather would har knocked me down ven my hignorance vas found out.

Here I begs to give a bit of adwice to them as has children. Don't keep putting hoff and putting hoff sending your young uns to school till they gets bigger, or you is better able to pay for their larning. Ve none on us knows what may appen to us, and our best intentions is hoften hupset by sarcumstances we never hexpected, and we can't perwent from flooring us.

Wotever your hearts and hexperience tell you is right to be done, *do it at vonce*. *Never delay nuffin;* the wind wots fair to-day may be contrary to-morrow, and you'll lose your chance of getting hout to sea.

Send your children to school as soon as they is old enough to understand wot they sees and hears. Let them larn to read and write, and they'll be ready to help themselves when help is required, and it mayn't be in your power to give it 'em.

There aynt no hexcuse for neglecting to do this; *it can be done without money!* The poor man's family has now adwantages wot it hadn't in my young days. The wise and great ones of the land hadn't then come forrad

as they har now, to throw hopen the doors of knowledge, and perwide the poor with the means of helewating themselves, by the cultiwation of their hintellect, to haffluence and honour.

To return to my adwentures:—

"Now, my boy," says the 'sistant, Mr. Swiperly (who would have been a wery great man if so be he had been steady, and hadn't been fond of company and licker, for he war an hout and hout good surgeon, and knowed 'natomy and fissikal things better nor half o' them as writes letters arter their names and rides in carriages), "now, my boy, put on your hat and run with this medicine. See," says he, a pointing to the bottles and packages as war laying done up in paper on the counter, "you've six places to go to." Then he runned his finger down 'em and read hoff the directions. "Hemulsion—Mr. Hectic, Red Lion-street; pills and draft—Mr. Puffy, Bedford-row; carminative—Miss Snipper's little girl, Queen-street; blister—Mr. Pepper, Turn Style; embrocation—Mr. Snaply, Theobald's-road; composing draft—Mr. Typer, Middle-row. There, put them into your basket, and be careful to leave them at the right places."

"Y—e—s sir," says I, stammering, for I seed wot a hawkward persition my hignorance of writing hand had got me into, and I felt shocking miserable and confused.

"You had better go to Mr. Hectic's, in Red Lion-square, fust," says Mr. Swiperly, "as his house is the nearest, and then you can go to Mrs. Puffy's, Bedford-row, and so on till you have delivered them all."

"Yes, sir," says I quickly, putting the last four parcels into the basket *fust* and the other two *last* (for a bright hidea had struck me all of a heap to save—for that time, at hall ewents—the hexposure of my hignorance). "I'll take care the ladies and genlemn shall get 'em hall right."

I puts my hat on my ed, and my basket hunder my arm, and hoff I runs. "Two on 'em I'm sure on," says I to myself as I went along—"Mr. Hectic, Red Lion-square, and Mrs. Puffy, Bedford-row; the other four I must hask *about*."

I gets to Red Lion-square, and knocks at the right door—the short single perfessional tap, vot the larfing boy taught me, among other things, during our short acquaintance.

Sarvant-maid comes. "Ho!" says she, "the fissik for master. I knows the livery and the basket, thof you aynt the regler boy."

"He's gone away," says I, a lifting hup a flap of the basket to get hout the hemulsion—(doctors' baskets then, like they does now, hopened with two flaps, wot had a bit of ile-cloth over 'em)—"he's gone, and I'm comed in his place." With that I tried to lay hold on the bottle I put on the top, and lo and behold it warn't there! It had squeezed itself down along with the others with the motion I gived the basket as I runned along, and as they says in the play, the "billy duxes was mixed." There was a kettle o' fish! The bottles was hall alike; there warn't the least difference atween Mr. Hectic's hemulsion, Mr. Snaply's hembrocation, and Mr. Typer's composer."

"Wot's the matter?" says the sarvant-maid, seeing me colour up, and then turn wery pale. "Have you lost summat?"

"No," says I; "but I has mixed my fissik, an' I don't know one lady's and genlemn's from another."

"Oh, la!" says the young 'ooman, making a wry face, and shuddering; "then some on 'em 'ill be pisen'd as sure as a gun."

"No," says I, "not quite so bad as that 'ere; I har honly mixed the bottles, and can't read the directions."

"Oh, is that hall!" says she, a larfing; "I'll soon help you hout of your quandary. Give me hold of some of 'em, and I'll tell you which is which."

"Will you?" says I, quite delighted. "You is wery kind, Susan."

"Mary," says she, "if you please." Her name was Mary Sims, and a wery pretty kind-hearted gal she war at that time, and desarved a better lot than to get married, as she war two years arter, to a journeyman baker (them chaps, by-the-by, is very sinevating to

sarvant-maids)—a feller vot wos willin enough to hill use her, and hultimately, I'm afeard, broke her heart, poor soul!

"Well," says I, "it's all the same: you is kind, and *vot's in a name?* Whose is this 'ere?" and I held her hup a bottle.

"Carminative, Miss Snipper's little gal, Queen-street," read she. "Well that are good," she continued, larfing, "I never heard the like o' that afore. I must remember it as a sop in the pan for our cook."

"And this 'ere, and that 'ere," says I, a showing on her hall the parcels, which she read hoff, till at the wery last of hall I comed to her master's hemulsion. Now this 'ere is a singler circumstance, but I've remarked as it wery hoften appens; if so be you wants a perticler thing wots mixed hup along with hother things, its almost hinwaribly the *last* thing you puts your hand upon.

With Mary's assistance (for I didn't mind confessing my hignorance to her) I placed my bottles so as I couldn't make no mistake, and delivered them hall quite right.

That's the way I got hout of that scrape, which larnt me another lesson; and this is my reflections on the pint:—

MAXIMUM.—When you can't hopen a gate, climb over it.

SPECIMENT.—Suppose you go to Rooshur in the winter, and aynt got no top coat; wouldn't you be fullish to let yourself be froze to death when you can borrer a horse-rug? In course you would; so, on hall hoccasions, when you arnt got the real thing wot's wanted, find hout a substitute, and it will sarve to make hall right till such times as you can cotch hold on the regler article.

CHAPTER IV.

THOF managing as I did war wery well for vonce and a vay, as a makeshift, I know'd it wouldn't do for a continuance, as I should be sure some day to make a mistake which would be hawkward for me. I seed wery plain,

Thof reading is a fine 'orse, writing is the man wot rides it.

so I makes up my mind to set to vork and get my eyes open on that pint, as soon as posserbul. But how to begin rather puzzled me, for I hadn't now the adwantage of no board with big letters, or my friend Jim Lobkins to luminate for me, like as when I larnt reading. Howsomdever, I did hit on a plan which hanswered capital, and this it war:—

One arternoon, arter I had been with the doctor about a week (the hole of which time I had delivered my fissik on the harteficial princerpul), I goes hup to our 'sistant, Mr. Swiperly, and says to him, "Mr. Swiperly, sir, as I knows you is a wery good kind genlemn, sir, and likes to do good when you can, sir, I've got a fever to ask of you, sir, which I hopes as how you'll grant, sir."

"I vill, Vill," says he—(he halways called me Vill, for he war a genlemn, and never made use of the wulgar nick of Bill)—"if it are in my power; wot are it?"

"I wants you, sir, if you please, sir," says I, a hesitating, and picking a hole in the counter with a pallet nife, vith which I war a scraping the pestile and mortar—"begging your pardon, sir, for the great liberty I am taking, sir, for which I hopes you won't be hangry, sir—I wants you, if you please, sir, jest to tell me the best way for me to begin and larn to write and read writing hand."

"Wot," says he, looking quite 'stonished, and rubbing hup the hair of the back of his 'ed with both hands

(which war a way of his'n, whenever he war drunk or 'stonished, or thinking of hanything perticler), "are it posserbul that you are hignorant of ——(here he made use of a hard word vith which I warn't on speaking terms, but which sounded very like *tellegrafy*) ?—How on hearth have you contrived to deliver your fissik ? "

With this I hup and told him the dodge I had practised, and he larfed at it wery much, and said it war a clever way of getting out of a hobble.

"Yes, sir," says I; "but it arnt the *right* way, which is wot I wants to tumble hupon. So, sir, if so be you'll have the kindness to 'sist me, I shall be wery much obleged and grateful, sir."

"That's wery soon done, my boy," says he. "Give me that slate—I'll set you copies and instruct you myself."

"Vill you, sir," says I, giving it to him, wery much pleased; "you is, indeed, a kind genlemn."

"There," says he, setting me a copy of pot-hooks and hangers and round O's, and putting the pencil in my fingers and teaching me how to 'old it; "look, boy, this 'ere way (then he showed me how to persede). Keep on a making these 'ere till you is quite familiar with 'em, and then I'll show you summut more."

From that ere time I practised hevery moment I had to myself at 'ome, and heven when I went hout with my basket I kept on a writing my copy with my finger in the hair, till, at last, by little and little I conkered the difficulty, and could not honly write wery tollerable, but could read writing hand as heasy as print.

The good this 'ere haccomplishment did me through life war wonderful, so I recommends hevery one to get hold on it arout delay.

I stayed with the doctor three years, quite happy and comfortable, with the good hopinion of my master and an hincrease of wages, seeing lots of life and picking hup hall kinds of hinformation; in fact, atween ourselves, I got so wide awake on perfessernal matters that I could halmost have guved adwice—'specially if it war comed for afore eleven o'clock in the morning, when we guved it gratis.

Our perseding war wery simple. Mr. Swiperly us to set in the surgery, and I brought in the cases to hi one by one.

'Spose a young 'ooman wanted adwice gratis for a werr bad cold:

Mr. Swiperly used to say, looking at her with perfes sernal serusness, "Well, my dear, wot's the matter with you?"

Then the young 'ooman would hanswer, bobbing a curtsey, "If you please, sir, I har gotten a werry bad cold, sir, so as I can't breathe, or sleep a wink at nights, sir."

"Hah!" he'd say, frowning and looking serus; "bad simtoms—wery bad. Put hout your tongue—hah! bad, wery bad!—(Then he'd give a mysterious shake of his head and rub up his hair.) Pulse wery high. You must take care of yourself, my dear, or you'll be wus. Don't get your feet wet, awoid the night hair, and don't touch beer and spirrets. There, my dear (then he'd give her a box of hexperienced pills), there's something wot will do you good. Take two of 'em night and morning, and mind the rest of my hinstructions, and you'll get well."

"Thank you, sir—good morning, sir." Then hout she would go, and hin I'd show another.

"Well, young man, and wot's the matter with you?"

"Don't know, sir—swimming in my 'ed, which are glitting. Thinks it hindigession, from heating too many essingers."

"Hah, bad simtoms—wery bad," handcetera, handera. "Box of pills." And hout he'd go, and hin take another, who got ditto repeated.

'hat war the way, arout hany wariation, we perscribed hall our hadwice gratis customers as had got wot we d fissikal complaints. Them wot war surgical cases ettled with the cutlery.

e used to make fun of these patients, cos they gived deal o' trouble, and war seldom serusly hill. But imes we had haccidents brought in—women runned renlemn throw'd hoff hosses, labourers tumbled

hoff scaffolds, and other dreadful things. Then we all attended and did our best to help the poor sufferer.

Them war scenes to shake the stoutest nerves. To see people ill a bed are nuffin; but when you sees 'em lying on the floor in their clothes, covered with blood, with their limbs broke, groaning with hagony, then you finds hout if you've got a heart, and gets a hawful warning of the huncertainty of life. How many goes hout in high health and happiness in the morning and is brought 'ome on a shutter afore night? Shouldn't the thought of this teach us to keep our conduct continually ballanced up? It ought, but it doesn't; *we hall on us puts hoff the hevil day, and thinks as no harm can come to us.*

So it war with my friend and tutorer, Mr. Swiperly. Thof he knowed that he war hevery day in danger of being thrown out of bread by his fondness for licker, he halways flattered himself that he needn't hurry himself to reform. Poor feller! he found out his mistake when it war too late, which war wery strange; for he war halways a torking against drink, and continually giving good adwice about it.

At the time he war teaching me to write, he not honly gived me a lesson in penmanship hevery day, but hevery night when he comed 'ome hobfusticated with wot he called *Ginos* (which hewent, by-the-by, comed hoff wot the French calls *twoley jewrs*), he halways gived me a lecture on the perniciousness of sperrits, and the hevil consequences of drunkenness.

Poor genlemn! he, like many hothers *knowed his weakness, but hadn't courage to fight it.*

"Vill," he used to say to me, tumbling hinto the passage has I hopened the door, which from his halways leaning with his back against it vile he war a waiting to be let hin, war hinwaribly the case—"Vill, my boy,—there I are, head over heels again! Vill, my boy, never prostrate your hintellects. Help me up, sir!—there. Keep steady, you young rascal, can't you? Give me a chair. Now pull hoff my boots. Does old Pill-Box know I'm hout? Never mind—wots the use of being moloncholy? All the same a *hundred* years hence. Don't give up—

never say die—short life and a merry one. Hip, hip, hurra." Then suddenly getting serus, he would say, "No, no, that's a false princerpul. Never hact hupon it, Vill. If you does you're done for. Take hexample from me, and keep sober. As the great Shakspur says, 'Never put a henemy in your mouth to steal away your brains.' Give me your copy-book, sir!"

"Yes sir," says I, a giving it.

"Now," says he, "never forget wot you reads in this 'ere copy." Then he would write in a straggling hand, all crooked, up and down and across the paper,

Drunkenness are the wust of wices, and sobriety the fust of wirtues.

"There, sir, tend to that, and prosper. Never himbibe hany liquid in hany quantity, 'cept sich as we keeps in the great green bottle. "You know wot I means, sir."

"Yes, sir," says I, "the *hakeway-poora*—the pump-water wot we makes believe is biled and filtered."

"Yes, yes," says he, "that's your honly fluid. Never hindulge in *Ginos*, or hany hother pernicious toxicating *halco-holes*, and you'll never be hold afore your time, or go down in the world acause you're a drunkard and aynt fit to be trusted. Look at me," he would continue, while his eyes flashed fire one minit, and the next war as dull as a stale makrel's. "Look at me; I'm wery little more than thirty, and yet I'm as old as if I war sevinty; my constitution 's gone, my nerves is shattered, and I'm a disgrace to my family and my perfession."

"No, no, you aynt sir," I'd say, trying to soothe him; "you aynt no sich thing."

"I are, Vill, I are," he would reply, speaking with hawful wehemence, thrusting his hands through his hair, and making it stand on end. "I war vonce a genlemn. My berth and heddecation and my conduct hentitled me to that 'ere honourable distinction; and I war, besides, a hornament to my perfession, respected by my seniors, and looked hup to by my juniors, as a man rising fast to heminence. Wot are I now?—A pauper-servant to a booby wot scarcely knows a wein from a hartery! 'Sistant

to a potęcary!—when I ought to be——." Then he would kiver his face with his hands, and cry for a minit or two; and then getting hup and staggering to bed, he would turn round to me, and say, "Vill, my boy, take warning by me when you comes to be a man. *Never give way to drink*, for that has been my ruin. Awoid it, boy, awoid it."

That war the way he went on night arter night; and thof he knowed wery well he war a killing on himself, and risking the loss of his sitevation, he never pull'd in, or haltered for the better, but, on the contrary, got wus and wus, till at last he war turn'd hout; and arter going through hall sorts of miseries, died in the streets of cold and starwation.

Poor feller! too much liberty, and rollicking about at nights when he war a walking the 'ospitals, war the fust cause of his misfortuns. That's wot gived him a taste for licker and company; and when he war prospering in arter life, the love for both hincreased with his means, till he carried it too far, and he wor a confirmed drunkard, arout the resolution or power to turn back.

Many's the medical student I har seen in my time run the same race, and finish pretty nearly in the same way; and many's the one at this 'ere wery moment, 's follering the same fatal hinfatewation.

By taking great pains with my duty, I made myself wery useful to the governor, and a special favourite with missis, a cause I war hattentive and hactive at her tea-parties. Rum things them parties. They war so hextra genteel, and sich queer people war mixed up in 'em! Missis herself war a coorosity, but her wisitors beat her hout and hout. Sich dresses, sich manners, and sich languidge!

Six o'clock war the hour of meeting; and a little arter five, missis, dressed in a crimson satin gownd, trimmed with pea-green and horange, with a perfusion of flaxen ringlets, and a norticultural cap, seated herself on the sofa ready to do the honours, while I, hunder her hinspection, in my pepper-and-salt livery, war placing the chairs, and putting green and red frills round the candles.

Presently *a coach stops*; knock, knock, at the door—

ring, ring, goes the bell—and dang, dang, goes the coach-steps.

"Go down, Willy*am*," says missis, in her pompous and hinfected pernunciation—"go down and hannounce the harrival."

Down I goes, hopens the door, lets in a lady or a genlemn, or both the two, as it may 'appen; Betty, the 'ousemaid, takes their hats and bonnets, hup stairs I shows 'em, throws wide hopen the drauring-room door, and with a laudable woice hannounces their names.

Knock, knock—ring, ring—dang, dang, dang, again. Down I runs, and goes through the same hexercise as afore, till hall the company is come. Then, "Tea, Willy*am*," from missis, starts me down hinto the kitchen; hup I brings a tray of tea and coffee, and muffins and crumpets. By this 'ere time the company is seated permiscuously all round the room in a holler square, a larfing, and joking, and torking conversation; which, in coorse, being nuffin to me, I hinterrupts arout hany ceremony. Genlemn a torking pollerticks, hold maids a torking scandalous, and young ladies and genlemn making love, hall the same to me. Forrad I persents my tray, thof they wery often wishes me at the duce.

Arter three or four rounds, for some of the hold tabbies drink an huncommon deal, a young lady's perwailed on to sing.

"Willy*am*," says missis, "snuff the candles, and hattend to the fire."

Round I goes with the snuffers, and poke arter poke I gives the hunfortunate fire.

"Vill you permit me the honour," says one of the genlemn, hoffering his hand to the young lady, and leading her to the peaner.

Round she twirls the rewolving stool, till she gets it to her right pitch; then down she sits, takes hoff her kid gloves, and says, "Really, I'm haffread I shall never be hable, I is so very 'oarse. 'Pon my vord, I vishes you'd hexcuse me."

"No, no," says missis, and hall the young 'uns as *hasn't sot down to* cards (for the old 'uns and deep 'uns,

long afore this, are cheating avay at vist), "we knows you can sing, and you must fever us."

"Well, if I must, I suppose I must," says the young lady; and, arter half a dozen hems, and a dozen sighs and turnings up of the eyes, persedes to harmony, by playing a wery flourishing sympathy, running hall up and down the hinstrument, crossing one hand over t'other, and hall sorts of hartful dodges, till hat last hoff she goes, hinto a 'Talian hoppera song, which she sings at the wery top of her woice. And when she's done, hevery body cries "bravo, hancore," thof none of 'em, hincluding the young lady herself, don't know von vord of what the 'Talian meant in Hinglish.

"Willy*am*," says missis, giving me a vink, which I knows means tea and coffee again; so hup I brings another trayful, and round I goes as afore.

This we ditto repeated huntil heleven o'clock, when we had a wariation of currant wine and seed cake, arter which hout I runned for coaches, hout I showed the ladies and genlemn, hout missis blowed the candles, and hoff I brushed to bed.

This war the way I passed my time, and a wery pleasant way it war too. But it war too pleasant to last, for one day a misfortun 'appened to me, which got me turned out of my place, neck and crop, at a minute's warning, arout a character!

I war cotched out in a lie and war suspected of being a thief. I war, indeed!—thof after my good conduct so long it may happear strange; but so it war. There war no doubt about the lie, thof the charge of thieving war false, which I clearly proved to be so some time arter. But the circumstances looked so queer at the time that they went clean against me, and out I war bundled.

This war my fourth great lesson, and this is my reflections on the pint.

MAXIMUM.—It are natural to suspect the 'orse as *bites* vill *kick*.

SPECIMENT.—*If you've* been robbed, and wants to find

out the thief, wot's the first thing you does? You thinks hover in your mind who's the chap most likely. It aynt Tom this, or Jim that, or Jack t'other—no, their characters is above suspicion—but, Ben so-and-so. Ah, says you, I shouldn't be surprised if it war he, for *I knows him to be a liar; and they as hasn't courage to tell the truth, is sometimes arout resolution enough to keep honest.*

Now, mind this 'ere; and remember that a blot on your character, like a dab of ink on a sheet of paper, *are wery difficult to be got hout.*

CHAPTER V.

In one minit I knocked down three years o' good behaviour, and war changed from a trustworthy honest boy, to a conwicted liar and a suspected thief! And this is how it appened—

I made a himprudent friendship, and war led away by bad hexample.

Has I got my place at the doctor's through the kindness of Mr. Hallspice, the grocer, as lived hopposite, I feeled it my duty to take the fust hopportunity of going hover and thanking him; which I did, and the old genlemn were wery much pleased with me. From time to time I used to run hover with messages from master (who tended the fammerly), and sometimes I used to go hover of my hown haccord, to tell the old genlemn how well I war getting on, and how comfortable I war.

This 'ere running to and fro for three years in coorse brought me in contract with hall the grocer's people, and I war as much at 'ome in the ouse as I war in our hown. Now, as it are natural for young lads to like the company of chaps of their hown hage, I made acquaintance 'ere and there with a good many harrand boys and prentices as lived in the neighbourhood, and among hothers with a

young feller called Fred Flitter, as lived at Mr. Hallspice's, and war larning the grocery business on liking.

This 'ere Fred war a wery 'sperior sort o' boy to wot grocers' prentices gennerally har, for he'd been brought hup at boarding school, and heddicated for a genlemn. The reason why he war hobligated to be wot he war, war that his father died and hadn't got no money to leave him to support his gentillety, and his mother, who war Mr. Hallspice's sister, couldn't afford to keep him in hidleness; so got her brother to take him on trial in his shop, in opes he would be steady and larn the business, and hultimately become the master. For Mr. Hallspice war getting hold, and he hadn't got no chick nor child, and his sister war his honly relation.

At this 'ere time Fred war getting on for sixteen; as fine and ansome a boy as hever war seed, as bold as a bull-dog, and as ready for a row or a frolic as a Hetonian, or a sailor wots paid hoff arter a long woiage, and fancies the world's made a purpose for him to have a spree in.

Ah! how many on us har been hunder the same delusion at times of our lives, and how in our old hage we shuts our eyes and looks back, and thinks in our memory of those flashes o' sunshine, wot warmed our hearts and made hevery thing bright and beautful. Oh dear me! how soon we wakes from our dream. *Appiness, like the lightning, are too wiwid to last.*

"Hollo, young 'un," says Fred to me the first time I seed him (which war at the beginning of the third year of my being in the fissical perfession), "hollo, young 'un, who are you?"

This 'ere hexclamation of hastonishment war caused by my coming into the grocer's shop with a hop, skip, and a jump, and waulting hover the counter to make a short cut to the door wot led to the priwate part of the 'ouse.

"Hollo, young 'un, who are you? Are you Master Havery, from Hastley's? or Mister Hireland, the flying phenomenon? Wot do you want here?"

"I'm Mr. Calomel's boy," says I, rather snappish, for I didn't like *his swaggering* manner. "I've comed with

a message to Mrs. Hallspice." With that I tried to pass into the 'ouse.

"Stop, stop, my fine feller," says my new hacquaintance, collaring on me, and twisting me round. "Don't be in such a wiolent hurry. I'm not obleged to believe wot you says. You may be a thief for aught I knows, come to borrer somat. Keep quiet, you young whelp, or I'll lick you," he continued, pushing me hup against the door, and holding me at harm's length to perwent me from hitting on him, for my blood war hup and I war a kicking and pegging away at him like winking. "Keep quiet, will you, young sucabus, or you'll nap it?"

"Hollo, hollo," says Mr. Hallspice, overhearing the scuffle, and coming hout of the back parlour, "wot's the matter?"

"No—thing—sir," says Fred, hout of breath with the hexertion of holding me. "I'm honly perwenting this youngster from going into the 'ouse until I'm satisfied that the haccount he gives of himself are correct. Do you know him, sir?"

"Oh, yes," says the old genlemn, larfing. "It's little Pillgarlic [this war the nickname he'd gived me in fun, 'cause of my perfession I suppose]. Let him go, he's at 'ome here."

"Oh!" said Fred, undoing his hand from my collar, "that's quite a different thing. I thought he might have been one of those young genlemn as lives by levying hunwoluntary contributions."

"No, no," says Mr. Hallspice, "it's all right; little Pillgarlic are an old friend of ourn, and runs in and out of the house jest as he likes. Vot do you want now, boy, eh?" continued the old genlemn, waggling his 'ed to and fro, and pertending to be mysterious (for he war a funny old chap, and war wery fond o' joking). "Are it to tell us as Queen Ann 's dead? Or that the French har taken Humbrage (that 'ere last bit o 'wit he'd jest got out of the noosepaper, where a genlemn are made to say, he's sorry to hear it, for Humbrage are a wery strong fortified town, and the taking on it likely to be of great adwantage to

'em). Or that Hepsum salts is riz! Eh, little Pill, he, he?"

"I've got a message from my missis to Mrs. Hallspice," says I. "She wants to borrer the last number of the 'Hemporium of Helegance,' to larn her to make the new-fashioned piller-cased gownd for her next tea-party."

"Oh, pray don't let us detain you from hexecuting so himportant a hembassy," says the old genlemn, pertending to be in a fright. "Make haste hup stairs, or Mrs. Calomel will declare war, and sarve us wus than Bonyparty sarved the Proosians."

Then, back he went to the parlour, and hout I war going by the private door, when Fred, making a wery low bow, hopened it for me, saying, with mock respect, "Good morning, Mister Pillgarlic. I'm wery sorry I took a perfessernal genlemn of your heminence for a prig; but mistakes will appen, you know. There's no judging by happearances, 'specially when genlemn aynt got no jacket on, and jumps hover hother genlemn's counters. By your strornary hactivity and helegance, I suppose, among your walleytoodenus hoccupations, you's the fugleman of the wolunteer woltegeurs."

"Wot hever I are," says I, looking wery spiky and spiteful, "are nuffin to you, Mister Jack-a-dandy; and I'd adwize you to keep a civil tongue in your 'ed, young feller, or you may appen to get it punched one of these days."

"Hah," says he, putting his harms akimbo, and larfing and swaggering hagriwatingly, "you don't say so! Who's to do it, my pippin?"

"I are," says I, walking close up to him, and doubling my fist in his face. "Jest wait till I've delivered my message, and see if I don't take the conceit hout of you, hof you is strongerer and biggerer nor me."

"Pooh!" says he, "you're a hinfant; I could lick you vith my left hand." With that he gived me a back-anded flip in the face, as made my eyes strike fire. At im I vent like a tiger, hitting right and left, and hover nd hunder, as I had larnt when I war a blagard boy in t. Giles's. *But it war no good*, I couldn't touch him

no how. He stopped hevery blow, and kept flipping me back-handers in the face, till, getting quite mad with wexation, I runned in with my 'ed, which he ewaded and chanceried (thof he didn't take adwantage, and pepper), calling hout all the time, "Go it, young 'un; bravo, Pillgarlic; that's your sort, galleypot!"

The noise in coorse brought Mr. Hallspice hout again, who, with the 'sistance of the shopman, separated us. Fred went hinto the parlour larfing, and making fun o' me, and I, trembling with rage and mortification, went up stairs to deliver my message.

I soon got wot I wanted, and back I goes through the shop, and says to Fred, who war standing at the door, quizzing the people as they war passing, "I aynt done with you yet, young feller. We must have that 'ere fight out, so I'll come hover in the hevening, for I won't stand no nonsense from nobody."

"Stop! stop!" says he, calling arter me, for I war going 'ome wery hindignant and grand. "Come here, young 'un."

"Well," says I, sulkily, coming back, "wot do you want?"

"Jest this 'ere," says he quietly. "I'm not afeard on you, I thinks you know; that I can beat you, I'm sure you know; so wots the use of our fighting? Look here, old feller, let us shake hands and make it up. You're a chap arter my own heart; I likes you for your pluck and himpudence. I'm wery sorry for affronting you; there, I can't say no more, give us your hand, and let us be friends."

This 'ere war said in sich a noble, gennerous, hoff-handed way, that all my hindignation and wows of wengeance war blowed away in a minit. We shuk hands, and from that ere wery moment war hunseparable friends.

That 'ere friendship war my ruin.

Day arter day we war together; he sometimes at our shop, and I sometimes at hisn. And hevening arter hevening, arter business war hover, we used to go hout larking in the streets, or go half-price to the gallery of

the theaturs. Being both forrad young youths, and caring nuffin for nobody, our company war wery much courted by the lads in our neighbourhood. And on hall 'olidays and arternoons, when we could get leave to go hout, we used to start hoff in parties to bathe in the New River, play at cricket, and dance at public-'ouses and tea-gardens, Fred being the leader, and I the second.

This ere fun in coorse tuk hup a deal of my time, and made me hask for 'olidays hoftener than I ought. Now and then war wery well, but I war afeard to hask as hoften as I wanted, lest Mr. Calomel should be hangry. So, hevening arter hevening I'd have the mortification of seeing Fred and hall the other young chaps go hout, vile I war staying at 'ome, lonesome and moloncholy.

This ere sort o' thing used to appen wery frequently, and Fred used to joke me, and call me spooney, and Tommy Goodchild, and hall sorts o' aggrawating names, 'cos I wouldn't come hout with him on the sly, arter the shop war shut hup, and the fammerly gone to bed, when it war so heasy for me to slip hout, and let myself hin again with the latch-key, arout nobody knowing nuffin about it.

As I knowed this ere conduct would be wery wrong and hunproper, I resisted giving way to it for a long time, till one hevening Fred comes hover to me hall of a hurry, and says, "Bill, my boy, we're going to have sich a game to-night at the Hadam and Heve—(this war a public-'ouse at the corner of Tottenham-court and Ampstead roads, a rare place in them days)—there's to be a ball and hall sorts of fun. I, and Bob Turner, George Slasher, Dick Jones, and all our perticlers, is going, and we means to have sich a lark. You must come with us, old feller! you must, indeed, we'll take no hexcuse. There'll be sich a lot of nice gals, and sich dancing!" Then he cut six, and balancayed, and did hands across, and push-set, for he war a hout and hout good dancer, and teached me to be wery near as good as himself. "You must come, Bill, you'll never have sich a chance again. Think of the gals, eh, you willen! You and I can show 'em wot *dancing* are, I calkerlate, can't we, old

feller?" Then hoff he went again, cutting and capering, like Mr. Byrne, of Common Garden, or Mr. De Hayes, of the 'Talian Hoppera.

"No," says I, hesitating twixt dooty and hinclination, "it aynt right. If master should want me, or if anything war to appen—"

"Who's to know it, you fool," says Fred, a urging me on, "you'll never have sich a chance again. Think of the gals and the dancing!"

To make a long story short, I resisted a long while, but at last he torked me hover, and I went, stayed hout till three o'clock in the morning, and returned with fear and trembling, lest I should have been discovered.

I hopens the door with the latch-key and goes to bed. It war all right, nobody knowed nuffin.

Two or three days arter the same thing appened agin. This ere time I war bolder. All right agin; and so I went on for some time, till at last I *got so haccustomed to doing wrong, that I thought nuffin about it*, but took French leave whenhever I pleased, and stayed hout as late as I liked, arout saying nuffin to nobody.

But *hall things that aynt right is sure to be hexposed some day or other*, and so it appened with me.

I went with Fred one night to the Hadam and Heve, as usual, for that war our princerpal place of resort, and has han hexcuse for stopping hout later than usual, I'd hasked permission of master to go and see father and mother. A dodge Fred had put me hup to, which I used as hoften as I could, thof I never went near the old 'uns.

Now, it so appened on this ere wery night, father war taken suddenly hill, and war thought to be dying, so mother gets a neighbour to run to 'Oburn and fetch me, and arks me to arks master to come along with me to tend upon the poor old man.

The neighbour rings the night-bell, and master hanswers it, larns wots the matter, and are wery much 'stonished as I war comed for, 'cos he thought I war at 'ome. He dresses himself and follers the neighbour to *the cellar, where he* finds father wery bad. He bleeds

him, and gets him a little better afore a word war said about me. Then mother arks him why I didn't come along with him?

"He's gone hout on business for me," says Mr. Calomel, who war a kind man, and didn't like at sich a time to frighten mother. "I'll send him as soon as he comes 'ome."

"Dear, dear," says mother, "I hope he won't be long. I war afeard he war hill, for I havn't set my eyes on him for a fortnit."

"Indeed," says master (recollecting that he had gived me permission to go home four hevenings in that ere time), "not for a fortnit?"

"No," says mother, with a sigh. "He's getting wery neglectful of us of late. He used the first two years he war with you, sir, to come to us regler as clock-work hevery Sunday hevening, and now and then for a minit or two on the week days, to bring his father a little snuff and baccy, and me a little tea and sugar, wot he used to buy for us out of the savings of his wages. But lately I don't know wot's comed to the boy, he's so haltered; he comes to us so wery seldom, never stays with us above a minit or two, and as for the snuff and baccy, and the tea and sugar, and other little presents, them's quite out of the question now. I hopes you've no fault to find with him, sir," continued the poor, dear, old 'ooman, wiping her eyes with her hapron, and looking piteous at the doctor, "for I'm beginning to be wery huneasy about him."

"No, no," says master, wery kindly soothing on her, "I've had nothing to complain on as yet. I'll call and see your husband to-morrow, and William shall come with me."

With that he went away, and returned 'ome.

During his habsence I'd got 'ome, and had gone to bed. Master lets himself hin with his hown key, looks hinto the surgery, sees me pertending to be asleep, and hup he goes to bed arout saying nuffin.

"Hall right," says I to myself, "he don't smoke."

Next morning, arter breakfast, he comes down as usual hinto the shop, *where I* war tending, and says to me,

wery carelessly, arter I'd wished him good morning, "I hopes you found your father and mother quite well yesterday, William?"

"Yes, sir," says I, "I thank you, quite well."

"You comed home rather late, didn't you?" he continued, turning hover the noosepaper, which he pertended to be reading.

"Yes, sir," says I, beginning to feel wery uncomfortable, for he'd never questioned me afore.

"How war that?" says master, more carelessly skimming hover the hadvertizements.

"Mother took me to the Tottenham Theatur, sir," said I, boldly, "and it war late afore it war hover."

"Indeed!" says master, throwing down the paper, and looking at me wery sternly. "William, you is telling me a falsehood: you did not go home last night, and you havn't seen heither of your parents for a fortnit."

It war hall hover with me; I seed I war cotched, and I hadn't power to say a word. Jest at that moment in comes Mr. Hallspice.

"Mr. Calomel," says he, "I wants to speak to you hon perticler business. Frederick Flipper, my nephey, har robbed me, and I har good reason to believe that your boy William are his haccomplice, for they is halways hout together at nights, and hentering hinto hall sorts of dissipation and hextravagance."

"Are this true?" says master, looking at me wery sewere.

"No, sir," says I, falling on my knees; "I'm hinnocent of robbery, I are indeed; but I confess hall the rest are true; and I'm a hungrateful willen."

Mr. Hallspice, who war wery hangry, hinsisted on my turning hout my pockets, when he hidentified a shilling (wot Fred had gived me for a present) as one taken hout of his till, and there seemed no doubt of my guilt.

In consideration of my youth he refused to prosecute; but Mr. Calomel, who, in consequence of my hartfulness and want of truth, believed me to be hevery thing wot was bad, gived me my week's wages, and turned me hout of his service.

This war wot I got by keeping bad company, and it larnt me a most sewere lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never let nuffin, or nobody, persuade you to do nuffin you know aynt right.

SPECIMENT.—When the bird-catchers wants to trap young goldfinches and linnets, they puts one or two artful birds upon some chickweed and grundsel, and they churrups and calls to the hinnocent ones, telling 'em, in coorse, that they is getting plenty of nice heating, and is wery jolly and comfortable. They hinnocent ones, poor things—thof they has their doubt about it's being right to go hinto strange places, and be friends with birds they've never seed afore, and knows nuffin about—arter a deal of tweeting and twaring, and hesitating, and flying away, and flying back again, *can't resist temptation*, and drops down, when the nets clap hover 'em, and they is cotched.

So it are with us. *Bad companions misleads us by their adwice, seduces us with their hexample, and then rejoices in our ruin.*

CHAPTER VI.

GOING down on my knees and crying and begging and praying war of no use; Mr Calomel war hunflexerbal. Much as he liked me, and well as I had comported myself and done my work for three years, he said he couldn't harbour a thief, for such he would think me, and it war his duty to discharge me.

Finding hall I could say of no awail, I takes hoff my livery and puts on my best clothes—them as I used to go hout on Sunday and of a hevening in—which war wery fine and splashy (*bottle*-green long-tailed coat, for

I'd cut the jacket, double-breasted white waistcoat, spotted hall hover with roses, nankeen breeches, striped stockings and pumps, large frill and vite neck-cloth, and a big bell-crowned hat jest like a man), packs up my box—for I'd riz above a bundle—gives it in charge to Betty the 'ousemaid till I could send for it, takes han haffectionate leave of her and the cook, who both on 'em believed me hinnocent, and then goes hinto the shop to bid adoo to master.

"Good bye, sir," says I. "I'm wery sorry things har turn'd hout as they har, and that I can't convince you I had nuffin to do with the robbery. I'm the victim of hunfortunate circumstances, which I hopes I shall soon be hable to prove."

"I hopes you may," says he increderlusly. "Good bye, and may what has now happen'd to you be a lesson for the future. You has hintellect and knowledge superior to most boys of your class. Don't let your advantages run away with your discretion. Reflect on the consequences of giving way to dissipation and forming himprudent friendships. Forsake your bad companions, reform your conduct, and you may yet live to be respected. Continue your present evil course, and you'll be sure to be hanged, or sent out of the country. I'm sorry to part with you, but after wot has hoccurred I should honly be hencouraging you in wice war I to allow you to remain in my service. Good bye."

"Good bye, sir," said I, sobbing, "good bye. I aynt as bad as you thinks me. Good bye!"

Hout I went from the 'ouse which had been my 'ome for three years, and as I turned round and looked at the vinders I had so hoften cleaned, hevery flaw and scratch of which I knowed by heart—the brass-work I had polished, the show-bottles I had placed, the white 'orse I had saddled with boxes of korf lozenges, and hall sorts o' quackeries (for we sold 'orse medicines); the fissik drawers I used to dust; the counter on which I'd cut my name as soon as I had larned to write; the boards I had so hoften watered; the shutters I'd knocked about, chipped *the paint hoff*, and hindented with kicking; the door-step

I had hearthstoned and sweeped; and a hundred other familiar things as had grown hup along with me,—seemed like as if they war alive, and that I war a shaking hands with 'em for the last time.

I bust hout a crying and turned to go away, when, casting a look hover to the grocer's hopposite, I seed Mr. Hallspice a looking at me through the vinder. At fust I held down my 'ed, and beginned to run, for I war ashamed of being seen by him; but a hinstant arter a better feeling comed hover me, and I walked across the street hinto the shop.

"Well, sir," says Mr. Hallspice, arter a pause, for I stood afore him, with my hat in my hand, looking down on the floor, arout speaking a word, "wot har you comed ere for?"

"To say good bye, sir," says I, looking up and crying ready to break my heart. "I owes my fust adwancement to you, sir, and I can't go away arout telling you that I aynt the wagabond you supposes me to be. I aynt a thief, sir, indeed I aynt, sir. Pray, believe me. You aynt got no children of your hown, sir, so you can't know wot a dreadful thing it are for a young boy to be turned hout hinto the vide vorld arout a character on a false charge. But, as you is a kind-hearted genlemn, and aynt never deaf to them as is in distress, I begs on you to pity me, and believe, pray believe, that I aynt a thief. Speak to Fred—I know he'll hacquit me. He gived me the shilling as a present: I never knowed where he got it. Hask him, sir—I knows he'll say I'm hinnocent. Believe me, sir, pray do."

"Well, well," says the old genlemn, wiping his eyes (for my happeal, which I made with all my heart in my face, had touched him) "We'll see, we'll see. But Fred is gone—run away. When he's found, I'll inquire—find hout the truth. If you is hinnocent—I—you—justice—in coorse—sartingly—see Mr. Calomel—right again. Be good boy—leave hoff dancing—public-'ouses—bad places—ruin happrentices—come to a bad end. Sorry for you, little Pill (I mean William Muggins). Thought you'd turn hout better. *Never trust to happearances again.*"

Then he looked at me with pity and kindness, and shuk his head and said aside to himself, "Poor boy! poor boy! praps he are innocent arter all. Sad thing to be turn'd hout arout a character. So young—no friends—praps starve—eh, dreadful. Poor boy—don't like to see him cry. Can't be cruel, must do something for him. Here, here," he continued hout loud, taking five shillings hout of his pocket and giving them to me, "there's a trifle to keep you from present want. Behave better for the future. Don't cry any more. Hope you'll prove your hinnocence. Good bye, bye." Then he took my hand which I held hout to him, gived it a shake, and pinted to the door.

Hout I went halmost blind with crying, and away I runned towards the city as hard as I could, arout looking ahind me, for I felt as if I war mad, and hevery thing about me war turning round.

The dreadful feelings I felt at that ere time, and the horrid thoughts I thought on, war hawful. Sometimes I war for going to London-bridge and jumping hover; or chucking myself hunder a brewer's dray, and letting on it smash me. Then I'd say to myself, "Don't be suspected for nuffin; fight it out and be jolly. Go it—pick pockets—do hanything—wot's the hodds?" Then I'd say, "No, no, that would only be making bad wus; go home and be steady, and try and get another place. What, arout a character? Who'd have a suspected thief? No, no—I must do something for myself—father and mother can't help me. Besides, I should be afeard to face 'em. What *shall* I do? What will become of me? Something I *must* do. Yes, yes—but why should I be in a hurry? I'm not obliged to decide on hanything to-day,—*I'll think of it to-morrow.*

That war the way I hargued the topic, and that's the way we all on us does. At the fust go off of a misfortun, we're halways for killing ourselves, or jumping deeper hinto the mud by giving way to recklessness; but *we halmost hinwariably puts hoff reflecting serusly on our sitevation and reforming our conduct until to-morrow. That ere to-morrow* we puts hoff and puts hoff *as long*

as our money lasts; and by that ere time it generally appens it are too late to do hanything, and we is totally ruined, and har nothing left us but death or misery for life.

Having made up my mind to take things coolly for the present, when I gets to the foot of Oburn-ill I stops running, and walks along quite slow and hunconcerned, like a young genlemn hout for his pleasure, looking into the shops, and jingling my money. For, besides my week's wages, and the five shillings of Mr. Hallspice, I had got thirteen shillings as I had saved hup hout of my wales and wages. Presently I meets, coming from Smithfield, a young chap of my hacquaintance, who I had met permiscusly at the Hadam and Heve—a rollicking young feller, 'prentice to a linen-draper in St. John-street-road.

"Hollo, young Skylark!" says he, a giving a start like a priwate hactor, when he's a playing *Amlet* and sees the *Gost*. "Ere you are, in prime feather! A fliting hoff, like me, I presume, to Greenwich Fair?"

"Yes," says I, suddenly determining in my mind to go. For, knowing I had money in my pocket, a devil-me-care sort o' feeling comed hover me to have one more frolic afore I went home and turned steady. (*That one more frolic afore beginning reformation har been the ruin o' thousands.*) "I'm going to have a spree."

"That's your sort," says he, taking my harm. "Come along, old feller, you're jest the companion I wanted. I've got seven shillings, and leave from my governor to be hout till twelve o'clock. So let us push on to the Helefant and Karsal, where we'll jump into a shandridan, and chevey down to the fair in a pig's visper."

"With hall my heart," says I, and away we went, he telling funny stories, and I larfing and torking, and passing my remarks and quizzing on the people, jest as if nuffin had appened to me. *What a difference having money in our pockets makes to us when we're in trouble. How it throws dust in our eyes, and perwents us from seeing the hawful perdicament we stands in.*

"Now, then, young genlemn!" says the proprietor of

one of them spring carts as plies at the Helephant to take people down to the fair. "Jump hin; jest a going to start; honly a vaiting for you; knowed you war coming, so stopped a minit for yer honners. Make room, genlemn and ladies, for these ere two fashernable young sevels from the vest hend hoff the town, as is hanxious to go to the fare in your genteel society. Sixpence heach, genlemn and wotever you likes in the way o' lush. Now we're full, hoff we goes. Sit fast, ladies and genlemn. Gee, hup, Vildfire! step out a good 'un, and show the vorld as you har got ladies and genlemn of respectability ahind you."

Saying which, he poked his poor 'orse with a stick on a raw place the collar had rubbed on his shoulder, and away he staggered with a crazy cart, in which thirteen on us war packed, head and tail, as close as herrings in a tub.

"Oh!" says a young lady, wot sot next to me, in a vite muslin frock, with a wery broad pink sash, and a gipsy hat kivered with blue ribbons. "Goodness gracious, we shall be hupset, and have our necks broke! I knows we shall. Oh! what a jolt! We shall hall be topsy-turvy. Dear, dear, how I are squeeged. My frock's all rumpled aready. Adone, do! I wish people wouldn't scrouge so. Oh! my bonnet. Take your harm away, sir, you're scrunching it to pieces. Oh! somebody's a treading on my toes, and dirtying my new vite stockings. Oh! pray don't puff your baccy in my face, sir, it makes me hill. Stop the cart! I can't abear it, I must get hout."

"No, don't, my dear!" says a genlemn in licker and a fustian jacket, as sot hopposite to her. "Pray, don't do no sich thing. You're too good-looking a gal to be parted with, you is, indeed." Then he gived her a hartful vink of his eye, and tried to look haffectionate and sinevating.

"Ow dare you look at that ere young ooman in that ere himpudent way?" says a young man at t'other side of the gal. "If you does it again, I'll punch your 'ed."

"Ullo!" says the genlemn in licker and fustian, "who are you, spooney mouth? I shall do as I likes in spite of you and hall your fammerly. Wot's the young ooman to you?"

"A great deal," says the young man. "Hime er sweetart, and I won't let nobody mislest her no how, so I tells you. Turn you 'ed to me, Susan, and awoid the blagard."

"I can't," says the young ooman, "I'm so jammed hin. Oh! there's somebody a pinching on me. Be quiet, do. Dear, dear, wot a thing it are to be scrouged hup in a cart along with so many people as don't know how to behave themselves."

"Vot can you hexpect, miss?" says another more elderly lady, wot war seated atween two sailors, "ven you're hin a public wehicle agoing to a fair. For my part I thinks the fuller it are the better, and the more we scrouges, the more fun. Don't you think so, genlemn?"

"In coorse, in coorse," says all the chaps, a scrouging and pushing, ready to hupset the cart. "Go it a good 'un—Newgate's afire—hurrah!".

This war the sort o' fun as kept continually going on till we got down at Greenwich, which were rather late in the arternoon, for, besides stopping at halmost hevery public-'ouse on the road, to commodate the driver and ladies and genlemn passengers with glasses of rum and gin, the poor 'orse felled down twice, and couldn't go at no time above a valk.

"Now," says my friend, as soon as we had got hout and stretched our legs, which war wery much cramped with sitting packed hup so long, "as you says you've never been at a fair afore, and as I are an old hand at sich places, I'll be master of the ceremonies, and show you the lions. Fust place, we'll cut this ere crowd for the present, and go hinto the park, and have a run down the hill."

"Jest as you please," says I, "I'm your man for hanything—go it."

"That's your *sort*," says my companion, buttoning

hup his coat. "Stand by for a squeeze—think of no repairs—foller me."

Away we pushed and shoved right through the crowd (the fair in them days war held jest hopposite the park-gates), treading on people's toes, knocking our helbows hinto their sides, hupsetting children and old genlemn, and playing all sorts o' larks, till we got hinto the park. There we bought scratches, which we rubbed down the backs of the gals, to make 'em think we'd tore their gownds, had a dip in the lucky-bag, and a dozen or two shies at the cockups. Then hoff we cut to the hill.

"Oh, how beautiful!" says I, as we comed to the hopen space afore the Hobservatory (for I had quite forgot my troubles), "I never seed hanything so fine afore."

And, indeed, I hadn't, for being a town-born-and-bred boy, I had never seen nuffin of the country more than jest about Hislington. The sight of sich a new scene made a great himpression on me. The fresh hair, the beautiful prospect, the green grass and wide hopen space, the ships sailing about in the river, the 'ospital, the trees, the oceans of people, all alive and happy, made my heart jump again, and I war ready to cry with delight.

Hup the hill we goes. "Now," says my friend, when we war at the top, "mind your eye, catch hold of a gal, and run her down. There's two," he continued, pinting to a couple. "You take one, and I'll take t'other."

No sooner said than done. Ahind 'em we goes, cotches hold of their harms, and away we runs down, forcing them to go along with us.

"Oh," says they, "wot a shame! We shall be down. Oh, you young willens!" and cetera, and cetera. Till at last we gets safe down, when they larfs, and boxes our ears, and runs arter us, and we runs arter them again, hallooing and frolicking away like mad.

Arter that we had a touch of leap-frog, and a turn at kiss-in-the-ring. Then we goes hinto the fair, rides on the swings and roundabouts, sees hall the shows, heats gingerbread-nuts and horringes and fried sassingers, and drinks porter and gingerbeer by holesale. When night comed on, hin we went to a dancing-booth, where we

danced and singed, and had gin-and-water, and pipes and baccy, till, wot with the hexertion, and the smoking (which I had never tried afore), and the gin-and-water, which I drinked like a fish, I got hunsenserbul, and knowed nuffin wot appened to me, till I waked in broad daylight, and found myself all alone in a stable, with my clothes torn, and covered with blood and bruises.

The fust thing I did on coming to myself war to feel for my money. It war gone! My pockets were turned inside hout, and my vescut, and shirt, and frill, war torn to ribands.

"Well, young 'un," says a hostler coming into the stable, "I opes you har passed a pleasant night, and feels yourself comfortable this morning. Preciously hin for it you war, my master, and no mistake. If I hadn't comed in and took your part jest as I did, I werily believe you would har been murdered."

"Indeed," says I, "how? Wot did I do?"

"Do!" says he; "why you and your friend insulted heverybody in the booth, and you both on you got well quilted in consequence. He slinked hoff, and wot's become on him I don't know. But I pulled you away from harf a dozen chaps wot war wopping you like a sack, and chucked you down here to sleep in our stable, for I didn't like to see a young lad like you hill-used, thof you war houtrageous drunk and wicious."

"Thank you," says I, shaking his hand, "you is a good friend, I'm wery much obliged to you. If I'd got any money I'd give you some, but as I aynt got a penny in the world, I can honly thank you with words, which I does with hall my heart."

"That's enough," says the kind feller, "I wants nuffin more. I've got a young boy of my hown, jest such another howdacious young rascal as you. Praps wot's appened to you may some day appen to him, and then this ere bit o' kindness of mine may get him a friend. So say no more about it, lad, but wash your face and set yourself to rights, and turn hout, for I hexpects my partner to come in with the hosses."

I washes myself at the pump in the yard, and sets

myself to rights as well as I could, and hout I goes hinto the fair, for the stable belonged to a public-'ouse close to it. It war the middle of the day, and the sports war a-going on jest as they war the day afore.

Oh, how ill I war, and how my 'ed aked, and how I thought on my sitewation! Arout a farthing in my pocket, no friends, no character, no nuffin!

Through the crowd I pushes, and gets hinto the park. The sun war shining bright and beautiful; the trees and the grass war as green, the prospect war as fine, the people seemed as happy as they war yesterday. But now heverything war changed with me. I feeled no pleasure at looking at none of 'em; on the contrary, *they made my miserableness the greater.*

I gets away from the people as war having their pleasure, hinto a solitary place by myself, where I flings myself down on the grass and cries. Oh, the misery I felt then are hundescriberbul. *I war alive to all the orrors of my sitewation, and hadn't got no hope.*

Thoughts of killing myself again comed hinto my mind, and I runned down towards the river. But I war afeard. I hadn't courage to mislest myself when it comed to the pint.

Arter wandering about for some time halmost distracted, I determined to go home to father and mother, and get them to give me meat and shelter till I could get employment. So I goes hinto the London-road, and hoff I walks for town. I gets to the Dials late in the hevening, hungry, fatigued, and heartsore; looks for the bundles of rags and things as used to be put houtside our cellar-flap. They warn't there. A strange feeling comed hover me. *Why* warn't they there? Could anything have appened to father or mother, or what? Quick as lightning I gets to the 'ouse, runs down the steps, and gets to the door. It war shut—a wery hunusual thing at that hour. I stopped a minit, afeard to lift the latch. At last I did, hopened the door, and went in.

"Who's there!" says mother, turning round from the which she war rocking herself on her heels,

for she war a Hirishwoman. "Oh, Bill, my dear child, are it you?" she screamed, jumping hup, and clasping me in her harms. "Thank God, you is comed to me at last."

"Where's father?" says I, trembling, and looking round in a hagony of dreadful fear.

"Here," says mother, turning down the coverlid of the bed, "*he's dead.*"

The shock war too great for me. I tried to kneel down and pray; but my head whirled round, my limbs went from hunder me, and I fell on the floor in a fit.

When I comed to myself the room war full of people, mother war a kissing and blessing on me, and the hundertaker war putting poor father hinto his coffin.

This war the bitterest lesson I had ever received, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—We never *wilfully* do wrong, arout being in some way or other sewerely punished.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you appens to have the misfortun to break a pane of glass, wouldn't you be a fool, instead of *trying to repair the damage*, if you war to get don't-carish and desperate, and kick up a row, and smash a dozen or two more? In coorse you would. So take adwice by me: *Whenever you is in trouble, meet your difficulties at once.* Don't go hout into company to awoid thought, but stay quietly at 'ome, and reflect serusly on your sitewation, and the chances is, you'll find ways and means of helping yourself. But, if you goes hout to run away from yourself, and gives way to recklessness, you're done for. *For trying to drown care by dissipation, are like pouring oil on fire.*

CHAPTER VII.

THOF I war a doctor's boy, and had seen many heart-touching cases of haccident and hillness, I had never before looked upon the dead, and to my young mind, hagitated as it war with so many dreadful feelings, the sight of my father in his winding-sheet and shroud made my blood curdle and my flesh creep. I knows now that that sort of feeling are a foolish weakness, and that we ought to nerve our hearts against giving way to it. But there is something hawful in death, which, when we looks on it for the fust time, never fails to make us shudder.

This, like hall other worldly hills, as we most on us can bear moloncholy witness to, loses its terrors when we gets familiar with it. And I soon got calm, and kneeled down, and kissed the closed eyes and white lips I had so often seen twinkling and quivering with affection for me, and prayed God to bless him and forgive me. The misery and grief I suffered then war unboundable. It war "*one of those minits in which*," as a great hauthor has said, "*we lives years.*"

Wery true are the saying that there is many things we never hunderstands until they is brought 'ome to our own door. *Regret* is one. This I found hout, and tasted in hall its bitterness when I looked on poor father, and thought on the many things I had done as had hangered and grieved him. Hevery little circumstance as had appened years afore comed, one arter the hother, fresh hinto my mind, and I would har given hall the wealth of the world, were it mine to give, that I had not behaved as I had. I recollected hevery tone of his voice, hevery action, hevery look. And oh! how I wished and wished, with tears in my eyes, and hagony in my heart, as I had been with him afore he died, to ask his forgiveness for

'em one by one, and get him to bless me, and say he hadn't nuffin to reproach me with.

In coorse it war to be so, and so it war. Hall my grieving war of no use. Father war gone, and I and mother followed him to his last 'ome. It war a parish funeral, and soon hover. We gived hup our cloaks and scarfs to the hundertaker, who war good enough to lend 'em us hout of respect for him as war gone (for they'd smoked their pipes together for several years), and went back to the cellar to weep and mourn.

"Oh, my dear boy!" says mother, lifting her head from my breast, for she had got her two harms locked round my neck, as we sat crying and sobbing on a hold deal-box, as kept our clothes—"Oh, my—my dear boy! this ere lonesomeness are dreadful!" Then she looked all round the room, and at last fixed her eyes on father's chair, and pinting to it, said to me, in a visper scarcely above her breath, "He aynt there now, Bill! thof there's his slippers, and his pipe, and the old coat, as he mended and patched himself last week, and said would sarve him for another twelvemonth. And see there, on the back of the chair are the marks his poor dear 'ed have made with rubbing against it when he went to sleep. Oh, my poor old man! you're sleeping colder now. Pray God, your troubles is over, and that I mayn't be long afore I follers you. You war a good, kind husband to me, darlint, and I didn't halways behave kind to you. But we hall on us has our tempers and our failings. We struggled through the world together for a good many years, both in appiness and sorrer, and now you is gone I feels your loss, and regrets you as much, thof you war hold and hailing, as if you'd been taken from me when you war young and gay."

Then she hugged me, and kissed me, and said, "You, my dear child, is hall I have left to care for in the world. You won't go away and forsake your old mother in her trouble, will you, my dear boy?"

"No, no, mother!" says I, conwulsively squeezing her hand, and speaking with henergy, "I'll die fust. Thof I am felled hinto *misfortun* and disgrace, I aynt a-

going to be a hunkind and hundutiful willen to you. You is hall in hall to me. I loves you better than I does myself. And if hever good conduct can make hup for having done wrong, mine shall prove it now, for from this ere hour I determines to turn hover a new leaf, and never speak nuffin but the truth, and do nuffin but what is hopen, hupright, and honest."

Now, thof this ere determination of mine war wery wise and proper, still it war founded on a false princerpal. *I turned good acause I had been punished for being bad.* It war a bit of natural selfishness, jest the same as *a dog wot has been wopped for stealing, refrains from touching the meat wot's within his reach, for fear of being wopped again.*

I'm afeard too many on us reforms arter this manner, and we believe we is practising wirtue, when we is only keeping away from wice acause of the high price we is forced to pay for hindulging in it.

Mind, I don't say we hall does this. Oh, no! far be it from me to hassert sich a holesale calumny on my feller-creeturs. For I har seen many and many splendid hexamples to the contrary, where a course of wirtue and honour war pursued on true Christian princerpals, *not for fear of punishment, but from a hinnate hintegrity of heart wot governed the mind, and made 'em do right acause they feeled a appiness in it, and hoped their hexample might bring appiness to hothers.*

I candidly confesses that these war not my motives, for it gived me great pain to break away from my gay companions and dissipated habits. But I had sense enough to see that as they had been the cause of the trouble I had got into, they would be sure, if I continued to hindulge in them, to ruin me haltogether, so, partly to save myself from further harm, and partly for the sake of the appiness of my poor mother, I comed to the determination of being steady and leading a better life.

How far I kept my good resolve will hereafter be seed. But this ere one remark I'll make, as the French calls it, *hen passong*, that *let us be hactuated by wotever motives we may on our first hattempting reformation, the constant*

practice of doing right makes us love it, and we soon finds no pleasure in doing wrong.

My fust step in my new condition war to sell hoff hall our stock of old rags, and iron, and bottles, to a friend as war in the line, give up the cellar (for mother didn't want to carry on the mercantile business), and remove our little sticks of furniture into the back-kitchen of a neighber, as wanted a lodger to lighten her rent.

"Here, dear mother," says I, a bringing her hinto the place, which I had done hup and made as nice and comfortable as I could, "here is the best 'ome I can perwide for you jest now. But if you'll try and make yourself appy in it, if I have any luck it shan't be long afore I'll get you a betterer."

"My dear darling boy," says she, sitting down in father's chair (for I had taken great care to remove that), "you is indeed a blessing to me. I likes the place wery much; it's wery neat, and clean, and conwenient. There's a pump, and copper, and sink I see, and hevery-thing I wants for my washing and hironing, and—well, I declare, if you havn't gone and bought me a new tub. That are kind and thoughtful, for the old 'un wouldn't hold water, and war always a tormenting on me. We shall be so comfortable and appy."

Here she stopped short, and tears comed into her eyes, for she thought of father, but she wiped them away with her apron, and looking hup hinto my face, with a heffort to smile and be cheerful, said with a stifled sob, "S-h-a-n-t we, dear boy, s-h-a-n-t we?"

"Yes," says I, taking her hand, and giving her a look wot meaned to say, don't be down-hearted. "At hall ewents we'll try."

That war the way I keeped on comforting her; and whenhever she got mopish and moloncholy I used to pertend to be gay and appy, and larfed, and singed, and played hall sorts of monkey tricks.

So we went on for some time, and we managed atween us to pick hup a wery tidy living, she by her washing and hironing, and I by doing little jobs for the neighbers, sich as turning a mangle for a ooman next door—pre-

cious ard work that ere, by the by, when you takes a long spell at it — running of harrands to the chandler's shop, for harf a hounce of coffee, or pennorth of butter; or to the butcher's for a couple of pennorth of trimmings, or harf a pound of bullock's liver, or may be a small jint as war to be had cheap on haccount of being a *leetle* the wus for keeping. And I had, besides, a wery good connection in the public line. I runned for beer and licker for halmost every lady and genlemn, both ouse-keepers and lodgers, as lived in our court. These war wery good pay, much better nor my heatable customers, for they honly gived a penny now and then; but them as paternized wot my poor friend, Mr. Swiperly, used to call "the *hinsiderous hexciting fluids*," generally dropped a hapenny for hevery hembassy. Added to which, the genlemn as kept the waults gived me a job of bottle-washing and pot-cleaning once a week regler, besides a stray sixpence now and then for giving him the preference of my custom, insted of taking it to the genlemn as kept the hopposition concarn hopposite.

Sometimes for change of hair and exercise, I'd take a walk to the west-hend, and combine pleasure with business by doing a little light fancy work in the orse-holding line, for genlemn as hadn't got no servant arter 'em. Many's the shilling and sixpence I har got in this way.

I knowed my customers in a minit, by their manner of riding. Them as war going home gennerally trotted strait forrud with a steady I-know-wery-well-where-I'm-going-sort-of-look. And them as war honly hout for a hairing, either cantered, or walked gently with a loose rein, sitting harf hon and harf hoff their saddles, hogling the gals with a quizzing-glass, or helse they cut away at a hand-gallop. But them as war going to call somewhere, halways keeped looking at the ouses, fust on one side of the street and then on the hother; or helse they trotted quick with a business-sort-of-look, as if they war in a hurry.

Soon as I clapped my eyes hupon one as I thought would want me, hup to him I'd run, touch my hat and

say, "Want a boy to old your horse, sir? I'll take care on him, sir. Pleas have me, sir?"

"No, no," he'd be sure to say, going on faster, for genlemn hinwariably say *no*, when fust they is hasked, thof they knows wery well hall the time they is going to stop, and they must have somebody. "No, no, go away, don't bother me."

Thinking, from my knowledge of human natur, that thof he mightn't want me jest then he might soon, I perseweres, and runs afore him the length of two or three streets, turning round hoccasionally, and touching my hat arout saying a word, till he'd come to the place he war going to, when he'd stop and get hoff.

"Here I are, sir," I'd say, coming up jest at the proper nick of time, and putting my hand on the bridle. "You may 'pend I'll take care of him."

"Wery well," the genlemn would say. "Walk him about gently, boy, and don't go hout of sight."

"No, sir," I'd reply, touching my hat again, and hup and down I'd lead the hanimal as orderly as if I war a regler-built groom, keeping my eye on the ouse the genlemn went hinto; and as soon as I seed him come hout, hup I'd go, hold the stirrup for him to mount, touch my sixpence, or may be my shilling, tip hat again, and go away to catch another customer.

Hanother of my hoccupations war being a water-boy at Sadler's Wells Theatur, a hemployment as is quite hobserlete now, for they've shut up the tank, and plays the legittermate drammer. But in them good old successful days of the Wells, when they did nuffin but pantermimes and mellerdrammers, and the hordinance used to have their pint of wine in the pit, and seed real water on the stage, the class of performers I belonged to war of great himportance, and we got a precious sight more happlause than hall the hother hactors put together. Our triumphs halways took place in the last scene of the mellerdrammer, when the feelings of the hordinance war worked up to a pitch of hagonized hexcitement for the fate of the ero and eroine of a arrowing romantic history *like this ere*:—

Sir Walentine Wollatile, a wery ansome young night (in rustic boots, and vite panterloons, chalked to look clean, a light blue vestcut and sash, a short red jacket, kivered with spangles, and a Spanish welwet hat, with a heart-breaking plume of vite hostrige feathers), is in love with Snowdropinerrosalinda, a beautiful young maiden of low degree, as lives in a woodbine cottage, in the middle of a wery thick wood, and wears a short red petticoat, with a black welwet jacket, and a little strawer hat stuck hon the back of her 'ed. The night, haccompanied by his serwant, who is called Tomogago, a wery hartful, hamerrus, but dreadfully cowardly feller (with two comic songs, in blue stockings, short yaller and red breeches, and a black and horange jacket, with a wery carrotty wig with a red tail, and a wery little cocked-up hat, with one wery long feather), goes to wisit the beautiful maiden of low degree, and surrernade her by moonlight. The night pertends to play the guttar, and hopens his mouth as if he war singing; but as he aynt a wocallist, another genlemn as is stands close beside him behind the scenes, hout of sight of the hordinance, and wobbles for him. Arter a few jokes cut by Tomogago—sich as "You'll tickle that ere frying-pan hinto fits, sir," or "This ere caterwarling may be wery pleasant to them has is concarned in it, but I'd rather be smoking my pipe at the Hugh Middleton" (this last being a local touch at a public-'ouse jest hopposite, in coorse halways produces roars)—the vinder hopens, and the beautiful young maiden of low degree happears. Then she and the night torks hoceans of beautiful senterments, and they exchanges mutual wows of heverlasting love and constancy until death, when they is disturbed by hearing a stamping houtside, which means there's footsteps happroaching. So they takes leave haffectionately and the night and his serwant goes hoff. The latter in coorse pertends to knock his nose against a tree, and seems dreadfully frightened.

No sooner is they gone, and the vinder shut, than the willen of the piece, Baron Fitzhacko, henters with Count

Charles, his friend. The baron, in coorse, is dressed as a willen hout halways to be, with a wery long black wig, stremly pale face, and terriffic cork mustachers, red scandals, cotton stockings, dyed to look like his naked legs, a black welwet tunick, with a Dutch metal leather breastplate, sprinkled with steel buttons, a wery broad black leather belt, with a carving-nife dagger, a brace of pistols, and a basket hilted foot-and-a-half long fighting sword stuck in it, high-topped yaller gloves, and a scarlet hat, with a himmense plume of black feathers. Count Charles, his friend, aynt sich a swell. He has merely the white tites (which is generally rather loose), rustic boots (uncommon dirty), a pink tunick, no gloves and never no hat.

"Hah! hah!" says the Baron, running hon the stage, and striking a penny plain and twopence coloured hattitude, with his legs as wide hapart as posserbul, and his two harms stretched out, one ahind, t'other afore him, to their fullest hextent. "There goes my hated riwal! Shall he trihumph? No—never!" Then he hits the hilt of his fighting sword, takes hout his dagger, and stabs in the hair, and stamps, and stares, and walks from one side to the hother, making up his mind wot he shall do to circumwent the young night. Count Charles, his friend, hall this time keeps follering on him, saying, "Nay, nay, my lord—pause awhile," and all sorts of mild genlemanly things to pacify him, for the friends in the mellerdrammers is halways heither hextrornary bloody willens, or helse wery peaceable, hamiable, mild-spoken fellers. But he won't listen to nuffin, and ultimately goes hoff, saying to the hordinance (for he wery much neglects Count Charles, his friend, and don't condescend to address his conwersation to him), that he har hit upon a plan which he won't tell 'em of at that moment, but that his ated riwal shall 'terremble.'"

Next scene, the beautiful young maiden of low degree's sister, Titterlinda (dressed in a flowered gown, hall bunched up ahind, and a blue pettercoat, with stripes of black welwet), is seen sitting, hemming a pocket handkercher; and she *sings a pretty* little lively song about

wanting to get married. and at the hend of hevery verse, jest arter she has said—

"The youth I loves best now sits in full view,"

she gives a harch look into the pit, and picks hout some queer-looking hold genlemn, and says, pinting to him—

"Pray don't look so sharp, sir, I didn't mean you."

This, in coorse, gets a great shout, and a thundering hancore. After which, there's a werry shrill scream heerd hoff the stage, and Titterlinda says, "Oh, heavins!" and runs to the vinder, and tells the hordinance that the Baron Fitzhacko and Count Charles, his friend, has carried hoff her sister, Snowdropinerrosalinda. Then she seems ready to faint away, and goes hout, calling "Murder! help!" hand cetera, hand cetera.

Then there's warious scenes with the servant Tomogago, in which he gets gradually more and more frightened, and sings his two comic songs, while the carpenters is getting ready for the next scene, which is a hawful pathetic one, atween the baron and the beautiful young maiden of low degree, who he has carried, with the hassistance of Count Charles, his friend, to a lonely turret in his Karsel of the Lake. She magninimously refuses all his base hoffers, and calls on her Walentine to pertect her. Finding he doesn't come, she breaks away from the ard-hearted willen, and is about to perpetuate herself from the vinder, when, hall of a sudden, a wood drops down out of the clouds right afore her in the front of the stage, and hides her from the hordinance. Then hon runs the ansome young night arout his hat, distracted (for he has heard throuf the stone walls his true love's scream for hassistance), and hoff he runs at t'other side, roaring "Snowdropinerrosalinda! Snowdropinerrosalinda! I'll save thee, or perish in the hattempt!" Then arter him runs on Tomogago, flourishing a pitchfork or a birch broom, wowing that he'll follow his master to the world's hend, and if necessary a great deal further.

Then comes the last scene, the karsel and the lake of real water. Hevery eye is fixed, and the hordinance is

all breathless with hexpectation, when the baron and the beautiful young maiden of low degree is seen struggling together at the top of the lonely turret. "Never!" says the beautiful young maiden of low degree; "rather let me die." Then she gives a hagonizing scream, which makes the ladies shudder, and hoff she jumps with a tremendous splash, bang into the lake. Oh, my wig! wot happlause that used to get. But when the ansome young night happears on the lonely turret, and says, "Willen, to thy heart!" as he stabs the baron and chucks him hover, and then jumps hinto the water himself, and swims about, and dives, and brings hup and saves the beautiful young maiden of low degree, and blows hup the karsel with red fire, the hurraying and happlauding war unanimous and helectrifying.

Now, all this unbounded happrobation war for the water boys! *I* war the beautiful young maiden of low degree; a boy called Jim Fisher war the ansome young night; and another boy called Jack Smith war the baron. The real performers as did the torking didn't like to get a wetting, so they kept hout of sight while we, dressed hexactly like 'em, did the hayquatic part, and let them take to themselves hall the honours and happlause. A thing, by the by, wot aynt huncommon. In many other sitewations of life *the principal hoften gets the credit of wot's done by his deputy.*

By keeping continually a doing something, and awoiding the Hadam and Heve, and my dissolute companions, I and mother managed to live tolerable comfortable, and the wariety of life I seed in my warious employments larned me many lessons, and this is my reflections on 'em.

MAXIMUM.—There is more ways than *one* of making a meat pie.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you loses your way in the middle of a wood, what would you do? Try to find it again, in coorse! But how? That's the pint. You goes to the right—that's wrong; *to the* left, you honly gets further

hentangled; you can't go back, and you don't see no way of getting forrad. It aynt no use crying and roaring for anybody to help you, or staying till you is starved. So, if you're wise, you plucks hup courage, tries fust this hopening, then that, and then t'other, right, and left, and hall round, till at last *you works your way hout of your delemma, and gets safe to the place you wants to go to.* So it har with them as wants to get on in the world. *They as never gives hup, but keeps continually trying to help themselves by honest means, will never want bread.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Besides playing the water parts in the mellerdrammers, I used to make myself gennerrally useful in the pantermines. Fust, I was a nobgoblin, with a long tail and a big 'ed; then a young genlemn as vould play marbles; then a hinfant in a bedgownd and nightcap; then a sweep, and harf a dozen more things.

Oh! how I har larfed at the hantics and wagaries of the clown, when he buttered the stage for the futman to slip down; or stole and heat tarts by the dozen; or put legs of mutton and live lobsters hinto his big pockets; or sot down on a clean wite sofa arter he'd been hup a chimbley; or singed a duet with a hostrige or a hoyster; or chaunted Hot Codlings, or Tippetywitchet.

That ere clown war Grimaldi, the *great* Grimaldi. Poor Joey! I knowed him in his wery best days, when he war the hidol of the public, rewelling in health and sperits, as strong and hearty as a buck, as hupright as a dart, and as hactive as a cat; and I har lived to see him a cripple, bent nearly double, arout strength enough to *walk across* the room. Yet his hinfirmities didn't come *from hage—for* he retired at forty-four, and died at fifty-

seven—but from wearing out his constertution by hover hexertion when he war at his work, and by too much racketting in his early life when he war hout of it. Why, I har knowed him play Clown at the Wells, change his dress in a nackney-coach, go to Common-garden, play it there (having lots of brandy-and-water at both the two places, in coorse), and then go back to the Wells again, and sit drinking and smoking at the Hugh Middleton with his jolly companions (for he'd halways a rare lot of 'em), huntil four or five in the morning. This warnt *one* night now and then, but his constant practice for a long time. No strength could stand it, and he got cold and rumatiz continually, which got wuser and wuser, till at last he war hobligated to give hup, in the wery prime of his life, a perfession of which he war the fust in his line, and finish his days in hobscurity—a miserable, haf-flicted, premature hold man.

His son, young Joe, who, arout his father's talent, had hall his failings, died afore him—a wictim to a course of hintemperance. Another heminent clown went the same way; and many hother hactors as I har knowed, as war famus in their time, has heither died young, or is supernumeries at the wery theaturs at which they once war fust favourites, or helse reduced in their hold hage to the wery last stage of poverty and wretched-ness. And hall from foolishly thinking their youth and strength would last for hever, never hallowing for the wear and tear of an employment as requires great bodily hexertion, and not having resolution to take care of themselves and their money, and withstand licker and company.

This ere *feller-de-se* aynt peculiar to hactors honly, thof, from their being continually mixed hup with the gaieties of life, and their society being courted by hall classes of people, who admires their talent and flatters their wanity, they is wery subject to it. But in hewery hother station there is many who thinks *'twill halways be fine weather*, and acause they don't himmediately feel hany hill heffects from racketting, believes they is made of hiron, and that *nuffin* can floor 'em. Poor hinfatewated

fools! *the bills they draws on their constertution at twenty years arter date, is sure to play the wery duce with 'em when they becomes due.*

Now I'm on the subject of theatricals, I'll jest take the hopportunity to say a few words of my hopinion about the hactors of by-gone days, thirty or forty years ago, compared with them as figures away at the present time.

It are the fashion with some as is prejudiced by hearly fust impressions, and some as aynt got no brains to be caperbul of judging nuffin themselves, and goes by hearsay, and *holds hup as patterns people they aynt hold enough to have seed*, to hassert that the drammer is done for, and that the hactors and hactresses as plays *now* can't in hany way be compared in hexcellence with them as flourished in, what they calls, the "*igh and palmy days.*" Now, this I most respectfully begs leave to say is a wulgar herror. For *one* great hactor or hactress of that time there is now *two or three*, to say the wery least of 'em, *wery respecterbul good uns in hevery line of character (and here and there not a contemptible great one); and take 'em hall together, the plays is much better hacted, and a hundred times better got hup, than hever they war at hany time.*

Look at *Coriolanus*, *The Tempest*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *the Rivals*, *Love*, *School for Scandal*, *Hartaxerxes*, and many hother *great* works, to say nuffin of the little uns, the perfection of which the old uns never even dreamt of; and I arks any one in his senses as is candid and hunprejudiced, *if ever he seed 'em done as well afore?*

I goes regler to hall the plays now, and har been a play-goer hoff and hon for the last five-and-forty years, and recollects hall the prime favourites (they too, by the by, were halways pecked at, and thought nuffin on in compareson with them as perseded 'em); and I says again, that *thof the stage aynt got the one or two great genuses it had formerly, it har more good hactors generally.* And notwithstanding as hacting are now better *hunderstood* by the hordinance, and the march of hintel-

lect and himprovement har made 'em more perticlar and crittercal, *the young uns aynt so wery bad*, and, at hall hevents, must be hallowed the merit of being natterel. *For they has sawed hoff the stilts from tragedy, and thof they plays kings and queens, and lords and ladies, and Greeks and Romans, they walks properly on their feet, and speaks and moves like men and women.*

The comedies is both dressed and spoke to the wery life; and as for the pantermines, any one of them they does now would har been a wonder in the days of Grimaldi. The funny hopenings, and the scenery and dioramas and tricks, beats the old uns hout and hout; and bating Grimaldi, whose hacting I hadmits aynt never yet been hequalled, they hadn't a panterminer to compare with him as plays Hearl Mercier in "Peeping Tom," and Master Saxby, the Master of the Horse, in the "Bed of Ware." Had that ere chap (Payne I think is his name) lived in them days when pantermines war the fashion, he would har been runned arter and cracked about as a *wery, wery, great man.* But now the taste for that sort of hentertainment are gone hout; not for want of performers, for there's lots of clever clowns, panterloons, and harlequins, but *because there aynt nuffin new to be done, and the hordinance sees and larfs at all the practicum jokes in the farces.*

Give the devil his due are my motter; and I'll wenture to perdict, that *many of the hactors and hactresses as is runned down and thought little on now by the prejudiced and hilliberal, will in a wery few years be held hup as patterns of hexcellence, to be himitated by the rising generation.*

To return to my history. I continued rubbing hon in my warious hemployments for about four years, working wery hard, behaving huncommon steady, and taking care of mother, who, poor old soul, war herself hextrornary hindustrous and careful, and made the most of our little hearnings. But still, somehow or hother, *I war not hadwancing in the world.* Do wot I would I could never get beyond living from hand to mouth. What war the reason of this? *I had no settled hoccupacion*, my hincome

depended on chance, and I couldn't direct my henergies to one pint.

Perhaps somebody may arks why I didn't try and get another respecterbul sitewation in a shop, instead of getting my living in these unregular and wagabond ways? My hanswer is this ere: *I did* try hevery where, but arout success. *I had gotten a bad character from my last place, and nobody wouldn't have nuffin to say to me.*

Thof there war lots of good sitewations for a hexperienced boy as knowed his business, *the pint of character war halways a stopper.* "Who have you lived with?" war the fust question; and "Why did you leave?" war the next. To speak the hole honest truth, and say, "Because I war a liar, and a suspected thief," wouldn't hincline hany one to engage me. So I softened it to this ere (which hanswered jest as bad as t'other)—"Acause of a hunfortunate misfortune I met with by falling into bad company, but"—"That's enough," the people would say, hinterrupting me, "that's quite enough. You won't suit us, for *we never takes nobody hinto hour hemploy as carn't bring a hunblemished character.*"

How hoften it appens that young people who have nuffin but their good name to depend hupon, loses it like me at their fust start in life, and being hunable to get a chance of recovering it, goes headlong to ruin. I, fortunately for me, had resolution enough to fight hup against my difficulties, and hewentually hovercame 'em, but *it took me years to do it;* and I werily believes, if I hadn't had huncommon persewerance and a great command hover myself, *the hearly reproach on my character would halways have kept me down in the world, and himbittered hevery hour of my arter life.*

I hopes the knowledge of this may be a useful lesson to all them as is placed as I war: and let 'em remember that *trifling with reputation is like changing a hoarded guinea—the moment it's broken hin hupon it's gone.*

Now, here I'll jest wenture a little remark to them as is masters of servants and prentices, and sich like: *Don't be too sewere with the herrors of youth.* Think on the

dreadful misery the taking away a character is likely to bring, and, *thof wrong be done, be merciful.* Don't punish for the fust hoffence, but *pint hout the right course, and give the culprit a chance of follering it.* This humanity will do *you* honour, and prehaps *be the means of making a good man of him sewerity would plunge deeper hinto crime.*

Had my master been merciful to me, I thinks I should har been a betterer and happier man, and not har gone throuf hall the wicissertudes and hardships I has; but, howsomedever, that ere har honly a matter of speculation. Prehaps hall things is for the best. I might have done wus. Yet, *it's hastonishing how strangely the great hevents of our lives is brought about, and how haccident hoften gives us wot we tries for in wain.* It has happened so with me hover and hover again; but once most perticlerly, when I had been reflecting hover my not getting hon in the world, and my not being hable to hit on no way of bettering myself, a hopportunity comed to me hall of a sudden, in a most hextrornary way.

I war going with a heavy heart one Heaster Monday hevening to the Wells to dress for a nobgoblin in the pantermine, which on that night war played fust, when I hears a woice sing hout from the crowd as war standing at the gallery-door, a waiting for it to be hopened, "Skylark, ahoy!" I started, and stopped short, for I knowed my nickname, and recollected the woice,—looked round, and seed struggling to get hout of the crowd, a young feller in a blue jacket and straw hat, who, along with five or six hothers, dressed hexactly like himself, war in the very thick of the rush. "Skylark, ahoy!" he shouted again, pushing and shoving and helbowing the people right and left. "Back your main taupsel, and lay to till I range hup along side of you."

I looked again. It war George Slasher—my hold hacquaintance, as went with me to Greenwich fair, but so grown and haltered, that if it hadn't been for his woice, and his calling me Skylark, I shouldn't har known him from Hadam.

"What cheer, my buck o' thunder?" says he, getting clear of the crowd, and slapping me on the back with

one hand, and giving me a hearty shake with t'
"Damme, if hever I hexpected to clap my dayligh
you again, for when we parted company four yea
in that dancing caboose at Greenwich, you war car
a press of sail in huncommon shoal water, and seem
a fair way to founder. But I suppose you club-h
and got hout to sea again. Well, and how are yo
lad?" he continued, shaking my hand again with
wehemence. "Glad to see you, 'pon my soul
Sprized to see me in this ere rig, and hear me talk
water lingo, I dare say, but they is both natteral
now—cos for why, I'm a sailor. Cut the linen-d
consarn a month arter our spree at Greenwich, her
aboard the sarcy Haggermemnon, and now I'm
'hable-bodied seaman.' And for reefing, steering, sa
a gun, handling a cutlass and boarding-pike, splicin
main-brace, and holding on by my eyelids on the to
yard, when it blows one-and-twenty to the dozen, I
turn my back on hany blue-jacket in the fleet.
ere devil's pups you sees playing hup hold goosebe
the crowd there, is my shipmates—rollicking, re
boys, hevery mother's son of 'em, as never says
nuffin—aynt at hall perticler wot they does, where
goes, whose hammock they sleeps in, or in wot mess
is numbered Stop (he continued again, arter takin
breath, for he rattled away like a hail-storm), I'll
'em alongside of you, for you don't see such howdi
spanking craft hewery day."

Then he shouted, at the wery top of his woice, "*E
and-bacon, away!*" (Heggs-and-bacon war the
nick for Haggermemnon); and then he put his ha
his mouth, and gived a long shrill whistle.

"Aye, aye," shouted hall the chaps, who war rig
the thick of the crowd, and hout they pushed and sh
shouting and bellering, and scattering the people o
sides of 'em, like the pelicemen does in a row, and c
running and jumping atoards us.

"A hold messmate," says George, introducing
"one of our build, a regler A 1 coppered and fas
clipper, as carries a free helm, and sails well or

waters, hon, hoff, and afore the wind,—a Hell-and-Tommy peep o' day-light boy, arter whose mark his friends hallways writes good feller."

"Glad to see you, young un," says one, giving me a grip as halmost ringed my hand hoff.

"Tip us your flipper, hold tar," says another; "I likes the cut of your jib."

"So do I," says another; "there's summut damn'd slap and sailor-like about you."

And so they hall went on, a complimenting me, and hoffering me quids of baccy, and segars, and rum, and money, and hall sorts of ciwilities.

"And wot flag is you sailing hunder now?" says George. "Still in the doctering line, eh?"

"No," says I, "I've cut that ere long ago, and——"

"Wot!" says hall on 'em, seeing as I hesitated. "Wot sarvice is you in now?"

"I'm one of the supernummeries and water-boys of this ere theatur," says I (making a heffert and bolting it hout hall at once, for somehow I feel'd ashamed, and didn't like to confess as I war comed down in the world), "and I plays in the pantermine as is jest going to begin, and I must say good-bye, and go, or I shall be too late."

"Hurrah!" "Keep back!" "Vere are you pushing to?" cries the crowd, scrouging hinto the ouse, for the doors war jest then hopened. "Oh!" screamed the wimmen. "Take care of your pockets!" bawled the consterbuls. "Yo, ho! heave ho!" shouted the sailors, taking me by the harms, and trying to force me to go along with em hinto the gallery. "Sink the hacting—come with us, and have a spree."

"No, no," says I, "I carn't; I must do my duty. They can't get on arout me; let me go. I'll meet you when it's hall hover, but now I *must* go."

"You shan't," says they, pulling and hauling.

"I will," says I, getting angry, and struggling.

"Awast, awast!" says George, coming to my hassistance, for they had got me hoff my legs, and war fairly carrying me along with 'em. "Let him go, he's right

to hattend to duty. Cut away, old feller, while you can, and be sure to meet us here, when it's hall hover."

Away I rund to the stage-door, hall of a heat, with my coat tore; and hinto the ouse went George and the sailors, shouting and singing like fun O.

I war barely in time to get dressed, and go hon the stage for the nobgoblin, in which, from my having a large mask, I war safe from being recognized by my racketty friends, who, if they had, I feel sure, wouldn't have scrupled to call hout to me. Taking hadwantage of a hinstant when I war standing in a hattitude, I looks hup to the back of the gallery, to see if I could see 'em; and lo and behold, thof they went in long arter it war nearly full, they war hall seated together with their hats on, right in the wery fust row, hinto which they had pushed and shoved and fought, and slided hover the people's heads.

Hon went the hopening arout any disturbance, 'cept hoccasionally a cry of "Turn 'em hout," and "Silence," when George and his companions torked to the people in the pit and boxes, or bonnetted the chaps, or kissed the gals as sot near 'em. But when I comed hon as the young genlemn as would play marbles, hall of 'em twigged me.

"There he are," says one.

"Oh, scissors!" says another, "wot a lubberly loblolly boy!"

"Twig his buttons!" says another.

"My eyes! vot a swell," says a third.

"Let's give him three cheers," says George, jumping up on the bench, and waving his hat.

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!" roared the hole party, standing hup, and himitating him. "Go it, my hearty! bravo, nankeens!—valk hinto 'em, Skylark!" Then down they sot, as cool and orderly as if nuffin had appened, thof the hole hordinance war crying "Shame! —turn 'em hout!" and "Throw 'em hover!"

Arter a time, quiet war restored, and the piece went hon. But hevery time I comed hon the stage in a new character, they roared hout—"There he are again!

Skylark!" and keeped continually happlauding
›veying me till I went hoff.
last hall war over, and fortunately for me they
cnow me as the water eroine of the mellerdrammer,
ey had, I knows there would har been the devil
—and I dresses myself as quick as I could, and
out with the hintention of hawoiding 'em and
uietly home. But they war too deep for me. I'd
got houtside the door when they pounced hupon
ı, *why-et-harmis*, carried me with 'em hinto the
Middleton.
›nly one glass," says they; "honly one."
ere one glass (for I suffered myself to be hover
led) *led to a great rewolution in my life*, and larnt
ther lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

IMUM.—Thof the weather are cold at one part of
:ld, *it are warm at another.*

IMENT.—If you had a garden in which the land
rocky and bad that you couldn't get nuffin to
ı it, wouldn't you be a fool to keep on digging
ınting in a barren soil, when, *by going further hinto
ıntry, or crossing a river, you could get a piece of
ound as would reward your hindustry?* In coorse
uld. So, whenever you finds (arter trying your
, mind you) that you can't get forrud in one way
tackle another, and the chances is, *you'll at last
one as suits your natteral gifts, and then it will be
wn fault if you don't make yourself hindependent.*

CHAPTER IX.

"HALF-PAST two o'clock," bawled the watchman, as he listened at the closed door of the Middleton, and caught the stifled shout of "Hip! hip! hurra!" accompanied with "Bravo, bravo," and the jingling of glasses, which comed from the *parlour*, in which war hassembled one of the jolliest parties as hever had their happy day in that ere far-famed *sangtum-sangtorum* of mirth and rewelry. I don't mean the new fine palace of a place they has lately built hup, but the *hold original crib*, in which the now grey-headed steady hold men, who war then gay dashing *young* fellers, loved to congregate arter the play war hover, and take their glass of grog, and smoke their pipes (segars warn't so much the tippy then as they is now), hear the news of the day, and henjoy the societry of their friends. Not but that they has wery good company there now, and the haccommodation is much more dashinger, but in my mind the hold place, with its wooden arm-chairs and cosey fire-place, war a deal more snug and comfortabler than hall the splender.

On this ere night we were perticler jovial; glass follered glass, song song, and story story, and we hall war as happy and comfortable as if there warn't no sich thing as care and trouble in the world.

"'Why, you don't mean to say you'd cut her hout, Pepper,' says the capt'n," continued George Slasher, going hon with an hadventure he'd been telling us of, as had appened to him and his shipmates in their last cruise. "'You don't mean to say you'd cut her hout?'

"'I do, sir,' says the second leeftenant. 'Now's the time—the haze is getting thicker every minet,—give but the word, and we're aboard of her.'

"'Well,' says the capt'n, 'I don't like to baulk you. Go, and try your luck, but——'

"'No fear of success, sir,' says the leeftenant,

toning hup his jacket and preparing to start. '*We ways wins.* Pipe away cutter's crew, Mr. Smith.'

''Take the launch, man alive,' says the capt'n. 'You 't never do it with the cutter!'

''Beg pardon, sir,' says the leeftenant, 'I prefers it. r I knows the boys and they knows me, and I thinks re's another dozen as wont mind taking a walk along h us.'

'Whew! went the whistle, hin tumbled the thirteen r we war double-banked), hup went the hoars, and er shinned the leeftenant. 'Wolunteers for a cut- t, boys?' says he, standing hup in the starn-sheets, waving his sky-scraper.' You remembers the rush, ?"

'I should think so," says the genlemn happealed to, ing hout a wolume of smoke; "rather above a bit. blessed if eleventeen and forty didn't try it on— venteen and forty, s'elp me!"

''Awast, awast!' says the leeftenant, when I, and , and Harry, and Jack here, and eight hother lucky s, had scrambled in, tail over tip. '*Pitfull*, as they at Dock play-house. The rest on you must wait, go to the hadmiral's hop to-morrow. Now cast hoff, give way, lads. We'll walk into these mounseers a hot-nail into a crock of butter, and whip away the wette afore the skipper can turn in his hammock, or crew can lift a hand to flip away a muskeeter.'

''I knows you've got room enough for me, Mr. pper,' squeaks a young devilskin of a nine-year hold shipman, slinging himself hoff the fore-yard, and pping right bang hinto the midst of us, jest as we'd go. '*Do* let me see the fun.'

''I'll send you hout of the ship, you young rascal,' s the leeftenant, pertending to be hangry, as he tched hout his arm, and hauled him aft, and sot him n atween his legs. 'This are the second time you've ved me this ere trick, sir, and if hever you does it in——'

''You'll forgive me as you does now,' says the bold le willin, who knowed the power his pluck and daring

had got hover hall on us. 'Think of going on a cut hout arout *me!* I've a great mind to call you hout when we gets ashore, or bring you to a court-martial.' [N.B.—This ere hanecdote are a *fact*, and that ere midshipman are now a hadmiral as has been in more hactions, and done more sarvice to his country, than hany weteran sailor now alive.]

"'Now, hall together lads, slap her through it,' says the leeftenant, swinging his body forrud in company with the coxen, the middy, and the twelve idlers, to aid the lift.

"Didn't we lay out! I believes you we did—down to the thwarts at hewery stroke. We flewed through the water like a swaller in the hair. Presently flash! boom! from the mounseer's fort (for the mist had cleared and they'd twigged us), and whurr! flop! and splash! went a shot right athwart our hawse.

"'Slips, by the hooky!' says the middy.

"'A well-meant ciwility,' says the leeftenant,—'honly a *leetle* too igh. The tip of another quoin would jest about have done it.'

"Flash! boom! flop! and splash; half a cable's length short to windward.

"'Too low, you lubber,' says the leeftenant. 'Put on your barnacles if you can't see us, drop the width of a couple of your whisker hairs, wait for the lull of the wind, and you'll do it next time.'

"'I'll bet you two to one he don't,' says the middy. 'Now then, go it, you cripple,—don't be so long about it.'

"Flash! boom! whiz! fizz! within a boat's length bang amidships; and then, whurr! right over our heads, and splash, splash, splash, ducks and drakes to leeward.

"'That's better,' says the leeftenant.

"'Fork hout your guinea,' says the middy. 'If he keeps steady where he are now, we shall hear from him about next Sunday fortnit.'

"Flash! boom! wop! a long way astarn.

"'Good night, old crapaud,' says the leeftenant; 'you may put your hair in paper and go to bed, for we're hout of range.'

" ' And as right and left as my sister's dancing shoes,' ys the middy.

" ' Now then, lads,' says the leeftenant, ' we've honly round the bluff, and then hurra for prize-money and rtsmouth, honour and Greenwich!'

" ' Soft tommy, lollypops, and lump sugar,' squeaked e middy.

" We hall pulled together with a will, and war within ew strokes of rounding the bluff, and dropping slap ng upon the corwette, when hall of a sudden we seed se in, under the shadow of the land, a strange kind of ——"

' Past three o'clock, genlemn," says the waiter, inter- pting George in the wery crittercallist part of the most teresting story he'd told us hall the night. " We nts to shut hup and go to bed."

' Shut your tater trap, and go to ——" (*where* I n't repeat), says George, lifting hup his glass as if he r going to shy it at his 'ed. " Sheer hoff, you swab, l bring us another broadside of grog in the turn of a glass, or I'll chop you hup for lobscouse."

Hoff went the waiter to the bar, and hon went George h his story. " Let me see," says he, " where war I?"

" You'd jest seen a strange something hunder the dow of the land," says I, heagerly, wanting to hear e hend of the adventure, which, along with several thers I'd heard that evening, had made a great him- ession on me.

" Ah, ah!" says George. " Yes, it war a sort of a d of a——"

" I begs your pardon, sir—one minet, if you please," s a little genlemn in drab smalls, speckled stockings, iped westcut, a hocean of wery limp shirt frill, a wley-powley pudding vite neck handkecher, a little wn coat, a cocked-hup nose, grey pig's eyes, a screwed- p whistling mouth, straggling grey whiskers jined on a little Dutch-cheese head, kivered with a yaller atch wig, as had been sitting hall the night at the rt table to us, sucking in hevery word of our conver- ion, and getting *gradually* more and more hinwolved

in gin-and-water. "I begs your pardon for hinterrupting you, sir, but I can't contain my feelings no longer, and must trespass on your patience for a few words." Then he tried to tuck in his shirt frill with one hand, steadied himself by holding the table with the hother, and with a hiccup, and a mandarin noddle of his head, began in a penny trumpet woice—"Mr. Chairman and genlemn hall——"

Thump, thump, went hevery hand and hevery glass on the table, and "Silence! silence!" roared hevery one in the room (which, thof it war so late, war pretty considerable wery full), "Silence for a speech!"

"Mr. Chairman—and genlemn," continued the little genlemn, who, during the knocking down, had been trying to light his pipe at the candle, which seem'd to have a way of slipping on one side and ewading it. "Confound the candle, I wish it wouldn't wobble about so. It's of no use, I can't light it. Mr. Chairman and genlemn, I'm a humble, hignorant hindewidderal——"

"No, no," says hevery one, beating the table to hencourage him and draw him hout, for his failing war thinking he'd a talent for horratory. "No, no, on the contrary. Go hon, Timkins, go on."

"I bows to your better judgment," says the little genlemn, leaning forrud, and nearly hoverbalancing himself, by taking away his hand from the table and slapping it on his heart. "Waiter, bring me a light, for that ere candle's a *hignus fatterus*. Genlemn, as one of your churchwardens, member of the westry, and perpetual chairman of the Queer Codgers, I've had many *proudest moments of my life*, but these ere present moments are, I is proud to say, *much prouderer* than hany hother proudest moment I hever feeled hat any moment of my life afore."

"Bravo!" and "Hear, hear!" shouted heverybody, while the horator took the hopportunity of wetting his whistle hout of a genlemn's glass of brandy-and-water as sot next him, and perseded.

"The feelings I feels is so hundescriberbul, that I *can't describe 'em*; but this ere I must and will say, and

can't help saying, that I've sot in this chair for fifteen years, and I never feeled sich feelings afore."

"Bravo, bravo! hear, hear!" again from the company. Another fruitless hattempt of the little genlemn to tuck in his frill, which, from his waistcoat being hunbuttoned, defied all his hefforts to lay it, and hon he perseded once more, hextending both his harms, and waving em to and fro with a sentemental hair, with his pipe in one hand, and his glass in the hother.

"In this ere snug and comfortable parlour, seeing harround me so many respecterbul and walued friends, henjoying, if I may be allowed to make use of a classercal hexpression, the *hocehum cum-dignertatur* of my pipe (I wish I could light it), and the *rush-in-herbe* of my gin-and-water—(bring me another three-pennorth, Tom,—hot, with a slice of lemon)—in the close wicinity of these gallant British seamen, these brave defenders of our wested rights and chartered liberties, I feels, as hewery man who rejoices in the name of Hinglishman *hought* to feel, helewated hinto heloquence, saturated with pleasure, and biling hover with pride, hospitality, fillandroppy, and patteruttism."

Hevery eye war turned on our party, and "Bravo, bravo!" thump, thump, went the hands and glasses in right arnest happrobation.

"Genlemn," continued the little horrator, again trying to tuck in his frill, and bawling above the din, "here's *the wooden walls of hold Hingland, and the brave eroes as mans 'em.*" Then he drinked off his three-pennorth of gin-and-water at a gulp, pulled hoff his wig, waved it in the hair, roaring "Hurrah!" till he hoverbalanced his hequilibrium, and fell back in his chair, from which he slod down and vanished hunder the table.

This was *a real proud moment* for George and the sailors; they hall on 'em looked huncommon red and sheepish, and turn'd from one to the hother in dumb-foundered surprise. At last George jumps hupon his legs, and says, in a bold, hoff-hand, manly way, "Genlemn, I aynt a speechifier, and havn't got the gift of the gab like the *genlemn as speaked* last. Hollo, where are he?"

"Hunder the table," whispered I, pinting to hin "Our little friend as has missed stays, and is o beam ends hunder the mahogany. So you mu hexpect dixonary languidge from me. My messm here row in the same boat. We didn't hexpect this honour you've done us, so it are the more welcome. thanks you, genlemn, we does, hindeed. War I to spe a *noosepaper* I couldn't *mean* more. So I hopes you be satisfied that we is pleased with your ciwility, a let us have the honour of drinking your healths return."

"Bravo, bravo!"—thump, thump again; and anothe horrator got hon his legs to speak, when the landlord comed hin, and respectfully begged us to go, which, arter a little argufying we did, having fust roused hup the perpetual chairman of the Queer Codgers, and delivered him hinto the custody of his wife, who, as she supported him home, kept on continually wopping him, and calling him all the drunken willins and wretches she could lay her tongue to.

"Now," says George, as soon as we'd got out of the house, "we is just ripe for a spree. Let's jump hinto a hackney coach, and go to our old cruising ground, Skylark, the Hadam and Heve; I longs to have a caper there again."

"No," says I, "I can't go there; I've made a promise, and I never puts my foot in that place again."

"Oh, belay that gammon," says he; "promises is like piecrust and bisket, you know. Come along."

"No, no," says I, resolutely. "You knows me, George, and when I says I won't do a thing I hallways sticks to it; and now I tells you once for hall the Hadam and Heve won't see me to-night, and that's flat. It's no good to hargufy the topic. You and your friends, in coorse, will do as you likes, but I shall go home to bed. So let us shake hands and part."

"Wot! part company in this ere hunsoshable priwateer-like manner, arter sailing together so long," says George, looking quite wexed and cut up. "This ere aynt like the Skylark I knowed four years ago."

"I knows it," says I; "since then *he har been licked hinto a little wisdom, and he don't like to larn the same lessons twice.* Tell me where I can call on you to-morrow, or rather this harternoon," I continued, taking him a little hout of ear-shot of his companions. "I har got a good deal to talk to you about—about—the—I wants to know—the hupshot of that ere cutting-hout hadwenture—and—I—I thinks I may be—perhaps—mind I don't say I'm sure—but somehow I thinks—I *may* want you to do me a sarvice. But that's quite atween ourselves. Don't say nuffin to *them.* Tell me me where I can see you, and let us say good night."

"Well, burn my old shoes if you aynt the rummest sailing craft I ever fell in with, Skylark," says George, surprised at my mysteriousness. "You is as hinwisible as the Flying Dutchman, and looks as serus as a leeftenant of marines when he is trying to blow 'God save the King' on the flute. Well, if we must part, we must, so give us your flipper. I slings my hammock at the Rodney's Head, in High Street, Wapping, where I shall hexpect you, and mind,—if you don't give me a hail afore night we'll hall on us bear down on you at the play-house, and cut you hout and carry you a prize into the fleet as cleverly as the second leeftenant did the mounseer's corwette."

"Good night, old tar," says hall on 'em, and hoff they capered to the coach-stand, and I turned back to go home.

When I had got out of sight and quite clear of 'em, I stopped and listened to the clocks, which were striking four. "Ah, Bill Muggins," says I to myself, "you is hout wery late, hold feller, but *you is sober, and har been man enough to keep your word and resist temptation.* Yet you would har liked to har had a caper at the Hadam and Heve, wouldn't you, you willin?"

Then I leaned against a post and shut my eyes and thinked, and I fancied I could hear the music, and see 'em dancing. There war the faces, the dresses, and the hactions of George Slasher, Fred Flipper, little Dick Jones, big Bob Turner, and hall the gals and chaps I used

to keep company with four years afore, hall hexactly as plain and natteral as if I war again among 'em.

How wonderful and strange are the power of himagination! *We hall on us has these waking dreams, and delights in 'em; for they stimulates the young to henterprize and hambition, persuades the middle-aged to wrestle boldly with hadwersity, and helps the old to bear sorrow and haffliction with patience and resignation.*

"Yes, yes," I continued, rousing myself, and walking on; "I should certingly har liked another spree there, but I'm wery glad I've had pluck enough to keep away. I couldn't har got *no good,* and may be *a deal of harm.* Besides, I wants a clear 'ed to cogitate hover wot I've heard on to-night, and to make hup my mind whether it are wiser for me to go grubbin hon in my present humdrum wagabond life, or dash hinto George's bright world of hexcitement and hadwenture, and try to better my fortune by going to sea."

I gets home and hunlocks the door of our little two-roomed cottage we had taken, jest hopposite Baggnige Wells (for we had removed hout of the back kitchen some time), and goes hin.

"Oh, my darling boy!" says mother, who war sitting hup for me, muffled in a hold shawl, "where *have* you been? You've frightened me hout of my wits. I thought you'd been killed, and a thousand dreadful things. Where have you been? You never stayed hout so late afore!"

"I've been spending the hevening with a few friends at the Middleton," says I honestly; "and I thinks I shall have something to tell you in the morning as will hastonish you. But go to bed now, for it's wery late, and you is tired with setting hup."

"Deary me! deary me, boy!" says mother, "wot are it as will hastonish me? I don't like to be kept in suspence for nuffin, so tell me now, for I aynt a bit sleepy."

"No, no, mother," says I, "not till to-morrow; then we'll have a long tork. Good night."

"*How wery strange!*" says mother. "Wot can it be

he's got to say? Good night, darlint. Wot can it be?"

Hoff she went to her bed in the next room, and down I sits in father's hold chair, and begins to reflect and rumminate. I sits there for about half a hour, thinking and thinking of hall sorts of things, till my brains beginned to dance, and my hidearers got so mixed up, that I sat staring at the wall, quite hunconscious of hevery thing, and thinking of nuffin.

"Aynt you going to bed, Bill?" calls hout mother from her room, for she'd listened and hadn't heard me hundress and turn hinto my press-bed, which she had let down, and made hall ready for me.

"Eh! hollo! oh, yes!" says I, starting hout of my reverrie. "Directly, mother." Hoff I takes my things, and down I chucks 'em on the floor, and hinto bed I bundles. "Good night, mother," I bawls; "I'm hall right—pleasant dreams—good night."

"Good night, darlint," says she; "God bless you."

I can think jest as well, says I to myself, in bed as in the chair. Now then, let me see. Suppose, suppose, I gives hup my sitewation at the Wells, and goes to sea. Why, let me see—I should—yes, but suppose—I—yes—no. The sea—beautiful—prize-money—lots of—yes, yes—all right, but—. Then I feeled myself tossing hup and down, and seed the waves running mountains igh, and heard the bosun's whistle, and the capt'n swearing at me for not going faster hup the rope-ladders to fasten hup the sails. Then I war nearly pitched hoff, and clinged hon like a cat. Then, hall of a sudden the water war quite smooth, and I war in a little boat trying to row wery hard. Then I sees a large bullet coming right in the direction of my ed, and I ducks down and awoids it, and hall the chaps as war with me larfs. Then I sees a strange-looking thing in the water—it comes near and hopens its mouth and swallers hup the boat. Then I war dancing at the Hadam and Heve with Sal Saunders and Mary Robinson, hands across, cast hoff, right and left. Then I war the chairman of the Queer Codgers, making a *speech, and* wanting words to hexpress myself.

Then I'd got wings, and war flying. And then a bull war chasing me, and thof I did all I could to r couldn't stir a foot. Then I seed mother crying sobbing, and hupbraiding on me for deserting her. then I woke, saying—"No, no, I won't go."

"Where, my dear boy?" says mother, who war sit by my side, watching on me. "You seems to have a wery hawkward and contrary dream, for you has b tossing, and tumbling, and kicking about, and call hout, and torking in your sleep, like as if somebc wanted to make you do sommut as you didn't like, a war wery much afeard on. Wot war you thinking c darlint?"

"Something as I fear will give you great grief, mother, says I, taking her hand. "I—*I wants to leave you, an go to sea!*"

"L—e—a—ve me!—go to s—e—a!" says she, jumping on her feet as if she war shot, and staring at me till her eyes seemed starting hout of her ed; and then reeling back, and falling hinto her chair, and, looking jest like father when he war dead, she continued, with a shaking voice, "Oh, Bill, Bill! this ere are a cruel hearing for a poor lone old ooman, as aynt got no hother joy on hearth but seeing you." Then she bust into a fit of crying, and threw her hapron hover her face, and kept rocking herself to and fro in her chair in a hagony of grief.

This war the way the great revolution of my life beginned; and it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never forget as *there is hother people in the world besides yourself.*

SPECIMENT.—"It's nuffin to me," says the feller who, with his portmanter hunder his arm, walked hout of the burning house. "*It's nuffin to me, I'm honly a lodger.*" Warn't that ere feller an hunfeeling scoundrel? In coorse he war, and desarved kicking. So bear this ere in mind:—In your passage through life *don't be too eager to take care of yourself and your portmanter.* Have some

ittle pity for them as lives with you in the burning ıouse, and *don't go away afore you've tried your best to hassist 'em.*

CHAPTER X.

In my passage through life there is two things which I har most perticularly remarked as happening to halmost hevery one of us, which are, that *we is seldom or never satisfied with our condition, and the more we has the more we wants.*

I knows hole libraries har been halready, and will be again, wrote to prove that *we ought halways to be contented.* But, thof hall the felosofers in the world war to write their eds hoff, they can't never hupset this ere truth—that *there aynt but wery few on us as hasn't a hankering arter somat as is beyond hour reach, and who doesn't say to themselves, thof I are certainly wery happy and comfortable with wot I've got, and can do, yet, if I could but get so and so, or do so and so, I thinks I should be a great deal more happier and comfortabler.*

Wot are the reason of this? 'Cos we is civilized and har *made* hourselves wants and desires as don't natterally belong to us? No, that can't be, 'cos the sawages has jest the same failings. Wot are it then? In my humble hopinion it are the *bad part of our natur*, which are the foundation of hall hour crimes and wickednesses. That are to say, *there aynt never no wrong done as doesn't in the fust instance harise from our being discontented, and coveting wot we didn't ought.*

This ere may seem a bold hargument, but I thinks consideration of the subject will bear me hout. We is *told* that we is *natterally wicious*, and as hexperience has proved it to be true, we must come to the conclusion that *wirtue consists in curbing hour hinclinations, and wice in giving way to it.* And thof the wise motive for making

us as we are defies all hour speculations, may it not be reasonably supposed, that *as this are a life of trial, we is born with a disposition of evil, and it is then left to hourselves to struggle against it, and become good or bad, and be punished or rewarded haccordingly.*

I har been led into these reflections by sarching hinto my conduct for my real motives for wishing to go to sea. I had a comfortable roof over my 'ed, a good bed to sleep hon, wittles and drink in plenty, money to buy me respecterbul clothes, and, above hall, I had the best of health; wot more did I want? A better house, bed, wittles and drink, and clothes, more money and better health? Yes; I thought it a shame I warn't better hoff. Did I desarve to be so, by being wiser, better heddicated, and conducting myself better than them as war in the same class of life as myself? No. I knowed many as war my 'speriors in hevery way. Wot war it then? Hambition—the desire to distinguish myself, and become great by hextrornary hexertion, hunwearing patience, self-denying hindustry, and hunceasing persewerance? Yes; at least I thought so then, but I found out arterwards that I deceived myself. My *real* motive war *selfishness.* I had no great or noble purpose in wishing for a change, for *I hadn't headpiece to see beyond the surface of things and the present moment.* I merely sought for *himmediate* pleasure and enjoyment, and thought that the constant hexcitement and change hattendant on a sea-faring life would bring me happiness. I forgot to take into the calkerlation, that *wothever may be its sweets, hevery hoccupation has its bitters;* and generally speaking, where manual labour are concerned, *the more we gains the more we must work, and the more hanxieties and ardships we has to bear.* So I wished to turn sailor because *I warn't contented with being well hoff, and coveted things I didn't ought.*

When I listened to George's stories of battles and hadwentures in foreign parts, and seed that he and his companions war hall flush of money and high spirits, I compared the bright parts of their dashing life with my quiet one (never thinking, as I said afore, of hexamining

the drawbacks), and I said to myself, "Bill, my boy, you is a downright jackass to stop at home running of harrands, holding osses, and playing the Tom Fool for a mere subsistence, when, by being a sailor, you would have nuffin to do but tend to your ship and fight now and then. For which, hindependent of the pleasure of seeing foreign countries, and leading a gay, rollicking life, you'd have a home, clothes and wittles, and good wages, and the chance of getting hoceans of prize-money hinto the bargain."

While I war debating this ere in my mind, I war like the chap who war honly a lodger—*I thought honly of myself*—and it war not huntil I had determined to go, and had halmost killed my poor mother by breaking it to her that I seed my motives in their true light, and feeled that I war a cruel willin not to think of the misery I should bring to a poor old cretur as adored the wery ground I walked on, and relied on my sworn promise that I wouldn't never desart her.

"'Spose you war to get killed, my poor boy!" says mother, continuing the conwersation, which we had kept hup by fits and starts. "Think o' that!"

"Pshaw!" says I, stubbornly. "I aynt a coward—we can't none of us die but once."

"But think of the ardships," said she, himploringly.

"I likes em," says I, devil-me-carishly. "Hanything are better than the humdrum life I leads now."

"Ah! my child!" says she, with a moloncholy shake of her 'ed, "you is jest like your father,—he halways thonght hewery trade sweeter than his hown. Think of the want of liberty."

"Liberty!" says I, with a scorning larf; "*a sailor are as free as a bird!*"

"Oh, my poor foolish boy, how they har been deceiving hon you!" says the dear old 'ooman, lifting hup her two hands in astonishment at my hignorance. "My brother war a sailor, and he has told me hover and hover again, that *when he war aboard a ship he war wus than a slave, and darn't so much as say his life war his hown.* He war not honly swore at continually, and worked halmost to

death, but *he war hoften flogged for the mo herrors, and sometimes for nuffin but to hap savageness and wanton cruelty of the captain, i took the trouble to pick hout his wictim, but h dozen hinnocent men to be lashed for the fault one had committed.* If you had but seen his po and had heard him tell of the dreadful ards suffered, you'd never think of giving hup your c able home on dry land to be shut hup in a close hun ship on the salt hocean, in which your life would l be in danger, heither from being wrecked, the hen the cruelty of your commander."

"Hold woman's lies," says I, shaking my 'ed believingly, thof I confesses *her* picture of a sailor had a little staggered me. "Your brother war a sk and wanted pluck."

"He war as brave and as good a seaman, Bill, as l stepped in shoe leather, as he has proved hover and h again," says mother, colouring hup at the hinsult; "he had been forced to sarve against his will, and had eyes hopened to the reality of his sitewation. But," continued, taking my hand, and speaking with molonch resignation, "if you thinks 'twill make you happy to dear boy, go. I loves you too well to be a hinderance your fortun. Don't think nuffin about me. I'll man somehow, as long as I've health and strength, to get n self a bite and a sup, and when I'm ill and can't, ther the wurkus. It are wrong on me to take on so, bu can't help it. I didn't ought to hexpect you to give h hanything as you thinks will better you on haccount me. No, no, dear boy, go. I are quite resigned hewery thing. G—o—whenhever you likes, thof I ho I shan't lose you for a day or two, for that—would— Then she put her hapron hover her 'ed again and weep bitterly; for thof she didn't rock herself to and fro a *cry hout loud,* as she did afore, I seed by the quick heavi of her 'ed and shoulders that *she feeled the miserablen of sorrow a great deal more deeper.*

"Mother," says I, with a trembling voice, for her gr had hovercome me, and I feeled how cruel it would be

go and leave her; "dear mother, don't cry hany more, but cheer hup and be happy, for *I've changed my mind, and won't go.*"

"N—o—t g—o!" says she, throwing down the hapron, and repeating my words with a stifled sob, and looking at me with hincrederlus hanxiety. "D—o—n—t aggrawate my misfortunes by raising false hopes, Bill."

"I is serus and determin'd, mother," says I, firmly. "You har brought me to my senses. I sees I war wrong. I washes hall my going-to-sea thoughts clean hout of my mind, and I'll stay at home along with you, dear mother, as long as you lives, and I'll never do nuffin as will make you cry and be miserable again."

"Oh, Bill!—my dear child—my hown darlint, darlint boy," says the poor dear old ooman, kissing and hugging on me, and crying and larfing with joy. "Deary me, deary me, wot a weight is comed hoff my heart! Oh, how pleasant the room looks now, and how beautiful the sun shines! Well, I didn't think it war posserbul for hanybody to be so miserable as I *war*, or so happy as I *are*. Wot will you have for breakfast, darlint? Let me cook you a little bit of somat nice?"

"Wothever you likes, mother," says I, wishing to humour her, for I knowed it war a way of hern, whenhever a bit of good fortun happen'd to her, to celebrate it by having somat hextra to heat and drink. "Wothever you likes,—and then I'll go to Wapping, and tell my seafaring friends as I won't have nuffin to do with 'em."

"Do, do," says she, a bustling about at the fire. "Tell 'em you knows better than to let 'em persuade you that the moon is made of cream cheese, and that you'd rather not be a powder-monkey-Peter, and get more kicks than hapence. Drat the fire, it won't burn hup! Here, Bill, jest take the bellers and blow it a little, while I runs hover to hold Jenkins's for a bit of steak." Then hout of the rack she takes a plate, hon she pitches her bonnet, and hoff she runs to the butcher's.

The bit of steak war got, and cooked, and heat; but honly them as gets ashore arter they har been shipwrecked, and them as har hunexpectedly hescaped from

hany dreadful danger, can himagine the joy of my poor old mother, when she sat holding my hand and looking in my face, while I kept on continually a telling her as I wouldn't never think of leaving her again, and on no haccount wouldn't go to sea.

I dresses myself in my best, and says good bye to mother (who, with her hand afore her eyes to screen her from the sun, stood at the door looking arter me), goes straight hoff to Wapping, finds hout the Rodney's 'Ed, and meets George, who war waiting for me.

"Here's the commodore," he sings hout, as I hentered the ouse. "Now, skipper, you may pipe to dinner as soon as you pleases. Well, hold tar," he continued, after giving my hand a hearty shake, "you has reported yourself comed on board, I sees, and perwented my coming arter you with the sergeant of marines, which I'm glad of, for it shows I warn't deceived in you, old feller. So bring yourself to a hancor, and pay out that ere secret you war so foggy about last night. But, afore you lets slip a word, I'll bet you my next haul of prize-money as I guesses it. You likes the taste of the salt water I gived you at the Middleton, and you wants to bend the blue jacket, and henter as a wolunteer aboard the Haggy?"

"You is right," says I; "I *had* made hup my mind to try my luck, but——"

"Why, you don't mean to say as how you've put your helm hup, and gone about?" says George, looking disappointed. "You aynt agoing to baulk a good resolution and sheer hoff?"

"I har," says I, determinedly; "I has got a poor hold mother, who——"

"Has been snivelling and piping her eye, and making you lubberly and chicken-hearted, I supposes!" hinterrupted George, looking contemptible at me. "I thought Skylark had more pluck!"

"I har got jest as much pluck as hever, George," says I, getting rather hangry; "and I begs you won't say nuffin more sneering about mother, or look contemptible at me again, cos I don't like it, and won't have it. So if you wishes us to continue friends, drop the subject, for I

tells you, once for hall, *I has made hup my mind not to go to sea, and hall you and your messmates can say, shan't never persuade me to it.* So there's enough; I aynt got much time to spend with you, so don't let us waste it in quarrelling."

"Certainly not," says George, giving me his hand. "Sink the sea to its hown bottom afore I'll quarrel with a hold friend. So we'll slip the cable, and have done with the consarn halltogether. And here comes the skipper to tell us as the bub and grub are ready; so let us top our booms, and make a stretch hover to the beef hislands."

Hup we goes hinto a large room on the fust floor, where a hole lot of sailors, hincluding hall them as war with George the night afore, war sitting at a long table flourishing their knives and forks, waiting himpatiently for their grub. "Bear a hand with the skillagalee," says one. "Haul aboard the soft tack," says another. "Now, cook's mate, where's the fresh meat?" "Hurra! here it comes—sarve out, sarve out." Then there war sich a swearing and hollering, and scrambling and cutting, and hacking and gobbling, jest as if they war heating for a wager. Tureen arter tureen of pea-soup war hemptied, and jint after jint of roast beef and mutton war cleared to the bone, hamid the rattling of plates, and knives and forks, and glasses, hintermixed with "Box hover the salt"—"Valk them taters this way"—"Give us a wedge of that ere fat"—"Don't Wauxhall it with that ere beef, I aynt a young lady!"—"Job me hoff about a pound and a harf, jest by way of a taste, till I troubles you for the jint"—"My eyes! look at young Billy Ducks, how he's tucking in the tailor's weggeble"—"Who's for stick-jaw?"—"Stretch along the plum-duff. Hollo! I'm blowed if the plums is within hail of one another." Then hin comed the grog and pipes, and hewery Jack war in his glory.

"Jolly pups, aynt they?" says George, nudging on me to hobserve how they war henjoying themselves.

"Wery," says I, feeling wery uncomfortable with the noise and smoke, "wery jolly—wery."

"Wouldn't this ere free and heasy life be exactly the thing for you, eh, Skyey?" he continued, filling me a large glass of rum-and-water, and shoving pipes and baccy afore me.

"No," says I, "I thinks I is better as I are." For the wery short hacquaintance I had had with these sailors, who war holder, and rougher, and commoner men than George's companions at the Wells, made me see *pints* in the seafaring life I never thought on afore.

Roar arter roar went round the table at hall sorts of rum jokes and queer yarns, which they hall on 'em keeped on continually telling. But there seemed to be one old chap who war their constant wictim, for hevery minet they kept singing hout, "Go it, old Tom!—fire away, old moonshine!—that's a regler Westhingeeman!—you beats the Yankees by long chalks!"

"Wot's the matter?" says I. "Who's the hold feller, and wot is they making game on and larfing at him for?"

"Oh," says George, "that's a chap we calls Canterberry Tom; he's the greatest liar in the fleet. They is charfing on him, for tipping 'em some twister wot heven a marine's haunt and huncle wouldn't believe."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the hole lot at the hupper hend of the table, who war sitting round the genlemn in question, who war a werry queer hiccory-faced, swivel-eyed, big-whiskered, thin-ringleted, and thick-tailed, groggy-looking, weather-beaten old tar. "That are the grandest crammer you hever told, Tom."

"Wot's that?" says George. "Has he been playing leap-frog with the Monument, or having a game at skittles in the moon?"

"Why, he swears," says several of the chaps, ready to bust with larfing, "that he has not only seed *the Dutchman*, but that he's been aboard of him."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the hole party.

"Why that," says George, "beats the lie he told us yesterday, about his being sumduced by a marmaid, and living with her sixteen months on sea-weed and periwinkles, in a coral cave, on a nunihabited island in the Payciffic Hocean."

"Well, that *war* a lie," says old Tom, winking both eyes, and making his duck-bill-like nose waggle hup and down like shaking jelly, and cutting halltogether sich a howdacious comical mug that nobody couldn't 'elp roaring at him. "I confesses that war a *leetle* too near the wind; but this ere *fact* about the Dutchman are *a real right arnest true truth*."

"Tell it us, old cock," says George. "It's one of your moonshine yarns to a certainty; but let us have it, for we's in the doldrums down here, and wants somat to larf at. Bowse hup, hold skin-and-grief; let go and haul."

"I will," says the hold feller, cutting another hextrornary mug, and fixing his eye on me with a hextra squint. "Here's your health, youngster." Then he put his glass to his mouth, and pertended that his nose wouldn't let him drink. But he got hover the difficulty by holding it hup with one hand, while he poured in the rum and water with the hother. Which bit of fun, in coorse, making hall on us roar, he gived his mug and nose another twist, and helewated his woice, which war cruel hoarse and husky, and perseded.

"Fust place you has hall on you *heard* of the Flying Dutchman."

"In coorse, in coorse," says hall the chaps.

"I knowed him hintimately," says George, "when he war a babby at wet nus."

"Well, that aynt nuffin," continued the hold feller, lighting his pipe. "But *has hany one on you as is here hever seed him?*" Then he beginned puffing like a chimbley afire, and staring with his queer eyes hall hup and down the table.

"Why, no—not hexactly," says one and the hother, and hall on 'em hesitating. "But——"

"*Did any of you as is now sitting here hever see him?* I arks," roars the hold chap, in a woice ready to break the winders. "I wants no 'not exactlys, and buts, and hear-says;' hanswer, slap-bang, point-blank, *has hany on you hever seed him?* Has you, and you, and you?" he continued, turning from one to the hother.

"No," says all on 'em, "we hasn't."

"Wery well," says the hold feller, puffing more furi than hever. "Now, did hany on you *hever know h body as hever seed him?*"

"Oh, yes," singed hout halmost hall on 'em. "I heard Jack Splinter, and Joe Marlinspike, and Ben Sla and lots of fellers say they've seed him hoften a hoften."

"*They is hall on 'em a pack of liars,*" roared the hol seaman, putting down his pipe, and swallering hall hi rum-and-water at a gulp. "*I wouldn't believe 'em o their hoaths!*"

"Ha, ha, ho, ho," roared hout the hole party. "Go it, old Canterberry. *You* aynt a liar—oh, no! in coorse *we must believe you*—Valk on."

"I felled in with him," says the queer old codger, taking no notice of the sneering at his weracity, "one arternoon, by haccident, when we war becalmed hoff the Cape. I and another man war sent hout in the long-boat, to drop a cask for some of hour cadets and youngsters (for hour craft war a Hingeeman) to exercise hour four-pounders at. Well, jest as we pulled about harf a mile, we sees, drifting right bang down hupon us, a ship!"

"Hunder a press of sail, in coorse!" says George.

"No; there you're hout," says hold Canterberry; "she had no stitch set, 'cept a close-reefed fore-taupsal. 'Hollo!' says I, to my messmate, 'where did that ere craft spring from? Give way, or I'm blowed if she won't run us down.' The words war hardly hout of my mouth afore crash she strikes us a-midships, cuts us bang in two, and forges ahead."

"Ha, ha," larfed the sailors; "good again!"

"It war hold hon where you can then, with us, you may suppose," continued the old un, arter wetting his whistle. "I makes a grab at one of the bobstays, hauls myself hup by the dolphin-striker, and gets aboard."

"And wot becomed of the other man?" says George, pertending to be wery hanxious.

"Oh, poor feller he missed his tip, and went down."

"In coorse, we thought so," says the sailors, putting their fingers to their noses. "You is right to get him hout of the way. Persede. Bout again."

"I gets on the forekusul,—it war desarted. I walked hon to the waist—jist the same. The quarter-deck—jist the same. Hinto the cabins, and right through the ship—hall the same; not a living soul.

"'Wery strange' says I, 'wot has become of the crew. And wot port can they be from?' For the furniture of the cabin and clothes and things I seed about had a wery old-fashioned and queer look. 'This are a rum start; wot are I to do?'

"I looks round for our Hingeeman, but I couldn't see her nowhere, thof it war clear broad daylight, and she warnt half a mile hoff when our boat war swamped. I takes hup a glass, and sweeps the horison,—not a spec. I beginned to get wery huncomfortable, for a breeze war spitting and the sea war getting hup. I looks aloft, and lo and behold, beside the fore taupsail, there war now the main taupsail, the foresal, and the jib.

"'Hollo,' says I, 'I'll swear when fust I seed this ere craft she honly carried a double-reefed fore-taupsail! Where is the hands? Hollo, my eyes!' says I, looking hup again, and seeing royals and stunsals, and hevery hinch of canvas set, and feeling that we war sailing bang in the wind's eye. 'What devil's craft is this I've got aboard on? Damme, if I don't think it's the Dutchman!'

"'Yah, myneer,' says a woice ahind me.

"I turns sharp round, and seed standing, smoking his pipe on the taffrel, a man——"

"In big breeches, with lots of harf-crown buttons, short-tailed jacket, and a sugar-loaf hat," says George, "in coorse?"

"You're wrong again," says the old tale-teller. "He war rigged in canwass petticoats, a red westcut, a Guernsey shirt, and a pea-jacket.

"'Yah, myneer, you is quite right. This ere are the Flying Dutchman, and I is her commander.'

"'The devil!' says I.

"'No,' says he, 'honly *Wanderdecken*. T'other genlemn you mentioned *are my howner*. But don't let us stand palavering here. Come below hinto my cabin, and freshen your nip with a flask of skidam. I've got some capital good in my hold stores. Don't stand shaking and goggling at me in that ere stupid way (for, as you may himagine, I war in a gallus funk), I aynt a going to do you no harm. And if I war, what would be the use of your making a row about it?—for you is as much in my power as this ere little bit of wood, which I now breaks and chucks hoverboard.'

"The *little bit* of wood war a spare maintop mast, which he snapped atween his finger and thumb like a baccy pipe."

"That's a good 'un," says the sailors, larfing, and winking at one another. "Cut away."

"I goes down hinto the cabin, and takes a drop of the naked, and precious nice tipple it war.

"'Now,' says the skipper, going to a hescrutoire, and taking hout a letter, 'I wants you to do me a favour. But fust let me tell you, that hall the yarns you've heard about me is lies. I never swore that *if I didn't double the Cape on one perticler night I wished I might sail about it for hever*. That are hall gammon. I'll tell you wot I *really* is.'"

Then the hold story-teller gived a mysterious look round the room; and seeing he had roused hup the curosity of hall his hearers, lighted his pipe, leaned back in his chair, shut his eyes, and beginned to smoke for dear life.

"Wot war he?" says several of the sailors, hall together, heagerly. "Don't break hoff at a half-hitch. Wot war he?"

"*The Pilot as carries the doomed ships to their ports at the bottom of the deep*," says the hold tar, goggling his eyes, and speaking in a hawful whisper. And he said besides, '*that as sure as the bullet as hits you you never hears whistle, they as sees the Flying Dutchman never lives to tell the tale!*'"

"Hah!" says the sailors, forgetting their fun, and *seeming wery much* struck; "that's wery strange!"

"Wery," says Old Tom; "and it made me tremble. But I soon recovered, and said to him, 'If that are true, Skipper, how comes it you war hever heard on at all?'

"'Hah!' says he, 'that's another pair of shoes. I sent a letter ashore two hundred years ago, and the chap I hintrusted it to war coorios and hopened it, and then blabbed all he knew about me, besides hinwenting a lot of lies of his hown. But I scotched and crimped him for it, for I paid him a wisit one fine summer's arternoon, and took him home with me *to sup at my howner's*.'

"'Oh, did you?' says I, taking the int, and feeling huncommon queer.

"'Here,' says he, 'are a letter I wants you to deliver when you gets to London. Don't be afraid to take it, man, it won't hurt you. When you gets ashore, hopen the kiver, and deliver the henclosure at its address; but if you dares to break the second seal, or breathe a word to any one as you seed me, I shall not fail to wait on you with a hinwitation to supper *you know where*.'

"'Oh yes,' says I, 'I knows.' So I held hout my hand for the letter, but the moment I touched it there war a hawful clap of thunder, and flashes of blue lightning; and then,—and then——"

"Well, well, wot then?" says the sailors heagerly.

"*I woke*," says Canterberry Tom, tucking his tongue hinto his cheek, and waggling his nose, and winking, and larfing, ready to kill himself at the great take in, for he had 'em hall, as dead as herrings. "I'd been having a caulk on the booms, and *dream'd I seed him*. And that's the way *hewery body helse sees him*. And take my word for it the next time you writes to your friends, that *them who tells you they've seed the Flying Dutchman, tells you one of the biggest humbugging yarns as war hever hinwented; for there aynt no such thing, and there never war no man as could prove as he had seed him*."

Arter the roar at this rewenge of Old Tom's had gone hoff, and I had listened to a few more yarns, which, strange to say, didn't make near the himpression on me as they did the night afore, I gets George, as I had got to play the nobgoblin again, to let me slip hoff hunob-

served, and away I starts for Hislington. But jest as I'd got on Tower-hill, and war passing Rag-fair, my arms were suddenly pinioned ahind me, and I war surrounded by a lot of sailors, with drawn cutlasses in their hands. I seed in a minet wot had happened—*I war cotched by a press-gang, and war pressed.* This war a wery trying hewent in my life, and it larnt me another lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never go bathing near a cataract, or you may be drawn hinto the current, and forced hover the fall.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you knowed that there war a hinfectious fever prewalent at a perticler place, wouldn't you be a fool to go there and hexpose yourself to the risk of cotching it? In coorse you would. So, *on no hoccasion run 'ed hover eels hinto danger, when there's no good to be got by it.*

CHAPTER XI.

"AWAST kicking!" says one of the gang as had got hold of my arms, while another war fastening 'em ahind me. "It's of no use your backing and filling and yawing about, like a pig in a gale o' wind. You're grabbed, old tar, safe enough; so take it coolly."

"I won't," says I, hincreasing my struggles. "You shan't take me alive!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" says the sailor, larfing and making game on me; "that's what you hall says."

"Keep him fast, lads," says the leeftenant in command, fearing, from the wiolence of my resistance, that I should get loose. "Keep him fast, but don't hurt him."

"Haul him along, Jack," says the sailor who had fust seized me.

"I won't go!" says I, screaming with rage, and hexerting hevery nerve to get away.

"Shut your tater trap, you damn'd mutineer," says the sailor, striking me a heavy blow on the face with his fist. "Come quietly, you son of a sea-cook, or I'll knock the life hout of you!"

"Help! help!" I roared to the bystanders, made frantic by the blow, and trying, in my despair, to throw myself on the pavement. "Help, help, good people! don't let me be murdered!"

"*Won't* you be quiet?" says the ruffian who had charge of me, snatching a knotted stick from one of his companions, and striking me wiolently on the 'ed. "Coil that slack jaw, or——"

I heard no more, for my eyes seemed to strike fire, my 'ed turned round, a strange faintness and sickness comed hover me, and I feeled as if I war slipping down hoff some wery great height. The fact war, the blow had stunned me, and I had fainted away hunsensible.

When I next hopened my eyes and comed to myself again, I war lying on some straw in the dark, in a close-smelling place, and I heard woices around me cursing, and swearing, and lamenting. I war on board the tender, hoff the Tower.

In a short time my eyes got haccustomed to the hobscurity, and I seed, by the help of a flickering lamp at the further hend of the place, that I war on board a ship, in a sort of black-hole or prison ward, with a dozen hother poor fellers, who, like me, had been forced from their homes and families, and war *victims to a cruel law which will for hever be a disgrace to hour country.*

Arter feeling my 'ed, which war bandaged hup and war huncommon painful, I sits hup, and looks round at my companions. They were all sailors hexcept three, and they hall, from their torned clothes and bandaged 'eds and limbs, seemed to have been wery roughly treated. One man in perticler, a fine, tall, square-built fellow, dressed in a checked shirt and canwas trousers, war lying

on his back in a corner beside me, in a pool of blood, which war bursting throf a bandage on his shoulder.

"Look! look!" says I, in orror, to my hunfortunate companions; "here's a man bleeding to death!"

"Let him alone, let him alone," says one. "'Twill be a happy release for him. Better die than be forced to sarve on board a man-o'-war."

"Yes, yes!" yelled another, gnashing his teeth; "anything 's better than that. Oh!"—then he swore a orrible hoath and doubled his fists, and struck his two arms above his ed—"oh! if them lollypop lords as gives horders for the pressment—them musk-and-lavender willins who lives in fine houses, rides in carriages, and pampers their proud stomachs with luxurus dinners, and gets drunk on hiced wines, and sends for the doctor if they scratches their delicate fingers, and is afraid to let the wind blow on their pretty faces!—oh! if I could bring 'em here, and force 'em away from their wives and families, to work like slaves and be slaughtered like sheep, then they'd know that *a poor man is made of flesh and blood, and torking of misery is wery different from feeling it.*"

Then he raved and swore again, and hall the hother sailors joined chorus.

"Oh, my poor mother! wot will she do?" groaned one of the landsmen.

"Wot will become of my wife and children?" says another, "They must go to the workus."

"Oh! wot's hany of your misfortunes to mine!" bellered a smartly-dressed Miss-Nancy-looking young chap. "I'm a genlemn and hates the sea. Think of my being shut hup in a nasty filthy place like this, smelling sich orrid smells and seeing sich orrid sights, when I ought to be dancing at the Lord Mayor's ball along with a beautiful young lady as I wos going to be married to next Vensday. Oh, goodness gracious! I can't bear it, I shall faint away!" Then he set to and blubbered like a great gal.

"Oh, pray you as is near the door," says I, "call the guard for this ere poor man as is bleeding. He's *dying!*"

"Hollo! hollo!" says one, thumping the door with his fist; "rouse hup, guard,—here's a man bleeding to death!"

Presently the door war hopened, and hin comes three men belonging to the wessel, with lanterns in their hands.

"Wot's the row?" says they. "Where's the man?"

"Here," says I, pinting him hout.

"Ah! by the piper, he's fitted foreign," says one—"Slipping his wind, sure enough," says another—"Run you, Davis, for the doctor," says the third, "while I rouses him hup a bit."

The doctor soon comed and set to work to recover him, which he did at last, and they took him away to the ospital, groaning and moaning, and begging on 'em to let him die.

Soon afterwards they comes for us, ties us hand and foot, and sends us hoff to the Nore. When we gets there they slings us hup jest as they does hosses; and arter our wounds war dressed and we'd been hexamined hall hover by the surgeon, we war taken hinto one of the cabins afore some hofficers, and hasked to take the bounty and henter his Majesty's sarvice as wolunteers.

"No, never!" says two of the landsmen and hall of the sailors hexcept one, who was a horfan, and hadn't nobody to care about, and so thought to make the best of a bad bargain.

"And you?" says the hofficers to the dandy chap.

"Me wolunteer to be a sailor!" says he, turning hup his eyes like a duck in a thunder-storm. "Oh, good gracious, no; the wery thought on it hexcruciates and orrifies me."

"And you, my fine feller?" says another hofficer, turning to me. "You seems a stout, bold-looking, sailor-like lad,—will you take the bounty, and, by your bravery and good conduct, get a warrant?"

"Let me write to my friends, and give me a day to consider," says I, "and mayhap I will."

"No, no," says they hall, "that won't do for us. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. You may

prove yourself a 'prentice, and so give us the double. No, no, we're not going to give you a chance of leaving us."

"Well," says I, "you knows best; but let me tell you this ere—if you makes me go against my will, I'll desart the wery fust hopportunity."

"Do, *if you can*," says they. "But you'll find it rather difficult to haccomplish, young genlemn."

Then down we war taken to the receiving-hold, which war a much wus place than that at the Tower, for it war crowded to suffocation. Draft arter draft war taken away to different ships, and lot arter lot war brought in to supply their places. But thof I hexpected every time the names war called that mine would be among 'em, I war halways left out.

So passed a night and the best part of a day, when at last I hears my name called by itself. "Hollo," says several chaps round me, "your mama's sent for you; you're going to be got hoff." My heart halmost comed hup in my mouth, and I jumped for joy at the wery thought. I follers the messinger hinto the cabin, where I sees, sitting by himself, the hofficer who had hasked me to wolunteer.

"Well, William Muggins," says he, reading my name hout of his pocket-book, "I har sent for you to give you one more chance of bettering your fortune by hentering as a wolunteer; for there's something about you that tells me you would make a good seaman. I have heard how you fought at your capture, and in wot company you had been jest before you war taken. So come, be honest, and confess you have an inkling for the sea, but have family reasons for wishing to remain on shore. Come, come," he continued, seeing that I war looking huncommon stubborn and surly, "you had better make a friend of me. Recollect you *must serve*, and that I can have no other inducement than humanity in wishing you to wolunteer. So reflect, and tell me in a word—for I can no longer keep your name out of the muster-roll—whether I am to draft you on board some wessel you know nuffin about, or give you the King's bounty, and

send you to join your friends on board the Haggememnon?"

"Why how do you know," says I, looking quite stonished, "as I knows people as belongs to the Haggememnon?"

"Never mind," says he; "we hold sailors hoften knows things we aynt suspected of knowing. Will you henter?"

"Sir," says I, seeing at once how the case stood, and believing he wished to befriend me, "I is wery much hobliged to you, sir, for the hinterest you has taken about me, and I will tell you honestly and truly, my honly reason for refusing to wolunteer is my mother." Then I hup and told him all hour history, and finished by saying, "If you'll let me send and see her, sir, and she is willing, I *will* henter."

"Well," says the kind hofficer, "write to her."

He gives me pen, ink, and paper, and I sits down and writes this ere, which I found some years ago in a hold box belonging to mother. So I gives it, as they says in the noosepapers, when they wants to cut hup poor devils as is'nt hout and hout scollards, and makes a *lapsus lingo* in their writing, *seryhaytim het letterhaytim.*

"My Deer Mother,—This ere comes oping you is quite well, as i is at present—[this war the regler way of beginning letters by hewery body then]—but that's a story for i has been taken by a press-gang and is put aboard a tinder-ship—[I couldn't spell so well then as I does now, thof my geografy aynt yet the best in the world]—at the nore, from which i must go aboard a man o' war; there ant no hescape for me cos theyve got me billy-nilly, and thof there's no compulsion i must go; but howsomedever i has a chance of bettering myself by going a wolunteer, so come to me as soon as you gets this; if you havn't got no money, pop my two new shirts and my walencia wescut, and hewerything helse of mine as they will take in; but come, deer mother, for i has a great deal to say to you—oping soon to see you, i is, deer mother, your loving son, "William Muggins."

I gives it to the hofficer to read, who said it would do and war hall right. So I folds it and directs it, and it war sent hoff to the post at Sheerness, when I went back to my prison, where I passed a wery huncomfortable time; till at last I war called again, and goes on deck and meets mother.

"Oh, my poor dear child," says she, "I is so glad to see you again, you can't himagine wot I har suffered. I dreamed last week of washing sheets in a tea-cup, and now it's all come hout, I is tossing about aboard a ship."

Then down we sot and beginned to tork hover my going, which to my great surprise she bore much calmer than I hexpected; but I found arterwards that arter she had got over her first grief, she had *let reason direct her and war resigned.*

"Wolunteer, Bill," says she, arter we had hargufied a long time. "'Twill be for the best, and I shall have a chance of seeing you now and then."

"Wery well, mother," says I, "I will—perwided this one thing, which are, as you will let me leave you my will and power for harf my pay and prize-money."

"No, no, dear Bill," says she, "I won't consent to that, cos I can do arout it."

"But you must and shall have it," says I. So, arter a deal of coaxing, at last I persuaded her, and it war agreed I should wolunteer.

Then comed the hawful moment, the saying *good bye*, and parting. Who is there as hasn't felt the heart-breaking miserableness of tearing themselves away from the arms of wife or child, or parent or friend, and knowed the dreadful loneliness and desolation as hagonizes the mind when they says "*Good bye, God bless you!*" and looks hupon the dear ones for the last time? *So* I parted with mother.

Now, here, I'll jest make a little remark, *hon passong.* There is no doubt that hall sea-ports is sociated with painful recollections, but there is one place as beats 'em hall for misery. I means Gravesend, where the Cockneys goes hewery day by swarms, to heat shrimps and make merry. When I looks at the Hingeemen and the

fleet of other wessels, as is always lying there ready to sail, I says to myself, "There'll be many aching hearts both aboard of you and ashore to-morrow." If that Falcon Inn could but write its history, wot touching scenes of partings and heart-breakings it would hexpose. No name can be more happropriate for sich a place for misery, as *Gravesend*, for there thousands lose their happiness, and see their friends for the last time.

Soon arter mother war gone I war put hinto a boat, and taken aboard the Haggememnon. When I got alongside, I looks hup, and sees lots of faces I knowed, as war at the Rodney's Ed along with George. Hup I goes and gets on deck.

"A wolunteer," says the midshipman as bringed me; and hall the sailors as war near thronged round to get a look at me.

"What, Skylark!" says George, starting hout of the crowd, and shaking my hand, while tears comed hinto his eyes, and his woice faltered. "Skylark, old feller, I fears I've let you in for this."

"No, no, you hasn't," says I. "Never mind; it war my hown fault—I shouldn't have runned my ed hinto danger. Never mind, it's hall right. I henters freely, and I dare say it's hall for the best."

Then I goes down below, gets hexamined again by the surgeon, has my name hentered as a wolunteer on the ship's books, gets the number of my mess, bends my slops, and *I war a seaman.*

Wot a proof it are of the weakness and contraryness of human natur, that we is so fond of changing our mind, and likes a thing one minet and hates it another. But a few days afore I pictured to myself hall sorts of appiness in a seafaring life, and set my heart on being a sailor. But now I war *forced* to be one, hall my hinclination wanished, and I thought myself wery unfortunate. Still I had sense and determination enough to try and conker my awertion, by submitting to my lot with cheerfulness, and hexerting myself to larn my duty.

In a wery short time, by going at it with a will, I becomed familiar with hewerything belonging to the ship,

and I could splice, and knot, and reef, and furl, with considerable dexterity. "Wery hactive smart lad," the hofficers would say, when they seed me shinning hup aloft, or laying hout on the yard. "Keep going on as you does now, and you'll soon be a waluable seaman." Hacting upon this ere int, I soon got hovet my landsman's hawkwardness, and beginned hewery day to like my new way of life more and more. The duty war light, and the way of living war jest as George had pictured it, free and easy, happy and merry, plenty to heat and drink, and jolly companions to enliven me.

The larf and the joke and yarn went round hover the galley-fire, or hunder the lee of the weather bulwark, and hold Canterberry Tom, for he war among us, the father of the ship as he called himself (for he war one of the hold horiginal Haggememnons, and had sarved hunder Nelson, when he war a middy), war halways playing hup his pranks, and setting us a roaring at his comical mug, or hastonishing hour weak minds with some of his hextrornary adwentures and hextra-miraculous hexploits.

One of our greatest larks war what we called *breaking in the loblolly boys, and scaling their eyes, and sharpening their wisdom teeth*, which meaned teasing and tormenting, by hall sorts of monkey tricks and practicum jokes, the poor hinnocent landsmen as war pressed and drafted aboard of us. They tried it on wery considerably smart with me at fust, but they soon found hout that my eddecation hadn't been by no means neglected, and that I war halmost as wide awake as a gipsey, or a Hold Bailey lawyer—two perfessions, as we hall knows, as makes huncommon lively birds. Hour greatest wictim in the bamboozling line—for I war, I confesses, *sich is the savayeness of human natur as makes us glory in preying on one another*, one of the leading wictimizers—war the Miss-Nancy-dandy chap as I seed aboard the tender. He war, hunfortunately for his comfort, poor feller, drafted aboard of us; and old Canterberry Tom pertended to take a liking to him, so took him hunder his wing, and hoffered to instruct him in naughtical harts and sciences.

Poor devil! a precious life we led him surely. Sending him hup aloft and hall hover the ship on all sorts of fool's harrands, stealing his bub and grub, putting combs in his pea-soup, cutting his hammock lashings and letting him down with a run by the 'ed; getting him to tell us stories about his sisters and his sweetheart, and then putting 'em hup to hoction and selling 'em for a bottle of rum; and then, as a wery great favour—for the buyer hallways swore he'd have 'em as soon as he went ashore—giving him the hoption of buying 'em hoff by standing treat to hall the mess.

"Look out for a game, lads," says Canterberry Tom, one moonlight night on the middle watch, as a lot on us was idling about the forekusal, looking at the guard-boat rowing round, and bobbing in and hout atween the ships. "Let's get young Lord Mayor's Fool—[for that war the dandy's nick, which we gived him acause he war hallways torking about dancing at the city ball at the Mansion-house]—let's get young Lord Mayor's Fool hinto a line that the guard-boat is rowing round on the sly, to give pressed men a chance of cutting their lucky and hescaping."

"Capital," says the tars, hanticipating sport.

"You go and rouse him hup, Bill," says Tom to me, "and bring him hon deck as mysterious as you can."

Down I dives; goes to the hunfortunate wictim's hammock, and shakes him.

"Hollo, hollo!" says he; "wot's the matter? It aynt my turn to keep watch yet. So go away, I won't be disturbed for nobody."

"Hush, hush," says I, putting my hand on his mouth; "be quiet, and let me whisper some good news in your ear."

"Wot are it?" says he. "Have they comed to fetch me away?"

"No," says I; "but would you like to escape and go ashore?"

"Oh, goodness gracious, yes!" says he.

"Hush!" says I. "There's a cut-and-run boat rowing about us; and if you've got pluck enough to

drop hover the side, they'll pick you hup, and take you ashore."

"Oh, crimminy!" says he, "you don't say so! How am I to do it? Won't the hofficers see me?"

"Tumble hout," says I, "and come hupon deck. There's old Tom and a lot on us as will help you."

Hout he bundles, pulls on his trousers and jacket, and creeps hup arter me, for I'd gone fust, to tell the chaps as it war hall right, and the fish would bite.

"Hush!" says all on us, putting hour fingers to hour lips as soon as we seed him.

"Walk on tip-toe, and make no noise," says Canterberry Tom, "or you is flummoxed. Come here alongside of me," he continued. "Can you swim?"

"No," says the poor feller, shaking.

"Ah, that's a pity!" says Tom. "Have you got a shark-preserver?"

"No," says the wictim; "wot are that?"

"A pair of iron breeches, to perwent them critturs from biting hoff your legs when you drops in the water," says Tom, winking at us, and making his nose waggle with larfing at the hawful face the dandy pulled when he torked about sharks.

"How many is there swimming alongside?" Tom continued to George, looking wery concerned and serus.

"Only six," says he, looking hover the bulwark and pertending to see 'em in the water. "But there's that hinfernal large hungry feller as swallered that poor young chap as tried to hescape last Wednesday fortnit. I knows him again by his one eye and three tiers of long teeth."

"Oh, goodness gracious!" says the wictim trembling; "I'm wery much obliged to you for trying to help me hoff, but I'd rather not go."

"Oh, don't say that," says Canterberry. "Rub yourself with goose-grease, and jump hover on the blind side of him, and he won't touch you. Goose-grease is pisin to him."

"No, no," says the poor fool, believing hevery word; "there's the hothers. I'm afeared to risk it."

"All the hothers," says George, "is gone away to the hother wessels. There's only the one big un remaining —you can heasily slip past him."

"Look, look! there's the cut-away boat!" says Canterberry, showing him the guard-boat, which war rowing toward us. "Now or never's your time. Look sharp—take hoff your togs, and rub in the goose-grease. Here's a pot on it we keeps a purpos. [Then he gived him a basin full of blacking and tallow.] Then let yourself quietly down hover the bows, and try and keep yourself afloat till she picks you hup."

"But the sharks!" says the poor devil, hanxious to hescape, yet dreadfully alarmed.

"Oh, never mind them," says Tom; "the smell of the goose-grease will be sure to keep 'em hoff. Quick! look alive! or you'll be too late."

"Oh, I'm afeared to venture," says the spooney.

"Think," says Tom, looking hextra serus, "think of going ashore. Think of your sweetheart and the Lord Mayor's ball. We're going to sail to-morrow, and get hinto action with the French. Think of being cut in two by a chain shot, or having both your legs hamputated by the surgeon."

"Oh, goodness gracious," says the poor feller, turning hall sorts of colours; "that would be dreadful—I'll go."

Then hoff he took his togs, blacked himself hall hover with the *goose-greese*, and we pertended to get ready to lower him hover the bow, when the guard-boat hail'd us.

"Hush!" says Tom, "keep quiet a moment."

"All's well!" says hour leeftenant, from the quarter-deck.

"Now's your time," says Tom. "Show yourself, and say *Walker*, and then jump hoff. Now, then."

"*Wa*——," says the poor wictim, trying to haul himself hup to the bulwark, when slash goes a bucket of water bang in his mouth, and he war pulled backwards hinto a slush tub, in which he kicked and roared, to the great amusement of his kind friends.

This war the life I led, and it larnt me many waluable lessons, and this is my reflections on the hint:—

MAXIMUM.—Face misfortune boldly, and *never knock hunder to nuffin.*

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war wrecked, and got among a nation of savages, wouldn't you be a fool if, *instead of trying to larn their ways, and make the best of your sitervation, you war to cry and mope, and make yourself miserable by wishing for the comforts of your hown country?* In coorse you would. So remember, that whenever you is throwed by compulsion hinto a way of life you don't like, *don't waste time in grieving, or hopeless wishing for something better to turn hup, but set to work, and make yourself master of hall the difficulties of your trade, and in a wery short time you'll find it a deal pleasanter, and that it har got many comforts you never supposed could belong to it.*

CHAPTER XII.

"How are it," says the Queen to Mr. Wanhamburg t'other day, when she war having a private interview with the wild beastesses, "how are it that you dare trust yourself in the den with them feroshus hanimals?"

"'Cos, please your Majesty," answered that ere distinguished foreigner, "*by living hall my life with wild beastesses I har larnt their natur, and can read their tempers in their looks.* When they winks their eyes, and twitches about their mouths, I knows they is spiteful, and I takes care on 'em; but, when they looks full at me, and their mouths is quiet, I knows they is good-humoured, and wont attempt to do me no mischief."

So it are in regard to human creeturs. They who, like me, leads wandering permiscuous lives, and is knocked about from pillar to post, by hall sorts of people, *in their hefforts to* get a bit of bread, are, like Mr. Wan-

hamburg, *hobligated to study the natur of the hanimals they is sociated with, to pertect themselves from being torn to pieces and dewoured.*

Lawater (by the bye, he war a downey chap, and no mistake, and he must har been preciously knocked about to larn wot he did) says, that *we hall on us has hour characters wrote on hour faces.* And he har right; and my reason for saying so are, that long afore I read his works, I myself, and many of my hacquaintance as had larned wisdom by hexperience, has hover and hover again made the same hobserwations. They may tork about their bumps, and lumps, and horgans of the ed, but there aynt *no certainty* in that system. The t'other are *never-failing*, for we hall on us has hour dispositions—aye, and, in many cases, hour hoccupations and conditions—wrote hupon hour foreheads as plainly as names and trades is painted hover shop doors and winders.

Hewery class of people has its distinguishing marks. Let 'em dress hever so different to their calling, there 'll be something in the hexpression of the face that will show the real station and habits of the hindewidual. A man who has been hall his life haccustomed to live and dress well, and have servants to waite on him, gets a quiet, steady, satisfied, heasy look, as shows sich things is natteral to him; but the chap as hadn't had them adwantages, and is honly *hout for the day*, thof he pertends to take things coolly, are betrayed by the working of his face, which aynt got no natteral quiet. Jest let the two go hinto a gin-shop together, and I 'll bet my hexistence *the bar-maid will pick out the real genlemn at the wery fust glance.* Policemen knows their customers in a minet; hewerybody can pick hout a Jew, a shoemaker, and a tailor; and Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards, to them as has lived among 'em, is hequally heasy of detection. And as for dispositions, show a child a man with a hevil-looking, bad face, and it will shudder and cry and turn away; but show it another with a pleasant, hopen, smiling hexpression, and it will crow and chuckle, and hold out its little hands to him.

Does we not hall on us form hour hopinions of heach

hother at fust sight? We does. But then it may be said, we hoften changes 'em. I grant we does; but wot 's the reason? Hour hobserwations, *then*, are superficial, and we judges, like children, from *the general hexpression*. We has a natteral dislike to the hugly, and a natteral love for the ansome; but they as knows the human face *well*, will hoften see bad and hevil dispositions in the ansome, and hewery thing that are good in the hugly. The eyes and the mouth does it. *Watch them when they is in repose*, and you 'll never fail of seeing whether the howner are wot he pertends to be, and whether his disposition are kind or sawage.

I har found this knowledge of great use to me, and I would adwise hewerybody to try and get hold on it, because, as it har been said that "*speech war guved us to conceal hour thoughts*"—which, by the bye, from the thundering lies I hears hewery day I thinks are the fact —*the honly sure way of harriving at the truth are by the face, which can't never deceive the practised fiziogonomist.*

Another thing I har larnt, which are, that when I wants to judge of the real state of any hoccupation, I hobserves the *hold people* as belongs to it, and from their happearance and hopinions I determines whether it are wot I 've been led to hexpect. The young in hall hoccupations is so wery different from the hold. Look for hinstance, at the hold and young sojer hofficer, and the young and hold sailor, and so on in hewery class. *The young are the poetry of the trade, the hold the sober prose.*

Young as I war when I went aboard ship, the lessons I had larnt in the schools of misfortun teached me to read faces for my pertection, and I could give a pretty good guess at my friends and enemies. Old Canterberry Tom puzzled me the most,—his face war sich an huncommon queer one. And he war like a weasel, never to be cotched hoff his guard, for he war halways going on with some fun or hother, and war never serus for a minet. But I found him hout at last. One night when we war in the same watch, I seed him sitting by himself hunder the booms. He war leaning back with his arms crossed on his breast, and he seemed at fust sight to be

;; but on going nearer I seed that he war in a
tudy, cogitating. I never seed such a change in
n face in hall my life. His eyes, as used in
to be looking two ways at once, war now quite
; his nose war quiet, and his lips were partly
while big tear-drops were rolling down his
d cheeks. He war quite lost in thought, and
ee as I war watching him. Poor hold feller, it
e cry to look at him, he seemed so cruel miserable.
t once *thof his face war frightful hugly, that he
ind and good dispositioned man.*
ll, well, it are no use being down-hearted," he
himself. "I can't do no more for 'em; they
ht their way, as I har done. Yes, yes, the boys
I've bringed 'em hup to it; but what's to
of my poor gals? They can't rough it like their
! Poor dear little souls! Helen must be wery
owed, and Jane must be pretty near a woman.
ne does creep on, surely. I should like to see
in. Five years are a long time to be separated
e's family. If I war to lose the number of my
w, wot would become of the old ooman and the
d help 'em! I hopes I may see 'em hall com-
settled afore I slips." Then his tears comed
rivers, and he war forced to take hout his
her to wipe 'em away, in doing which he seed

llo! youngster," says he, changing the hexpres-
his face in a hinstant, and looking hangry, "wot
doing there?"
king at you, Tom," says I, with tears in my
and I is sorry to see you taking on so, I are,
" and I held hout my hand to him.
," says he, giving it a hearty shake, "you is a
ller, and I likes you. You is a sperior sort o'
ost of hour shipmates, and I thinks you've got
as well as an ed; and, therefore, Tom Wheeler,
's almost hold enough to be your grandfather,
hamed of making a friend on you. You seed me
ny eye jest now, and wondered at in coorse?"

"I did," says I. "You is halways so funny, I thought you couldn't never be serus,"

"Ah, my lad, my lad," says he, "you is but a young un, and don't know human natur. *They as is the funniest and happiest in societry is generrally the saddest and miserablest at 'ome.* They begins in hearly life by being *really* happy and lively, but misfortun comes to 'em and then they is knocked hover. Arter a bit, they tries to find a way of drowning the recollection of their troubles. They hits on the 'spedient of being jocular and ridiculous, on hall hoccasions saying and doing rum things, till they gets so hinto the habit of turning hewery thing hinto fun, that they makes people believe they is as happy as the day is long. And so they *is* while they is in company and playing their pranks; but when they is alone, then comes t' other side of the question—they is *hawful miserable.* This are my case; and while hewery body himagines Canterberry Tom—for nobody never thinks of calling me, Wheeler—are the happiest man in the ship, the old fool are snivelling and piping his eye for his wife and children, and making his heart ache with reflections on wot he war, wot he are, and wot he might have been. Some day I 'll tell you my history, my true life, arout any gammon or Canterberry flourishes, and then, perhaps, you may larn a thing or two as may be useful to you. I would pay it hout now, but I 'm too much in the doldrums on account of thinking of my fireplace at 'ome. I aynt man enough for it, so we 'll let it stand hover for another hopportunity."

"With hall my heart," says I; "but mind, I shall keep you to your promise. And now I want you to hanswer me one straight-forrud point-blank question."

"What are it, my boy?" says he, giving a waggle with his nose and squinting in his hold way. "Does you want me to tell you a lie, or a true lie?"

"Neither," says I. "I wants you to tell me honestly whether you is fond of the sea?"

"Fond of the sea!" says he, repeating my words, and staring at me with a hawful serus look. "Didn't you never hear the hold saying—*Them as goes to sea for pleasure,*

hould go to—— [*I* shan't say where, thof *he* did] *for astime.* That are *true*, and if you lives as long as I has, ou 'll find it so. The sea are hall wery well for the oung, the thoughtless, the hignorant, and the desperate, ut them as can read and write, and has got a good haracter, is much better hoff ashore. *Show me a man of 've-and-forty as has been at sea hall his life, and likes it, nd I'll heat him.* So soon as youth leaves us, we hopens our eyes and wonders wot comfort and happiness we ould see in knocking about the world in hall sorts f climates and dangers, and we wishes we could get nugly moored in a cottage on dry land. This, mind you, only happlies to them as beginned the life from hincliation. Them as is forced to it by himpressment, *never 'kes it not at no time*, and wastes their hearly days in ain hopes of a release, till it are too late for 'em to ickle hany hother trade, and they is hobligated to connue seamen for their bread."

"But aynt there none," says I, "as henters for the onour of their country, to purtect it from foreign hinaders?"

"Wery few, if hany," says he. "They as henters *illingly* as wolunteers, is heither young fellers as has one somat as makes their leaving the shore necessary, r helse they is fools as has been made believe they is icking Nelsons, or that they'll be hable to make their rtuns without hany trouble."

"But where, then, does you get your *British seamen?*" ys I; "your brave devil-me-care fellers as is the hadiration of hall the world?"

"That's another pair of shoes," says Tom, holding hup is ed and looking proud. "That's the *natteral pluck of ie nation;* that don't depend on liking. *It's the bull-og spirit as is in the blood of hewery true-born Hinglishan, which makes him fight till he dies. We won't be opped by nobody or nuffin, and likey or no likey the serice, for the honour of the country we goes in to win.* It e the way we is brought hup as hencourages this ere irit. Look at hour boys; there you'll see how British amen is made! How does they settle their disputes?

They *fights*, not with knives, like the Portuguese and hother foreign warmint, as is afeard to stand hup and face their henemies and risk a beating, but with their *fistesses*. We sees little shavers of three or four years hold, going at it, holding their eds hup like men, and never minding how much they gets wopped. Then look at hour prize-fighters and wrestlers; don't they keep hup the true breed of courage?—don't their hexample make us men? Then look at the young genlemn in hour public schools—don't they delight in a fight? Don't they go along above a bit in the pluck line? I believe they does, *rather habout the hedges*. Wot's a Hinglishman's great crackeristic, as gives him preheminence hover hall hother nations of the world? His *pluck*. So that's why hour sailors is such hout-and-hout good uns. We is pluck to the back-bone *now*, but *do away with prize-fighting, wrestling, bull-baiting, and hother athletic hold Hinglish sports, hintroduce tea and tracts aboard a ship, and stop our grog and dancing, and if we don't get wopped one of these days, my name's not Tom Wheeler*."

A few days arter this conversation we gets our sailing horders for the West Hingees. Arter a turn or two at sea-sickness, which I got hover by the time we cleared the Channel, I beginned to think myself a real right earnest sailor, for I war the honly one among the landsmen who could keep his legs on deck, or go aloft arout taking lubber's-hole, and holding hon anyhow, like a monkey in hysterics. This war the use of setting to work in earnest with my business, and it war wonderful the adwantage it gived me, for the hofficers halready liked to pick me hout for smart or pertickler serwices. "Jump up, young Sharpshins," the fust luff would say to me, "and clear the lift of that topgallunsal." "Where's young Muggins?" the second would hinquire; "let him do this, and that, and t'other." "Here you, Mister Bill, lend me a hand," sings hout the cook. "Send Muggins to me," says the doctor. "Muggins will do it," says the purser, the marine hofficer, or the young genlemn middies. In short, afore we got to Madeira I had made myself so useful, that nobody couldn't do arout me.

› time we gets hinto the trades, grains dolfins,
als of flying-fish, bonetas, and porpurses, makes
tance with a shark or two and his little pilot;
a bright morning comes to a hancor hoff Bar-

George," says I to Slasher, as we war running
ler heasy sail, "this ere life are delishus. I is so
e a sailor. Who but fools would live ashore
ey can henjoy such happiness as we does. Look
eautiful clear sky!—this noble wessel as she
ver the sparkling blue and green water, filled
ew of brave men, whose hearts is as light and
as those gay birds as is flying round us. Then
the hisland!—how happy that seems, with the
arm sun shining on its pretty weranda cottages.
quite henchanting! Notwithstanding hall hold
say, I wouldn't be nuffin but a sailor,—no, not
oney."
hat a nincumpoop fool I war!—But I war young
d seed things with different eyes. Howsomdever
anticipate.
apt'n and hofficers, as usual, went ashore to
nd I war 'pointed to the gig. So we pulls hup
etown, and lands the skyscrapers and swabs.
, my lads," says the capt'n, looking at his watch,
two hours' liberty for you, so make the most

nk your honour," says we, touching hour hats,
ring ashore like two-year-holds.
e care you're back in time, you slippery dogs,"
Ir. Pippin, the kinchin midshipman, as war left
e man in charge of the boat. "If any of you
ay, and I is sent to hunt you hup, cus me if I
ilt hewery man Jack on you."
right, sir," says we, "sure to take care." And
capering hinto the town, when the young devil-
ho warn't above fifteen, sings hout to me,
ns, d——n your eyes, you young son of a
me here, I wants you to do something for

"Wot are it, sir?" says I, coming back, and touching my hat.

"Go to the Navy Hotel," says the young genlemn, "and tell 'em to send me down a thundering stiff jorum of sangaree. And if you should see hany tarts or cheesecakes hanywhere, grab 'em for me. There's two dollars—treat your gal with the change. And if you should fall in with hany whitey-brown muslin, navy pattern, pass the word that there's a hofficer kicking his heels on the beach as wants a sweetheart to keep the devil hout of his mind."

"Aye, aye, sir," says I, cutting away after my messmates, "I won't forget your horders, and you shall have 'em hall in the turn of a handspike."

"Bring hup, you cripples," says hold Tom, who war hour coxun, stopping afore a grog-shop. "In coorse, we can't go no farther arout sucking the monkey."

"In coorse, in coorse," says we hall, and so hin we went with a hurra and a rush, man-o'-war fashion.

"How oo do, genlemn?" says a mahogany lady, in a yaller gownd, and a turband made of a green and red silk hankecher. "Bery glad to see oo; sit down, gubbernors; ope oo is hall bery well. Wot oo please to drink? Jest mintion oore tipple, nabal genlemn, and oo'll hab im afore oo can say Jack-a-Robinson."

"Hold rum, you haggerwating beauty," says Tom, staring at her wery hard, "the real genuine pineapple—none of your *kill devil* you gives the swaddies and jolleys, but the hold *coloured* genlemn, as is mild as milk and as hinnocent as a hunborn babby. So be a good lass for once, Miss Clemmy, you copper Wenus—give us the real article, and I won't mind giving you change for a kiss."

"Why, how oo know my name Clementina?" says the lady, looking curious at Tom. "Oo ebber see me afore?"

"I should think so, hold lass," says the tar. "Fifteen year ago we two war rather fond of one another."

"Ah!" says the lady, looking wery hard at him, and trying to recollect him, "are oo Ben Smith?"

"No," says Tom.

"Jack Jones — Will Turner — Fred Green — Phil White?"

"No, no," says Tom, hinterrupting her, "I won't give you the trouble to run throf the fleet. I'm Tom Wheeler —knowed by the nick of Canterberry Tom."

"Oh, Gorra mighty bless oo pretty face, so oo are—I know oo now." Then, holding him at arms' length, and taking a hinwentory of him from top to toe, she continued, shaking her ed mournfully,—"Cus oo, Tom, how dam ole and hugly oo look; oo no more like my Tom fifteen years ago than I am like the Queen o' Hingland, or de Pope o' Rome. Why de debbel oo let oosef get so dam ole and hugly? Nebber mind, hold chap, me glad to see oo looking any how; Clemmy nebber forget ole friend, thof he hab new face." Then she throwed her arms round his neck, and kissed and hugged him nineteen to the dozen.

"Awast, awast, my hold lass," says Tom, trying to get away from her; "that'll do. I are wery glad to see you again, but you mustn't hexpect me to be the frolicksome pup I war fifteen years ago. So bring us the tipple, and let us wet hour whistles, for we's hard hup for a drain."

In less than no time a bottle of the genuine hold stuff war brought and happroved of by Tom, who, arter giving us to hunderstand that it war his treat, begged to perpose us as hour fust toast, "*May we none on us receive a visit from Yellow Jack.*"

"Haymen," says hall the party, drinking it. "We hopes we never shall."

"Wot do you mean?" says I, not hunderstanding. "Who's Yellow Jack?"

"Ha, ha!" larfed the sailors; "don't you know?"

"No," says I, "how should I?—I aynt never been here afore."

"Tell him, Clemmy," says Tom. "You knows more about him than we."

"Why, young gubbernor," says the lady in brown and rainbow, looking sniggering at me, and vinking at my companions, "you aynt fly to our 'Badian custom. Yellow Jack are a native genlemn as makes a call at de hisland

some times, and he are so bery fond of people as comes from Oorope, dat he kidnap 'em, and take 'em to him country ouse at de Pallisades."

"Indeed," says I, still at fault. "Wot does he want with 'em?"

"He kill 'em and heat 'em," says the lady, grinning. "He orrid cannerbal. He play de wery deble at him last wisit;—he take forty or fifty hout of de fleet ebbery day."

"Oh, nonsense," says I, "you is getting me into a line, Miss Brown. I can't believe that ere; the government would soon put a stop to any fun o' that sort."

"I wish it could," says hold Tom, quite serus; "but it can't, for *Yellow Jack are the fever, which carries the stoutest of us away afore we has time to say hour prayers.* But let us change the subject, for it won't bear torking about. Here's 'Healths apiece and lots of prize-money.'"

So we went on till the bottle war hempty, when we hall on us took han haffectionate leave of Miss Clemmy, and brushed hoff into the town to see the lions. What a queer houtlandish place it seemed to me—the streets war so small and narrer, with shops arout doors or winders. Then all the carts and waggons war drawed by hoxen, hinstead of hosses. Hewery thing I seed war a matter of wonderment; but the colour of the people hastonished me the most. There war hewery shade, from the jet-black nigger hup to the transparent chalk-white mustafina; besides a wery great wariety of mahogany samboes, whitey-brown mulattoes, cream-coloured quadroons, and light-blue mustees. And then the dresses!—hewery bright colour as can be himagined, scarlet and horange being the principal favourites. Then the *real white* creole ladies!—how stuck hup and grand they war in their gigs and hopen carriages, with their plumes and their fine silks and satins, making game of their withered parchment faces.

Seeing "Navy Hotel" wrote hup hover a house in the princerpal street, I goes hin and tells 'em to send hoff the sangaree to the mid, along with a lot of cheesecakes and *tarts; and* presently arterwards, seeing two flashy-dressed

mulatto gals giggling and larking along, I recollects the mid's last horder. So I goes up to 'em, and, taking hoff my hat, with a fine bow, says, "Beg pardon, young ladies, but there's a naval hofficer in charge of a boat on the beach as told me to send you down to him to keep the devil hout of his mind."

"Cus oo dam himperance, oo common sailor feller," says both on 'em, turning on me like tiger-cats; "how dare oo peak to us? We real ladies, sar—dam oore hinsurance; how dare oo top us? We find oo captain, an get oo flog—dam oo himperance, wulgar feller! Peak to 'Badian ladies in the street!—dam oo hinsurance, oo dam common sailor!"

"Ho!" says I, walking hoff with a flea in my ear; "if that's the way ladies tork in this ere country, they is rum uns, and no mistake. The reefer may whistle for his muslin—I shan't tackle any more on 'em."

Arter running hup and down the streets, playing hall sorts o' larks, and dropping hin at seweral more grog-shops, we finds hour time nearly hup, and reels down to the beach, hall on us more or less concarned in licker.

"Hah, hah!" says the mid, looking at us as we war sarpentining to the boat, "jest as I 'spected, all on 'em as lushy as blazes. Some of you'll get scratched for this, see if you don't, you swipey thieves! Come, tumble hin, and keep your weather eyes hopen, for here comes the skipper, with his cheesecutter athwart-ship, going large afore the wind. Look hout for squalls, or I'm damm'd if you won't catch toco."

Hin jumps the capt'n and the fust leeftenant, and we shoves hoff; and with the exception of catching a crab or two, gets safe aboard, arout our topsy-turviness being discovered.

This war the sort of game I and my companions kept carrying on for some time. Whenever we could get liberty, *we went it the whole hog*, which larnt me a lesson; and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—The sweetest wine makes the sourest winegar.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you had a fortune left you, wouldn't you be a fool if, instead of eating and drinking and taking your pleasure in moderation, you war to launch hout hinto hall sorts of hextrawagant riot and debauchery, and so bring yourself to death's door? In coorse you would. *So it are with them as gives way to kindulgence in hot climates. Their constitution wery soon gets shattered, and thof they lives in a palace, and is surrounded with luxuries, they feels no pleasure, and havn't got no appetite for nuffin.*

CHAPTER XIII.

"Now look here, messmates," says hold Canterberry Tom to me and George and a lot on us, as war idling on deck one moonlight night, for it war too hot to turn hinto our hammocks; "I'll tell you wot it are, young fellers—you is carrying too much sail for these ere lattitudes, and if you don't keep a good look-hout and clew hup in time, Yellow Jack will be aboard on you, and carry you to the Pallisades."

"Pooh, pooh," says we; "we're in no danger—we're hall right."

"You aynt," says Tom, shaking his ed mournfully. "I've watched your manœuvres for some time, and I sees hewery day you is getting more and more shaky. The climate, the rum, and the racketing, is doing their work; and mark my words—if you don't halter your coorse wery soon, you is *bespoke*."

"Come, come, that won't do, old possum," says George; "we're as strong and hearty as hewer we war. You're trying to gammon and frighten us."

"I aynt," says Tom, looking wery serus; "I is honly giving you a friendly warning. I knows this ere country 'atal hexperience, and sich is the treacherusness

d unhealthiness of the climate, that it ought to be lled *the walley of death*. Berbice, Demerara, Essequibo, d Surinam is wus, and Sera Leone tops 'em hall. I uld tell you hundreds of histories about the mortality this and hall them places as would make you look a tle deeper hinto the millstone, and fight huncommon y of the rum-bottle."

"Jest mention *one*, hold boy," says George, hanxious draw him hinto a yarn. "Give us a gentle taster, t by way of a sandwich, to keep your mouth in actice till you can pitch us a good thundering moonker. We'll promise to believe hewerything but wot we ows to be lies."

"Well," says Tom, making ready for a start, "as wot u hears may be of use to you, I don't mind giving you history of my fust woiage to the West Hingees, and hintroduction to Yellow Jack."

"Bravo, bravo!" says we. "Valk away, crack on, 's hall attention."

"Hem," says the hold boy, clearing his pipes and ablishing a fresh quid. "In the year '83, jest arter ace war proclaimed, being tired of hidleness, and hard p for the shiners, I shipped myself aboard a merchant ig, called the *Hemulous*, as war bound for Berbice, to ke in sugar, and coffee, and rum, and sich-like. Well, made the hout woiage in about eight weeks, arout nything appening perticler wonderful, scept receiving visit from the gost of a man as war washed hoverboard a dirty night, jest arter we'd cleared the Channel. comed to tell us not to sell his kit. But howsomever as that aynt got nuffin to do with the present tory, I'll stow it for another hopportunity. We ives hoff the *land of mud*, and a pilot comes aboard take us across the bar, for there's a thundering fting bank at the mouth of Berbice river; but it aynt ry dangerous, for being mud, it's heasily jammed ough by waiting the tide and clapping on the slin.

"'Well, pilot! wot's the noose?' says the skipper, that red-faced, sunburnt hindewidual, in a big straw

hat and a nankeen jacket, jumped aboard and took the command.

"'Why,' says he, giving a look aloft, and a squint hover the starboard bow—'a small pull on the weather braces, and keep them three coconut-trees hopen with the flag-staff at Crab Island—we've got the yellow boy with us again.'

"'Indeed,' says the skipper, 'I'm wery sorry to hear that.'

"'Yes,' says the pilot. 'Luff a little. The land crabs is getting uncommon fat. Steady—so.'

"'Steady it is,' says the steersman.

"'The governor died last week,' continued the pilot, busy at the con. 'Where the h—l are you going? Luff, luff, you thief, we'ere hall shaking. Steady—so.'

"'Steady it is.'

"'We buried him next morning—ease hoff harf a pint, bring the trees and the flag together—and afore now I'll engage the crabs have yammed him. Ready about there. We've been huncommon sickly for some time. Port—let go and haul—look alive with that fore-sheet. That'll do. Keep her full, and we shall run hin cleverly. As for the swaddies, poor devils, there aynt enough of 'em left to mount guard at Government House, or reglate the sun at the Fort.'

"'Hah!' says the skipper, looking wery queer, 'you don't say so?'

"'You'll find me correct,' says the pilot, putting his hand to the wheel and shoving us hover the bar. 'There aynt a ship in the river as hasn't had a touch on it. So. There we is all safe and sound, and you may let go your penny piece as soon as you likes, and I'll say *Bong jour*.'

"Hout goes the twine, and hup we brings, and presently arterwards we goes ashore to report. Queer country that ere Guiana as they calls it. I never seed any hother place so full o' life, and at the same time so abounding in death. There's hewery wariety of birds, beastes, fishes, and hinsects and reptiles, swarming in *the hair, the* forests, the rivers, and the ditches. *But*

: *on 'em lasts long—they withers and dies halmost* ıs *they comes into hexistence.* And human cree- hof certainly we does now and then hear of an as has weathered the climate)—they wery soon ff. *The hague or the yellow fever is sure to lay em some time or hother, and they is in good health , takes to their beds the next, is roaring delirius has black vomit the next, is buried the next, and by land crabs afore the next twenty-four.* The ıinty of life hout there is so wery well knowed, y makes a joke of it, and the soger hofficers' next 'the King, and the Harmy,' is halways 'Pro- which means *success to the sickly season, which eath wacancies.*

ot's that?' says I, as a dead body floated past of a creek, as we war pulling up the river for ımsterdam.

ı, *it's only a nigger*,' says a messmate, who had ıere afore. 'That's the way they berries them ere.'

ın we goes along the muddy, bushy channel, g flocks of flamingoes, or currycurries, as they m there, which is beautiful scarlet and pink birds, rons, as gets their living by fishing; scatters clouds es, and wild ducks, and hother houtlandish water- sees the horanges and lemons and pine-happles ıg wild; passes Government Ouse, which are a barrack-looking building at the beginning of the in the front dam (hall the streets there is called —cos for why, the place belonged to the Dutch, we hall knows, is famus for their dams, *skidam* ıs kler, which aynt bad to take not at no time, [illegible] apps or grog)—reports hourselves at [illegible] e's and the custom-house, and then takes a [illegible] buildings and the people. Sich a [illegible] ditches hall round 'em, I never [illegible] ıs for the people—there was [illegible] k, or Buck Indians, with [illegible] and harrows, sitting in [illegible] on the wharfs, men and [illegible]

a square bit of hornamented cloth, fastened with a string o' beads round their waists; niggers in their birthday suits, hunloading the ships; withered hold nigger women, and blooming young coloured gals, halmost in ditto repeated, scept a little happology for a petticoat, which beginned at the waist, and finished about a couple of hinches a-low the nee, washing linen with green leaves for soap, or selling fruit or weggebles. Then there war vultures and hadjutants gobbling up the filth and hoffal; Dutchmen with their long pipes, big breeches, and straw hats; Scotchmen (by the bye, wot lots of them one halways meets in houtlandish countries, specially in the West Hingees), Hinglish, Hirish, planters, store-keepers, clerks, masters, hoverseers, white militia sogers going to parade, with black fellers holding humbrellas hover them, and carrying their couterments and muskets; sheep arout wool, dogs arout masters; sailors drunk and fighting; niggers dancing and singing; convict gangs working; piccaninnies and parrots screaming, and hall sorts of infernal noises and hubbuboos keeped going hon, while funeral arter funeral passed along to the berrying-ground, arout nobody looking round, or troubling their eds about 'em."

"Ah!" says one of the listeners, while Tom stopped to get his wind, "that's a true pictur. I har been there myself, and knows it to be a hinfernal country, jest wot he describes. We lives there in constant fear and dies like mad dogs, raving and furious."

"Yes," says Tom, "that's true, but (then he looked wery hard at me and George) *we hoften helps the climate to pickle us. The steady sober man hoften escapes, but the drunkard is sure to be floored.* That ere new rum are the sailors' and soldiers' curse; it may well be called *kill devil*, for nuffin human can stand against it.

"But to go on with my history. Arter I'd had enough of taking my hobservations, I and a lot goes into a ouse, jest as we did when fust we harrived here, to have a drop of somat comfortable. But I hadn't the hadwantage, as you had, of a sperienced hold codger to pint hout wot was good for me and wot wasn't, so I lays hinto

the new rum like winking, and gets so hunsensible drunk that I warn't hable to get aboard till next day. That didn't do me no good; but howsomdever I soon got hall right, and went at it again. The stuff is so cheap and so seducting, that it's no wonder we likes it, specially when one's constertationally a dry one. But to cut a long story short, and come to the hupshot of the business, I keeped hon working like a horse hall day, hunloading the hout and getting hin the home cargo, and going ashore, and larking, and sucking the monkey (jest as you does, you young fools) hall night, thinking that my constertution war made of hiron, and that nuffin couldn't hurt me; till one arternoon, as I war sitting in a grog-shop, with a lot of my pals, singing and drinking, in high health and spirits, I feeled hall of a sudden a wery queer feeling come hover me—I lost my eyesight, and the hinside of my ed seemed to be turning round and wobbling hup and down.

"'Hollo!' says a messmate, hobserving me put my hand to my ed, and look queer, 'drunk halready, Tom?'

"'No, no,' says the nigger woman as kept the crib, 'he no drunk. Fever got him safe as de bank,—me see hundreds catch zactly same way. Take him to bed, and send for doctor to bleed and fissik 'em, or him dead man afore the morning.'

"She war right—I *war* cotched—for I got gradually wus and wus, and war taken to the ospital, where I had a wery narrer squeak for my life, which war honly saved by fissiking and bleeding me to death. It war three months afore I could walk, and then I war so weak and masiated that I couldn't do nuffin. My ship had gone ome long afore, and if it hadn't been for the charity of the surgeon of the ospital I should have died of starwation. Hall this I brought hon myself. If I hadn't given way to drink and dissipation, and so haggrawated the hevils of the climate, Yellow Jack wouldn't have handled me so roughly, and, perhaps, have passed me hover. So let it be a warning to you to halter your coorse and be steady, for I shouldn't like to lose you, thof you is sich wagabonds."

That war the way the hold felier kept hon continually a lecturing us; but it war of no awail. His warnings went in at one ear and hout at the other, and we kept hon jest the same, drinking and racketing like fast Hoxford men, as cares for no repairs, and perseweres on the percussion principle of a short life and a merry one.

"Bill," says George to me, one arternoon, when we'd got liberty, "if you've pluck enough to run a bit of a risk, I knows where we can have a slap-hup lark to-night."

"I'm your man for hanything but cut-throat," says I; "you knows that, so show a light. Wot are it?"

"Why," says he, "there's a coloured ball to-night at Bessy Austin's; but, as she won't hadmit nobody under a reefer, I perposes, as we can dance and do a bit of the genlemn, that we borrows some middy's togs of a hold Jew as I knows, and goes and has a hout and hout game."

"With hall my heart," says I; "go it. Hanything for a change, for I'm getting wery sick of our hold larks."

"Heave ahead, then," says he, leading the way down a back street, "and we'll be a kipple of young genlemn in a pig's visper."

We gets to the Jew's store, and, arter a deal of haggling, agrees for the loan of two weekly haccount jackets, white trousers and westcuts, and hats and dirks, and then sallies hout for the ball.

"Now," says George, as we comed to Miss Austin's hotel, "mind your eye, and let me be the leader. Now, then, wot's to pay?" says he, fetching in with a howdacious swagger.

"Harf joe apiece, genlemn," says Miss Bessy, giving us a hover-hauling look, "freshments hincluded."

"Hah," says George, throwing down a joe, "and damn'd cheap too."

"Iss, my lord, bery sheep," says Bessy, collaring the coin, and giving us another hinspecting hoverhaul from hull to truck. "Wot ship has the honor of aving your lordship and oo friend for him hossifers?"

"The Haggememnon," says George, hitching hup his *trousers, and* givin a himmitation of a genteel swagger;

rcy Haggy, as takes the shine hout of hevery
)t swims."
!" says Bessy, putting her finger on the patch of
n his collar, and giving a knowing grin, and whis-
in his ear, "me spect oore fust hossifer to-night—
e he no see *dis*, or oore lordships will catch toco
n."
at do you mean?" says George, colouring hup,
ing to bluster. "Wot do you mean?"
; oo no more hossifers than I are," she replied,
hold of hour hunfortunate weekly haccounts, and
; us close to her to make her communication
priwate and confidential. "Oo two foremast
nder false colours. Can't deceive Bessy Austin
very ole bird, and know natur. Genlemn make
es blackguard sometimes, but halways *look* like
1. Oo both bery fine young men, but him no go
ive me. Me down hupon oo fust word and look.
*e not dam sheep. Real hossifer nebber hitch em
and look hall hover swagger when him come to
hop.*"
rge," says I, feeling all no how, "we're smoked;
id we shall get hinto a scrape."
a bit of it," says he, "we's as right as nine-
Bessy 's a good old trump, and will keep it dark
nown sake. Hin for a penny hin for a pound—
t turn tail for nuffin; so here goes hinto the thick

r mind oo behave ooselves pretty," says Bessy.
keeps sober and hossifer-like, me say nuffin; but
t drunk and kick hup a sheevo, me blow em gaff,
pose oo."
'er fear," says George, "this aynt the fust time
lone a bit of masquerade—we'll comport hour-
hextra slap." Saying which, he took my arm,
ring Bessy a wink to twig us, we backed and
id yawed hinto the ball-room like soger hossifers
ey zigzags down Pall-mall, staring at the gals,
ring to themselves, "Damme, we're the stilton,
an't resist us."

Thof I had seed many queer sights, what I seed when I hentered that room beat hewerything. There war coloured gals of hall shades, dressed like duchesses, drawling hout their words, and behaving as haffectedly as if they war maids of honour. And then the genlems —oh, crimminy!—sich hout and hout swells, hall in breeches and silk stockings, vite neckcloths and vestcuts, large frills, big buckets of flowers, and powdered heads, with pickaxe feet, and legs so cruelly bent, that when their heels war put together, you might run a wheelbarrow atween 'em arout touching 'em. But the languidge and the manners beat hall.

"Iss, Miss Dinah," says a young cream-coloured miss to another a shade or two darker; "your pinion are parfectly synnenomemus wid mine. Me ates the cewillians like pisen—they is sich rude brutes, and 'em don't know how to treat a lady wid dem *pity soins* the soger hossifers and nabal genlemn does." Then she looked at us and giggled, and hid her face ahind her fan.

"That's a good go hoff," says George. "We had better hook hon here at once."

"No, no, wait a bit," says I; "let 'em go it a bit more."

"Iss, dear Hemmeline Wirginia," says the hother, "me loves both the sarvices wid hequal hardor, but me gibs de prefference to de nabal eroes." Then she looked at us and giggled, and hid her face.

"That'll do," says I to George, "let us cut in."

"If you're not hengaged for the next dance," says he, bucking hup to Miss Hemmeline Wirginia, and drawing hon a pair of kid gloves, "will you hallow me the honour?"

"With pleasure, sar," says she, bobbing a wery ceremonious set of curtseys, which George hanswered with as many hextra genteel bows.

"And if I might wenture," says I, to Miss Dinah, "to solicit the same fever from you, I should consider myself the appiest man in the world."

"He, he, he," says the lady, giggling, and looking quite pleased, "don't say so, sar, you make me blush—I

sal have the honor." And then she did the curtseys, and I the bows.

"Hexcessively ot wedder, sar," says she to me, as we war standing hup ready to begin.

"Wery hexcessively," says I, combing my hair with my fingers, and doing the hextra genlemn,—"hexcruciating."

"Oh, bery," says she, histing and lowering her shoulders, and giving herself a roll and a twist to ease hoff her pink silk gownd, which seemed wery much to hinconwenience her. "Me fraid me some day, like Shakespear *Desemona*, 'melt away and dissolve hinto a jew.'"

"If you does," says I, with a howdacious helegant bow, "I'll make my fortun by selling you for otter of roses."

"Oh, oo debbel!" say she, hitting me with her fan; "ow oo do compliment. But mind oore eye, our turn to begin directly. If oo dance as well as oo tork conwersation, oo bery nice young man, and me like oo dreadful."

"Then look hout," says I, cutting a caper, "for I'm a regler rum un."

"O, beautiful! lubberly! helegum!" says the young lady, faxinated by my agillerty, for I comed it in regler 'Talian Hoppera style. "Oo bery capital dancer. So oo friend, but oo much de more actib and genteel."

So I carried it on, dancing and doing the genlemn like one o'clock, till wot with the hexercise and the heat, and the wine and cider and punch I drinked to squench my thirst and keep hup my spirits, I beginned to be huncommon jolly, noisy, and hopstroperlus.

"Mind your helm, Skyey," says George, whispering to me; "there's Bessy twigging on you. Draw it mild, or she'll bear down hupon you."

"Never fear," says I, "for I'm as right as a trivet." And on I went the more.

"Oo pitching it rader too strong, young genlemn," says Bessy, tapping me on the shoulder. "Mind oo eye, or hout oo go. Me tand no nonsense not from nobody,

so don't be blind orse and take no notice of nod and wink."

"All right, Bessy," says I, "I'm awake. I knows where to stop." And hoff I capered to the hother hend of the room.

Presently, as I war turning a mulatto gal in a country dance, I hobserved that she stared wery ard at me, and whispered something to her pardner, and then both on em sot to and kept on watching me.

"Hollo!" says I to myself, "wot's them people a hinwestigating me in that ere way for? I must queer em." So I waits for the next time I meets the gal, and I says to her with hextra genlemn himpudence, as we war hadwancing for hands across, "How de do, Miss Jemmima? It's a hage since I've had the hexquisite pleasure of seeing you."

"Cus oo dam himperance, nassy feller," says she, pulling away her hand, and looking thunder and lightning at me. "Ow dare oo come here hinsult genteel ladies of quality?"

"Whew," says I, recollecting the reefer's whitey-brown muslin; "the game 's hup. This ere double-distilled lady will hexpose me. But never mind, 'hin for a penny, hin for a pound,' as George says. Come wot will, I'll have my fun hout."

So pertending to be wery much amused with the lady's remarks, I kept on teasing her hewery time we met in the dance, by looking as if I war desperately in love, and saying sweet things, and singing bits of hammatory songs; to which she kept on continually replying, "Get out, nassy common feller, ow dare oo look at me. Dam oore insurance, cus oore himperance. Missy Austin hought to be shame of herself to hadmit oo. Common sailer come to quality ball, hinsult genteel 'Badian lady—me faint away."

"I'll catch you my hangel," says I, holding hout my arms, and singing haffectionately.

"'Peak to him, Massa Saunders," says the hindignant lady, happealing to her partner, who war a hout-and-hout dandy of a coloured chap. "He common sailer

feller, dress hup as hossifer. If oo lub me, Saunders, kick him out of de room."

"Oh, ah, demme," says I, coming a dandy woice, and making a quizzing-glass of my thumb and finger, and staring at Massa Saunders, who pertended to be near-sighted, and who war continually using a glass. "Wot a howdacious fine genlemn! There's a leg for a silk stocking!" Then I himitated his affected way of dancing, and trod on his toes, and pushed against him, and tried hall I could to get him to say something himpudent, that I might have an hexcuse for hitting him; for whenhever I got three sheets in the wind, I war hawful spiteful and quarrelsome.

At last my behaviour war too insulting for hanybody to bear, and the black chap plucks hup courage, and says to me in a whisper as he war adwancing in the dance with Miss Whitey-brown to me and my pardner, "Oo no genlemn, sar."

"You're no judge, you black warmint," says I, badwancing in my turn, and himitating the bow of his legs and his queer dancing, "and if you persumes to speak to me again I'll punch your ed."

"Dare my card, sar," says he, balancaying his pardner, and shoving a bit of dirty pasteboard hinto my hand. "Me hexpect satisfaction of a genlemn."

"A genlemn!" says I, busting hout hinto a hinsulting larf, and putting my thumb to my nose, and taking a sight. "Hookey!" Then I made the quizzing-glass again, and, in a woice loud enough for hewerbody to hear, pertended to read the card, which I hinwented, as follers:—

"Mr. Soap-suds Saunders,
Shaves for a penny, and cuts hair for twopence,
Sink-halley, Snob-street, Barbadoes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" larfed the crowd, for hour quarrel had brought the whole company about us.

"I no sich ting!" roared Mr. Saunders, biling over with rage; "it dam lie."

"Are it?" says I, hitting out, and knocking him down. "Larn manners when you speak to a genlemn, you black thief."

Then hall war in confusion; the blackey war pickel up with a bleeding nose, and a dozen of his friends came butt at me with their eds, while the ladies went in with their claws.

"Kill him, nassy common feller," says Miss Whitey-brown, jumping on a bench, and screaming with fury, "becus him, rascal, kill um!"

"Sheer hoff, you black wagabonds," says George, coming to my assistance, and flooring the niggers right and left.

"Oh!" screamed Miss Emmeline Wirginia, and Miss Dinah and the ladies.

"Hollo! hollo!" says Bessy Austin, rushing hinto the room, "as I 'spected; dem dam man-o'-wars men got adrift! Stand hout of the way," she continued, forcing her way through the crowd, and collaring me and George, "Go hout dis minit, oo dam noisy blackguards. Ow dare oo kick hup shindy and disturb dis elegant genteel society—go hout, go hout, oo dam tieves, go hout!" Then, with a grip of a wice and the strength of a helefant, she forced us to the door amid the hoots and yells of the company.

By dint of wery great hexertion, we managed to get away from her, and war fighting hour way hout when we found hourselves face to face with our fust and second leeftenant, who war hentering.

"Hollo! hollo!" says they, drawing back in surprise, arout recognizing us; "wot's the row?"

"Bolt," says George to me, "or we is pickled." So we ducked down, slipped past the leeftenants, darted through the door, and got hinto the street.

"All's right," says George, stopping a minit to get his wind. "Well hout of that. Now let us take back the togs, and get afloat." So away we runned to the Jew's, put on our own clothes, and then jumped hinto a shore-boat, and got safe aboard.

Once more I 'scaped scot-free; but I beginned to feel,

ithstanding hall my pertended recklessness of con-
ences, that something hunpleasant would appen to
afore long. And so it did; for on our wery next
c I got more drunk, and behaved so wery houtrageous,
I and George and three hothers war taken by the
d, and sent aboard in hirons for breaking hour liberty,
getting drunk and making a disturbance with the
as-folk.
his war the end of my West-Hingee frolics, and my
g for the sea; for I larnt a bitter lesson, and this is
reflections on it:—

AXIMUM.—They as rides with a loose rein is wery
o get a tumble.

ECIMENT.—'Spose you were warned that if you
on fishing in certain waters you would be prose-
d; would'nt you be a fool, if, instead of paying
tion to the warning, you war to persist in the tres-
, and so get grabbed and put hinto jail? In course
would. So in your passage through life, *whenever*
friends or your reason warns you against pursuing a
g course, be hadwised and stop at once, or you'll be
to pay wery dearly for your folly.

CHAPTER XIV.

ow hoften har I thought when I har seed a moth
ering round a candle, and thof hoften singed, never
ing hoff till it flopped hinto the flame, and got burned
leath, that many of we human creeturs hacts jest in
same foolish way. We gets warning arter warning,
it are so pleasant to do wrong, that in spite of all the
mples we sees, the hadwice we hears, and the *singe-*
we gets, we keeps on fluttering round and round,

and getting nearer and nearer the glittering *hignus fatterus* wot sumduces us, till at last, grown bold by constant hescapes, or made mad by hexcitement, we plunges ed hover heels hinto the wortex, and, like the poor moth, completely does for hourselves.

Hover and hover again I har done this, and *so does hall those who gives way to their natteral wiciousness*, "You can't put hold 'eds on young shoulders," says one proverb, and "Hexperience must be bought," says another, both of which haxioms I grants to be generally true. But it don't by no means foller, that because we is young we *must* be foolish, or that to become wirtuous we *must* be wicious! No, we aynt hobligated to be heither one nor t'other. 'Cos for why? Jest look here: *we aynt brute beastesses*—Providence has guved us a hantidote to correct and destroy the pizon of hour *natteral* wice, and *it are in hour hown power to be wise and good, arout paying a ruinating price for hour larning.* If this war not the fact, wot would be the use of preaching and practising wirtue? Or why should a father, who *has* paid for *his* hexperience, try to persuade his children to awoid the snares he felled hinto?

How does the dairy-maids, when they walks about with their pails full of milk, perwent it from getting hinto a commotion and splashing hover and wasting?—which it *natterally* will do, if it's left to itself. Why, they takes a thin bit of wood cut round like a plate, lets it float on the top of the pail, and *it keeps down the hexcitement, and perwents the milk from hefferwessing and hoverflowing.*

Hour *reason* are the bit of wood; with *that* we subdues hour wildest passions, and saves hourselves from being carried hover the bounds of rectitude.

But, then, it may be asked, as we has hall got this gift, why does so many on us do wrong?—To which I hanswers, that *Tom Noddy may have a wery good gun, but he may not know how to shoot.*

If hour minds aynt properly cultiwated, and turned, by precepts and hexample, hinto the right course, hour reason are of no use to us. *We becomes slaves to hour*

passions, and, like the milk arout the bit of wood, keeps on splashing and splashing till we gets hinto sich a swing of hopstroperlousness, that we dashes neck and crop hover the pail, and gets lost and worthless.

Let fathers and mothers take an int from this, and try to eddicate their young uns, and above hall, to *set 'em a good hexample.* Haccording as children is bringed hup, so they turns hout in arter life.

"Jest as the twig is bent the tree's hinclined,"

says Pope, and he knowed natur. For we sees hover and hover again that the child as has never seed nuffin but bad conduct in its father and mother, and hasn't never been taught to know right from wrong, *very seldom* becomes a good man. When him as is bringed hup by virtuous parents, *wery hoften* becomes a honour and a hornament to socierty.

I lays hall my misfortunes to the way I war bringed hup. If my father and mother (thof it grieves me to reproach them) had sent me to school, and had watched hover my conduct with proper care, I shouldn't har been wot I are, nor have had to pay so dearly for my wisdom. And goodness knows *I hav'n't bilked the schoolmaster.*

Throughout my hearly life I war like the genlemn I mentioned afore, Mr. Tom Noddy. *I didn't know how to use my gun*, and thof I keeped on continually banging away right and left, I could never touch the mark hexcept by haccident. My *had libitum* bringing hup had made me unsteady, and *I either took a hasty, careless aim, or reserved my fire till the hobject war hout of range.*

Hall my hadwentures I has put down has been hexamples of this ere, and perticlerly my last, which couldn't never have appened to me if I hadn't been wus than a hideot. For I knowed I war going wrong, and I had been warned hover and hover again to stop; but *I war pig-headed, and didn't use my reason huntil it war too late.*

"Poor lads! poor lads!" says hold Canterberry Tom, who war on deck when we war brought on board; "I'm afraid you'll larn a lesson to-morrow as will blow the dust hout of your eyes, and rub the shine hoff the

beautiful sarvice you is so fond on. But it's nuffin more than I hexpected, and I told you so hover and hover again."

"You did, Tom," says I, "but ——"

"You thought you war too wise and clever to come to hany harm," says he, hinterrupting me. "But *knowing* as you is when you is sober, the moment you gets licker aboard you is as sappy as a guinea-pig reefer, and as hunmanageable as a ship as has lost her rudder. I told you how it would be, but in spite of hall my good hadwice you would carry on, and now you're in the black list, with the sure certainty of making hacquaintance with the gunner's darter."

His profecy war correct; hour hoffence war too glaring to be passed hover, and we war heach condemned to receive a hundred lashes.

"My men," says the capt'n, when he pronounced the sentence, "it grieves me to punish you, but the discipline of his Majesty's sarvice must be maintained. This are not your fust hoffence by a great many, and it are my dooty to make you a hexample."

I shall never forget my sufferings during the night which preceded the morning I war to receive my punishment. I went hover hall my past life, and thought of the time when I war well doing and happy at home with mother. Then I pictured to myself the misery she would feel when she heard of my bad conduct and my disgrace. Then I grew frantic with orrible hanticipations, and dashed my ed against the timbers of my prison, and hinwoked curses on myself for my wickedness and folly.

Strange infatewation! From the wery commencement of my bad conduct I knowed wot I should bring hupon myself if I persisted in it, yet wouldn't stop. Wot would I not have given to har lived my life hover again. I war like many hothers, *wise too late.*

The time *wery soon* comed for the sentence to be put in force, and we were marched upon deck, where hall the crew were mustered to witness the ceremony. The [redacted] war prepared, the bosun's mates stood by with

the cats, the marines were on the poop, the capt'n and hofficers on the quarter-deck, and hall war in readiness to hinflict hupon us *that hawful disgrace which never failed to make the bravest and best conducted man as hever shouldered a musket or walked a deck, heither a broken-hearted craven, or a desperate malignant ruffian.*

It are enough to make a man's blood boil even to *think* on corporal punishment—wot must it be to hendure! To say nuffin of the bodily suffering, and that's no trifle, wot must be the mental misery, to feel yourself sunk to the lowest depths of human degradation, and know that you will bear for ever the *mark* of your dishonour.

We sees halmost hewery day meetings adwertised for the habolishing of slavery, and conwerting poor Hingeans (*to whose numbers we is as but one to a million, and whose simple faith has been handed down from father to son for hages afore we dates hour world*), while, at the wery moment we is making parade of this charitable humbug, and *subscribing thousands of pounds to keep hignorant himpostors in hidleness, the poor of hour hown country is separated from their families and shut hup in prisons, and hour soldiers and sailors is allowed to be flogged halmost to death for selling a pair of regimental shoes, or being hovertaken by a hextra glass of licker.*

This aynt the cheese, and it hought to be haltered. *Afore we sends hour charity abroad, we ought to relieve the sufferings and redress the wrongs of hour people at home.* Wot war the great greevance of the West Hingee slaves?—Flogging! Wot created the greatest sympathy for 'em, and war the main cause of their being hemancipated?—*The fact that corporal punishment war hinflicted for the most trifling faults, and that the poor creeturs, both men and women, hoften died hunder the lash.* Hour humanity war hexcited, and we rose hup and helped 'em. But hour sailors and soldiers hasn't met with such good friends, for scarcely a week passes, but we sees or reads of some on 'em being tortured, while in the wery same paper we sees a flaming haccount of a grand hanti-slavery meeting, in which the horators tork of "suffering

feller creeturs" — "hinhuman torture" — "lacerated flesh"—"clotted gore"—and "the cries of wictims being heard across the wide Hatlantic."

Aynt there no humane hofficer (*who will be in real earnest*), to present a petition to Parliament to do away with corporal punishment in both hour services? Aynt there no rich and beautiful ladies to hattend a public meeting, and make *domestic* humanity fashionable?"

I hopes there is—nay, I'm *sure* there is; and I thinks *the day's not far distant when the British harmy and navy will "bell the cat," and rejoice in the destruction of the last relic of tyranny and barbarism.*

To persede with my history:—

"Strip," says the capt'n, giving the word for us to take hoff hour jackets and shirts. I looked at George, who war standing quite close to me, and seed that he war biting his hunder lip, while his eyes war so flashing and staring, that they seemed to be starting out of their sockets.

"Bill," says he to me, in a whisper, as he tooked hoff his jacket, "this ere are dreadful!"

"It are," says I.

"We mustn't bear it," says he, fumbling at the neck button of his shirt with one hand, and setting his teeth and rolling his eyes, and digging the fingers of his other hand into mine. "Better feed the sharks."

"Yes," says I, hunderstanding him, and returning the look and the digging; "much better."

"Are you pluck to jump?" says he, getting ready to pull the shirt over his ed.

"I are," says I, himitating him.

"Then come on," says he, pulling hoff his shirt, throwing it on deck, and dashing to the gangway and forcing me to jump overboard with him hinto the sea. "God bless you, hold feller, we're friends for life and death."

All this war said and done as quick as lightning, and we war carried away by the current several hundred yards from the ship afore the capt'n recovered from his astonishment, and could order the boats to be manned and pursue us.

"Strike hout, Bill," says George, "or they'll have us."

"The sharks?" says I, in orror, fancying I seed one.

"No, no," says he, "the boats, the boats."

"Surrender, men!" calls hout the marine hofficer from the gig, "or we'll fire."

"Let the wave lift you, and strike out at the fall," says George, as cool as if he war swimming for pleasure. "They don't want to take us—the wash is carrying us hout of the harbour, and if we can double the point yonder we's safe."

"Surrender!" bawls the hofficer again at a greater distance, pertending to do his duty, while the rowers kept on continually catching crabs, and backing water, to help us as much as they could.

"Them's honly *paraders*," says George, straining hewery nerve to get to the point; "they warnt meant to reach us. Keep hup a little longer, hold boy, and we is safe."

Hon and hon we went, carried hout by the current, which was running like a mill race, till we got near the point that bluffed hout from the land.

"Now, Bill," says George, "one long and strong pull and we is as right as a trivet." But the current war too strong for hour hexhausted strength—hall hour hefforts to strike hout of it and get to the shore war hunawailin we war swept away like straws, and forced out to sea.

"Good bye, Bill," says George, "it's hall hover with us, hour hash are settled. Never mind, we've done it bravely. Good—good bye."

Then I seed him sink, and feeled the water closing hover me. I recollects making a great heffort to rise to the surface, but that's all. When next I knowed hanything I war in bed in a large whitewashed room, and a black woman war brushing away the flies from my face with a turkey's feather. I knowed at once, from the number of the beds, and the general happearance of the place, that I war in a hospital.

I learnt arterwards that the boats had picked me hup jest in time to save me from being drowned, and had carried me to the Harmy Hospital to be rewived.

"Where's my friend?" says I, the moment I got my recollection. "I hope he's safe?"

"Yes, yes, Bill, I'm quite right," says a faint woice from the bed next me. "Never say die. Go it, my rum uns—tol lol de rol."

"Lift me hup," says I to the nigger woman, arter making a fruitless hattempt to move myself; "let me see him."

With a deal of difficulty she raised me, and I looked to where I heard the woice, and there lay poor George, with his ed shaved, and his face drawn down, and as white as a sheet, strapped to the bed.

"Wot's the reason of that?" says I, pinting to his ed and the straps.

"Him hab feber and delibberus, poor feller. Him play hup hold gooseberry, bleged to tap em down. Oo hab feber, too, but oo quiet as libly lamb. Oo both bery near squeak."

This war true, for the drowning and the hover hexertion had brought on a brain fever, and we had both on us been hunsensible for a long time, and war hewery minet hexpected to die.

Arter remaining six weeks in the hospital, we war carried aboard our ship (for we were too weak to walk), to stand hour trial for mutiny and desartion. The court war hobligated to find us guilty; but, as hour case had made a great sensation, and seweral kind and hinfluhential people of the hisland had got hup a petition and hinterested themselves for us, in consideration of hour youth, and prewious good conduct, the frightful risk we had run, and hour long and painful sufferings, we war strongly recommended to mercy. Arter the hewedence had been gone through, and the judge-hadwocate had taken the hopinions of the court, and the recommendation had been made, the hofficers then turned round and put their eds together to consult and decide on wot should be done to us (this I arterwards heard war bonly make believe, for Bill Barwig, the hadmiral's wallet, told me he heard 'em settle it at the governor's ball the night afore), and we war left to tremble in the hagonies of hawful suspense.

Presently they turned round, and the hadmiral ldressed us—"William Muggins and George Slasher," ys he, "you have been found guilty by this honour- ble court, of mutiny and desertion from his Majesty's rvice, the penalty for which hoffences, by the articles war, is death; although you have been strongly recom- ended to mercy, it is hout of hour power to hafford it ou—we cannot set aside the law."

I looked at George and he looked at me, as much as say it's hall hover with us. And hour shipmates, who owded the cabin, hall huddled closer together, and the ole assembly seemed to change places at the same oment, and give a tremble jest like a ship when she is uck by a sea, and then in a hinstant they was hall ed as statues with houtstretched necks and hanxious s, holding their breaths, and keeping sich silence that in might have been heard to fall, waiting for wot the miral would say next.

"Your lives is forfeited," he continued wery solemnly, —the word war scarcely hout of his mouth afore ery man changed his position, drew his breath, looked is neighbour, and then bent further forward, listening intense hanxiety, making that peculiar rustle and shuffle ch halways marks the hexcitement of a multitude.

eorge, whose eyes were turned sorrowfully down, earing the *but* (by-the-by, that word are *sometimes* harbinger of appiness), started as if he had been , the blood rushed hinto his pale face, and made it son, his lips quivered, his hands hinvoluntarily ned and shut, and his quick breathing could be l at the farthest hend of the cabin.

lon't know wot *I* did, but I felt my heart beating st that I war nearly choked, and I thought I war ng born of a frightful dream.

But," repeated the hadmiral, raising his voice above in, "*in consideration of the mereiful recommendation is honourable court, you are respited till your case be placed before the Lords of the Hadmiralty.* er-at-arms, remove your prisoners. This court is dissolved."

Then the rustle and shuffle hincreased till it war like the rush of a squall, and a deafening cheer burst simultaneous from hewery one of hour shipmates, and we war in a hinstant surrounded and nearly torn to pieces by hour friends, who crowded to shake hands and congratulate us on hour hescape, for hewerybody knowed we war saved, and that the respite war honly a matter of form, cos we couldn't be found not guilty.

Didn't we feel happy! I believe we did. *It are halmost worth while to endure the hagony that hattends the fear of losing life to taste the hextasy of hunexpectedly recovering it.*

This last war a lesson I never forgot, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—You can't stop a cannon-ball with a humbrella.

SPECIMENT.—Spose you war travelling houtside a stage-coach, and the hosses had runned away and war galloping down a hill, *do you think your swaying your body to the hopposite side the wehicle leans would perwent it from hoverturning?* If you does you're a fool. So it are with bad conduct. If you slips the reins of prudence, and lets your passions run away with you, it's of no use *wishing* to stop. If you haven't courage to *jump* away from your danger, hall the precautions you can take to perwent yourself from being floored is of no awail—hover you *must* go, and it's a good hescape if you don't get wot the Yankees calls "*broke to etarnal smash.*"

CHAPTER XV.

A few days arter hour trial hourship war hordered ome; and, arter shipping hour water and fresh prowisions, and the skeleton of a regiment as had jest been relieved, we weighed hour hancors, and bid adieu to "Lilly England," as the Barbadians calls their hisland, which, arter hall its disadwantages, has its comforts and its beauties; and I questions if ere a one of the hother hislands can come hup to it in civilization, hospitality, or climate, for, bating the fever and hague, and the hurricanes, a man may find a wuser place to hancor in.

Thof George and me war prisoners, hour confinement war not strict, for hour weakness perwenting us from working, we were placed on the sick-list, and the doctor, who war wery good and kind, hordered us to be hon deck as much as possible for the benefit of the hair, which he said would do us more good than hall the fissik in Potticaries-hall. And he war right, for, in a wery few days we war hable to crawl hup and down arout assistance.

One morning, as I war loitering about by myself (for George preferred remaining below), looking hover the side, watching the gambols of the porpoises, I feeled a tap on my shoulder. I turned round and seed one of the hinwalided sogers as belonged to the regiment we war taking ome. He'd got a white bandage on his forehead and hover one of his eyes, tied on with a hold bandana handkecher. His complexion war a greenish yellow, and thof it war a broiling hot day he war wrapped hup in his hiron-grey great-coat, and he looked hall-together the wery pictur of disease and misery. By-the-by, when sogers is ill how wery bad they halways looks —wuser a great deal than hany hother class of people. The reason of it are, that when they is well they is so

extra smart, their seediness when they isn't brushed hu and pipeclayed are the more striking.

"Don't you know me?" says he, arter a pause, durir which I had been staring at him, and wondering who l war, and what he wanted with me. "Have you lost hs recollection of a hold friend?"

"I never seed you afore to my knowledge," says looking hard at him. "I haven't the slightest rec lection of you."

"That's wery strange," says he. "I knowed you tl moment I came on board, thof you is a good de haltered. Look at me again, and try back a year or tw and then, perhaps, you'll know me."

"No," says I, taking a closer survey, "you mu mistake me for some hother person—I am sure I don know you."

"Then I must be changed, indeed," says he, "whe my hold friend Bill Muggins has forgot me."

"Ah!" says I, starting, "you knows my name; wl are you—wot's your name?"

"Not Hallspice," says he, with a faint smile at n heagerness, "but——"

"Fred Flipper," says I, hinterrupting him, ar seizing both his arms, and staring at him with wonde for 'stead of the fine, stout, fresh-coloured lad of seve teen as I remembered him, he war a wrinkled, maciate hold man.

"Yes, Bill," says he, "the wery same hunfortuna hindewidual."

"Why, I can scarcely believe it's you," says I; "yo wery features seems changed."

"The hardships and sufferings wot I have gone throug Bill," says he, "would have killed hanybody else lon ago. But won't you shake hands, and say you're glad t see me, thof I have been your bitter henemy. Do l me have the consolation of having your forgiveness."

"Fred," says I, taking his hand, which war as thi and as cold as a skeleton, "I do forgive you with ha my heart, thof you war the cause of my being disgrace *and ruined.* You did not mean to hinjure me. We w

both very young and foolish then, and it war my hown fault that I follered a bad hexample; I never had nuffin to reproach you with."

"You had, Bill, you had," says he. "I knowed you war haccused of being my haccomplice in robbing my huncle, and I war coward and willin enough to keep hout of the way, and suffer you to lose your character, and be turned hout of doors for a crime you never committed. But it has been brought home to me, Bill. I have gone on from bad to worse, in a continual whirl of hexcitement, powerty, misery, and desperation, till at last here I am, a living corpse, arout hope of mercy here and hereafter."

"Oh, don't say that, Fred," says I, helping him to sit down on a gun-carriage, for the hexhertion had quite hoverpowered him. "Don't despair, better days will come."

"Never, Bill, never!" said he mournfully; "I am booked, hold boy; I shall never see England again. I've been spoken to, sure as fate. Never mind, I've pluck to meet it; we can die but once you know; mine has been a short life; I thought of making it a merry one, but it has been quite the rewerse—hever since I beginned to do wrong I've never knowed happiness. When I tells you my history you will see this. I did intend to have got the chaplain to write down a confession of my life, and send it to my huncle; but as I have met with you it will be better to tell it by word of mouth, and so save hexposing my family secrets to strangers. If it's fine weather to-morrow we'll meet here arter breakfast, and then you shall know hall that has happened to me since we parted. I must go down now, for my hot fit has comed on, and the sun's too much for me."

With the hassistance of one of the boys he went down below, and I war left to ruminate.

Next morning, at the time happointed, I goes hupon deck, and meets poor Fred, who war much weaker than he war the day afore, and it war hobvious to the most careless and hunpractised hobserver that the sand of his life war wery nearly run hout.

Arter I had placed him comfortably, and made him a pillow for his 'ed with my jacket, he perseded with his history.

"It are five years since you and me parted, Will, and I is now but two-and-twenty—a boy in years, but a man of sewenty in constertution. You, who knows what I war at seventeen, can himagine how I must have laboured to destroy myself to be wot I are now. But it's no use snivelling at wot can't be mended—I knows the wust, and must bear it. In my hearly youth I had halways been plentifully supplied with money by my hover indulgent parents, and when my father died and I war left dependant on my huncle's charity, I found my slender wages, as his shop-boy, wouldn't permit me to hindulge in the hextravagances to which I had been haccustomed, for I war fond of dancing and company, and fine clothes, and to be without 'em war to be miserable. Hevening arter hevening I har passed the Hadam and Heve, and the Vite Condick, and the Dog and Duck hover the water, and listened to the music, and seed the eds of the dancers bobbing hup and down, while the light larf of the gals, and the merry roars of the young chaps who war rollicking and revelling in gay happiness, made my eyes fill with tears, and my heart ache with hopelessly wishing to be among them. Hoften and hoften I har done this and have gone home wretched. One day, as I war going on a herrand in the neighbourhood of the Hadam and Heve, I seed a bill hannouncing a grand ball for that night, henterance one shilling heach, 'Oh! how I should like to go,' said I to myself; 'but how can I? I harn't got a farthing, and it would cost, hincluding treatings to my pardners, five shillings at the wery least.' As I war reading the bill, the landlord happened to come hout of the bar, and it being a wery fine day, he put his back against one side of the door, and his feet on the hother, and with his pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, seemed to be taking a hextra dose of comfortableness and fresh hair. (This sort of henjoyment, by the way, is peculiar to landlords, for go where you will, a little way hout of town in the summer weather, you'll be sure to see a dozen or two

doing the hidentical hexercise in the hidentical position.)

"'How de do, Mr. Flipper?' says he, for he used to serve us with beer when we lived in the neighbourhood, and I hoften dropped in to have a lark at his hassemblies. 'You is quite a stranger; I hasn't seed you for a month of Sundays; you never condescends to wisit us now.'

"'I havn't been hable,' says I; 'I'm in business, and money's scarce.'

"'Oh!' says he, 'if that's hall, don't let that be a hinderrance. I shall halways be glad to see you for hold acquaintance sake. I'll never charge you nuffin for hentrance; and as for a glass or two on *chalk* now and then when you've got pockets to let, I don't mind running the doubtful.'

"Then he looked patternising at me, and jingled the silver in heach of his pockets and puffed hout wolumes of smoke, and looked as happy as if he had done a wirtuous haction, and it war rewarding him.

"'You are wery kind,' said I, feeling reluctance at being hunder a hobligation; 'but——'

"'You is too proud to get hinto debt,' says he, hinterrupting me. 'That's hall nonsense—harf the world lives upon tick. So why shouldn't you foller the fashion? If I likes to trust you that's my look hout, so here's a ticket. Come to-night and make yourself jolly, for 'twill be a hout and hout concarn.'

"Arter a good deal of persuasion I takes the ticket, and away I goes ome, cogitating hall the way as to how I should manage to have my lark and yet happear to do the genlemn in the treating line. 'I can't chalk hup,' says I to myself, 'that would look so queer, and hexpose my powerty to the gals. Yet I've no money, and if I go I *must*.' It so happened that day that uncle war taking his nap arter dinner in the back parlour, and I war left alone in the shop, where I amused myself by killing flies and staring hout of the winder, as is usual with grocers' boys, when a lady comed in, and I served her to six hounces of eight shilling black and two of ten shilling green, and a pound of tenpenny lump.

"'Wot's the next harticle, ma'm?' says I, arter I had weighed 'em and done 'em hup in paper.

"'Nuffin,' says she, 'that will do.'

"'Thank you, ma'm,' says I. 'I can recommend hour eightpenny moist, and we've some capital good coffee at two and six.'

"'No,' says she, 'I don't want nuffin more. How much is this?'

"'Five and a penny, if you please, ma'm,' says I, making the calkerlation on the parcel. 'Where shall I have the pleasure of sending it?'

"'I won't trouble you,' says she, putting down the money, and taking hup the parcel and going hon, 'I havn't far to go.'

"Thank you, ma'm,' says I, and I war jest going to brush the money hinto the till, when a thought came suddenly hinto my ed as made me pause and give a hasty look hinto the parlour, and another through the winder of the shop. 'Spose I pockets the money?' says I to myself. 'Who's to know anything about it? My huncle's asleep, and there aynt nobody to see me; with this I could cut a splash at the Hadam and Heve, and not be beholden to nobody.' One, and *but* one, thought of my dishonesty and ingratitude came across me, and it made me pause a second, and then hadwance the money nearer the slit in the counter. But my hevil hinclination perwailed—I grasped the shillings in my hand and put them in my pocket—*and I war a thief.* The hevil deed war scarcely done, when I heard my huncle moving, and presently he hopened the parlour door, and came hinto the shop.

"'Done hany business, Fred?' says he, rubbing his hands, and smiling in his usual good-humoured way.

"'No, sir,' says I, carelessly; 'I've had the shop hall to myself.'

"'Who's been spilling the tea?' says the hold genlemn, picking hup two or three grains I had spilt on the counter when I served the lady. 'Will you and Mr. Turner never learn to weigh tea without wasting it? If you go on in this way you'll lose me harf-a-pound a day.

Look wot a lot you've thrown hover; put it hinto the dust-canister, and be more careful in future, or I'll stop it hout of your wages.'

"Hall the time he war making these remarks, I feeled as if I war standing on the edge of a precipice; I hexpected hewery minet to be found hout, and I would have given the world to have taken the money hout of my pocket and slipt it into the till; but it war ordained otherwise, for my huncle sat down jest before it, hunlocked the drawer, and counted wot was in it. 'Hah,' says he, shutting it up, and locking it, and then walking to his desk, 'a good deal better than yesterday—the preserving season is doing us good.' Then he took hup the hevening paper, and beginned to read.

"The moment he left the till I got bold, and thought myself quite safe, so I goes hup to him and asks permission to go home early, for, as you know, I lived with my mother, and my uncle never knowed how I passed my hevenings arter I left the shop.

"'Oh, yes,' says he, 'you may go now, if you like: I'm not going out, and I don't want you any more.'

"Away I went, dresses myself, and goes to the ball, where I remained till past five in the morning.

"Having once got hover the boundary of honour and wirtue, I grew gradually bolder and bolder, till I made it a regular practice to watch my hopportunity either of taking money hout of the till when it war hunlocked, or laying my hands on wot was paid me by the customers.

"You know how I went on treating myself and my pardners, and I remember your wondering at my having so much money. Several times you questioned me, but I halways managed to turn it hoff by making you believe my huncle war hindulgent. Knowing your powerty, I hoften prewailed on you to accept a few shillings, and thus it war I became the hinstrument of your ruin. I war not suffered to carry on these dishonest practices long, for my huncle received hinformation of a neighbour, who had watched my proceedings and had seen me pocket the customers' money, that I war a thief. This

he would not believe, till some shillings war marked and paid to me, some of which I spent at the Hadam and Heve, one I gave to you, and the rest war found in my pocket.

"When my delinquency war discovered I ran away, and I remained knocking about London, plunging hinto hall sorts of debaucheries as long as my money lasted; and then I beginned to think of reforming and doing something to gain an honest living. But it war too late; I could turn to nuffin arout a character.

"I wandered about for several weeks starving and homeless. I parted with hewery article of my clothes hexcept my shirt and trousers, and in that state I have slept hunder the harches of the bridges, on baskits at Covent-garden market, on the benches in the parks, hunder gateways and on door steps, supporting life by begging and stealing—yes, Bill, by stealing—for I had got so thoroughly lost to hewery good and honest feeling, that I thought it no sin. Many and many a time have I been taken up for picking pockets or robbing carriages, and many a month have I had in Bridewell and the hother prisons; and I have twice stood my trial at the Hold Bailey, and narrowly hescaped being hanged and transported.

"When fust I went hinto prison I war sorrowful and repentant, but from wot I learned there I came hout a reckless, daring ruffian. I joined a gang of housebreakers, and became one of the most bold and expert thieves in the metropolis. My share of the plunder being considerable, I war henabled to give way to the wiciousness of my nature by rewelling in hall the hintoxicating pleasures of riot and debauchery. But this state of guilty henjoyment did not last long; the day of reckoning came sooner than I expected, for the Bow-street runners got *hanging* information against me, and I war compelled to purchase their connivance at my escape at the expense of hewery shilling I had in the world. Thus London became too hot for me, and I war obliged to keep out of the way. I lingered as long as *I could, going* out in disguise, till, being reduced to my

last shilling, and dreading to encounter the miseries I had gone through afore, I enlisted in a West-India regiment.

"The duty and hardships of a soldier's life, you may imagine, war little suited to my luxurious and indolent habits. I gave way to the wildest dissipation, for I war reckless of all consequences, and wished to kill myself. Kindness and sewerity war both quite the same to me—I cared for neither. I have several times been flogged, and larfed at it. Hard drinking and the climate brought on the yellow fever. I thought then I should go, and I prayed for death to take me; but no, my punishment war not complete—I am left, as you see, to linger in hopeless torture. But I feel my sufferings are drawing to an end. To-night or to-morrow will about settle me—my strength is ebbing fast—and I have had waking dreams of my early days, and I have thought of praying for forgiveness. Meeting with you has been a comfort to me, for it has enabled me to do an act of justice. Here is a letter I wrote last night to my uncle; I have sworn to the truth of its contents in the presence of the chaplain, whose signature you will find after mine. When you go ashore, deliver it, and you'll find I have done you justice. Now help me down to my hammock, for I haven't power to hold up any more."

I helped him down, and remained with him till he died, which war but a few hours arter, and the next morning I seed his body launched hinto the deep.

This war another lesson to me, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never forget that twelve o'clock *must* come.

SPECIMENT.—S'pose you takes a fancy to something you haven't the ready money to purchase, wouldn't you be a fool to go and give a bill for it, which it would utterly ruin you to pay? In course you would. So it are with reputation and constertution; if you draws bills on them, they is sure to take your body in execution.

CHAPTER XVI.

"AND this," said I to myself, as I lay in my hammock reflecting on the death of my early friend and companion, "this is the end of poor Fred Flipper!—a gentleman by birth and eddication serving in the ranks, a degraded houtcast, cut hoff in the morning of his life, hunpitied, hunlamented! Wot a bright hornament to society he might have been had his mind been directed hinto the right course! And wot a warning for all young men as is gay and wild of the fatal consequences of dishonesty! and wot a lesson to fathers and hall them wot has the care of youth! The fust should learn from it to reflect before they gives way to their hinclinations, and the last to be considerate and merciful, and hoffer premiums for good conduct."

Poor Fred! he passed away and war forgotten as much as if he had never been. So it are with hall on us. We is bringed hup with hanxious care and tenderness till we is hold enough to help hourselves; then hall hour study are to find hout wot will give us the greatest gratification. We lives on from year to year, doing hour hutmost to get rich and make hourselves comfortable with hall sorts of luxuries and pleasures, and trying hewery means in hour power to preserve hour youth and good looks, till, hall of a sudden, we is taken hill and dies, and then hall hour mother's trouble in hour hinfancy, and hour hown patching and dressing and hindulgence, hall goes for nuffin. We is prowision for the worms, and hall hour greatness are forgotten in a hinstant. Hour friends and hacquaintances says, when they hears we is gone, "Dear me! poor feller! how shocking! I is wery sorry, wery; how wery sudden! Poor feller, poor feller!" and there's an end. They eats their dinner arout any loss of happetite, the sun shines, the wind blows, the same crowds fill the streets and public places, the poor friend is not missed, and a week

arter he has been put hinto the ground nobody but his himmediate relations, and perhaps one or two *real* friends, hewer troubles their eds with a thought of him again—'cept, perhaps, they happens to stumble hover one of his letters, wrote some time afore, in which he gives a description of some happy hewent as as befelled him, and then they brushes away a tear or two and says, "Poor Tom, or Harry, when you wrote this, you little dreamed of lying stiff and cold in the churchyard. Poor feller, I thought you would have outlived me. Well, well, its wot we must hall come to, so it's no use grieving." These wery words is said hewery day, and shame to our hard hearts be it spoke and wrote, there is wery few on us as hasn't dismissed a long friendship with as little feeling.

To go about from the miserable tack, and persede with my history. I and George soon got quite recovered, and "by the mark seven" and "quarter less five" war singed hout in due time by the leadsmen from the chains, and not long arter we runned hinto Plymouth, and comed to an hancor in Hermoze, where we remained a week waitin horders, when news of the Haymiens peace war telegrafed down, and we war shortly arterwards paid hoff and discharged.

This war a glorious hewent for hall on us, but most perticlerly for George and me (who both on us, as it war hexpected, got a free pardon from the Hadmiraltry), and hold Tom, and the young feller we called the Lord Mayor's Fool. Didn't we caper and sing? I believes we did indeed—nuffin couldn't hold us.

Arter we'd been in with hour hats to the pay-clerks, and had shoved and wallopped hour way to the gangway through a crowd of genlemn and ladies who called us "My love," and "My tear," and wanted to himpress hupon us the necessity of hexchanging our coin for splendid repatur vatches, helegant togs, much better as new, raal gold seals, and a thousand other jimcracks and second-hand combustibles, we pitched hour kits hinto shore-boats, and shoved hoff amid a wolley of chaff mingled with a running fire of hexecrations.

I shall never forget my delight when I fust put my foot on the shingles at North-corner; I shouted and capered like a madman. So did we hall. Many a month's pay went that arternoon and night, and many a poor pressed feller, who hadn't touched Hinglish ground for two or three years, got cleaned hout of hewery copper of his pay and prize-money afore the week war hover.

Thousands have done these foolish things, and thousands will do them again, so thoughtless and himprovident is poor Jack.

Arter each mess had taken a parting glass together at the Corner, we separated and went away haccording to hour different hinclinations. Some (and a precious lot they was on 'em), went on the randan, hothers home to their wives and sweethearts, and hothers started by the coaches for London. George, who hadn't got no friends he cared perticlerly for in town, determined to have a week's spree at Dock and Plymouth; Canterberry Tom went to his wife and family, who lived at Mount Hedgecombe; and Young Lord Mayor's Fool and me, and a lot of hothers, took places on the houtside of the coach for London.

"Good-bye hold boys," says Canterberry, shaking hands with his perticlers, "glad to see you at the hold ooman's cottage whenever you likes to drop hin—you'll halways find a thimble-full of the genuine, and a good hearty welcome. And as for you, young devil-skins," he continued, nearly wrenching off my fingers, and hitting George a twister in the wind, "if you don't come hover and smoke a pipe with me, I'll log you for skulkers, and never tell you my history, or hinwent hany more moonshine yarns to amoose you. Now mind, I hexpect you, so good-bye till I see you again." Then away he went with his hold ooman, who had comed hower to conwoy him home, and hup I jumped hon the coach.

"Awast, awast," says I, as the coachman was gathering hup his ribands, and the hostlers war putting hup their hands to draw the horsecloths; "stop, stop, you are going to leave a passenger behind." I meant my [redacted] Mayor's Fool, who I didn't see among us.

"That's his look-hout," says the genlemn of the big neckcloth and vipcord. "If he aynt here its nuffin to me—my time's up, and hon ve goes. All right, pull hoff the pelises, and away we toddles."

Hoff went the cloths, smack went the vip, "Hurrah," says the sailors, and hon went the coach, clattering like a whirlwind.

"Well," says I to the chap wot sat next me, "this here is one of the spooniest moves I ever heard on. That ere Lord Mayor's Fool has paid his fare, and here we is off arout him!"

"It sarves him right," says the tar happealed to. "He's the sappiest, know-nuffinest kid in the whole fleet. He ought never to come out arout bringing his mother to take care on him."

Hon we went in the usual naughtical style, larking and drinking, and playing up old gooseberry, till we got to Hexeter, where we changed coaches, and had a good blowout of bub and grub.

"All right?" says the new coachman, giving a squint back, and preparing to flank his leaders and start.

"No, no, dem me eyes, no," bawls a genlemn from the hinn door. "Staup a minit till I get hin! don't go arout me."

"Hollo," says I, struck by the woice and the accent, which war real Cockney, "why, if it isn't the Lord Mayor!"

"So it are," says the chaps. "My eyes, wot a swell! Twig his boots and long togs, and chitterling, and hag-grawating white hat."

It war indeed, that helegant young youth restored to his former butterfly state, who had been one of hour hinsides hall the way from Dock arout our knowing on him, and well we mightn't, for the halteration in his happearance war wonderful. 'Stead of the dirty loblolly boy in a patched jacket and tarry trousers, he war a fust-rate Bond-street dandy, in a plum-coloured long-tailed coat, fawn-coloured tite panterloons and Hessian boots, hoceans of white neck-cloth and frill, fizzled hair and a himmense drab beaver hat.

"Let's have him pon deck and cut hoff his tails," says my companions, ripe for a bit of mischief.

"No, no," says I, "let's pertend not to know him, and get the coachman to tell the people that he's the Lord Mayor of London, travelling on the sly to take hobserwations for laying on a new lot of taxes."

"Capital," says they hall. "Heave round." And haccordingly the coachman, who war a jolly trump, and went hinto the joke with a rare good will, put it about at the fust place we stopped to change, and in less than five minutes the coach was surrounded by a mob, who shoved their eds hinto the winders, and threatened and shooked their fistes at his worship.

"Dem me eyes, wot's the matter?" says our dandy friend, hastonished at the proceedings. "Who the deuce do you take me for?"

"Take you for?" says the people, hooting and yelling,—"why for wot you is, you white-livered warmint,—a skulking, hunderminding, common hinformer, as is the henemy of the poor, and wants to ruin 'em by laying hon more taxes. We knows you, Mr. Lord Mayor, and we tells you wot it is, you hugly mooncalf—if hever you dares to come spying here again we'll toss you in a blanket and tar and feather you."

"Oh, you hinfernal willins," says he, leaning hout, and looking hup at us, and speaking in a wiolent rage, "you has put me hin for this. Tell 'em its honly a lark, and send 'em hoff."

"I wish we could, my lord," said I, touching my hat, and speaking wery respectful; "but your lordship's fizzog are too well knowed to be mistaken. We would be wery happy to pertend its a joke of ourn, but nobody wouldn't believe us. Hall we can do are to get the coachman to drive hon."

"Pull him hout and duck him," roared the mob, trying to hopen the door. "Cut away, coachman, or I shall be murdered!" shouted the wictim, and away we went at a hard gallop, with the whole willage, hincluding the geese and donkeys and dogs, tearing arter us, and shillylooing like one o'clock.

We played the same game at hewery place we passed through, till at last the poor devil got so hunmercifully guyed and chiveyed that he war hobligated to cry for quarter, and make his peace with us by standing a general treat, which served to keep us in good spirits till we got to the Golden Cross, where we shook hands and parted. The Lord Mayor took a jarvey and went to his friends in the Borough, the tars took another and went houtside to Wapping, and I took another and went home to my mother at Bagnigge Wells.

"Stop, stop!" says I, pulling the check-string, when we comed hopposite the Foundling. "That'll do, coach'ee, let me hout—I'll walk the rest." So hout I bundles, tips the fare and a drain, and then leans against a post, and looks about me.

It was jest three o'clock on a fine morning in the beginning of July. The daylight war gradually getting whiterer and whiterer, till at last the sun topped the houses in Clerkenwell, and his bright yellow beams jack-a-lanterned on the pavement, and gilded the heastern winders of the hospital, and played at bo-peep among the trees, whose dusty leaves seemed tipped with fire, while the giant shadows of the branches took hall sorts of queer shapes, and kept going hup and down the middle and pouretting with the chimbleys of the houses in Lambs-condick-street.

How beautiful London, or hany great city, looks at the first fading away of night and the coming of morning! How silent is the streets, and how pictur-like is the houses in their stern, gost-like, white light, and long grey shadows! We sees this to perfection in the works of Candleletti (or some name as sounds wery like it), who, I can't help thinking, must have painted his picturs at day-break, for they is so calm, and clear, and cold. Nobody can't look hupon such a perfectly beautiful sight arout hadmiring it. Hewen the drunkard and the rake is struck by it, for they stops and looks round, and mutters to themselves, "Demn'd fine, 'pon me honour—beautiful—splendid—magnificent, by hall that's pictorial."

Oh! how wery different London are now to wot it war at the time as I took my view on it from the post. None of them beautiful squares and streets, as lies heast and west, and north of the hospital, war built then. It war hall hopen fields right hup to Ampstead an Ighgate and Hislington. Bagnigge Wells stood by itself at the foot of the hill, jest where it does now; and then it looked the wery pictur of countryfiedness and hinnocence. There war the beautiful white-washed walls, with the shell grotto in the hoctagon summer-ouse, where Nell Gwynne used to sit and watch for King Charles the Second. By the by, a pictur done by a famus hartist of them days, Sir somebody Neller I thinks war his name, represents the hidentical ouse (it war a fine palace then), with the hidentical hoctagon summer-ouse, with the beautiful Nelly leaning hout of the winder, with her lily-white hand and arm a beckoning, while the king is seed in the distance galloping like vinking across the fields a waving his hat and feathers. While a little page, with little tobacker-pipe legs, in white stockings, stands ready to hopen a little door in the garden wall, and let hin the royal wisitor, while two little black and tan spaniels is frisking about and playing hup hold gooseberry among the flower beds. That ere pictur used to hang hup in the bar parlour. It's wanished now. So are the bust as war in the long room; but there's another portrait pictur of her, all alone by herself, done by Sir Peter Lely, still to be seen. (This ere last coorosity war discovered honly a year or two ago, rolled hup among some rubbige in the loft hunder the roof.) Then there's the old-fashioned clock on the stair-case, and on the outside wall of the garden there's the hidentical little door, which the little page used to hopen, with a woman's face cut in stone, jest over an inscription, which says:—

S † T
THIS IS BAGNIGGE
HOVSE NEARE
THE PINDERA
WAKEFEILDE
1680

That ere face, thof it's battered and hugly now, are said to have been hintended for a paregorical likeness, as the goddess of comedy, of the hancient fair howner of the premises.

Besides the white-washed walls, and the hoctagon shell grotto, there war the tea-garden, with its honeysuckle and sweetbriar harbours, where they used to drink tea hout of wery small cups, and heat the far-famed little hot loaves and butter. Then there war the dancing-plot, and the gold and silver fish-ponds, and the bowling-green, and skittle-alley, and fire-work ground, hall so romantic and rural, standing in the middle of a lot of fields, and shaded around with trees. Now it's a wery different concarn, for it's surrounded with buildings. The gardens is cut hoff to nuffin, and the ouse looks tumble-down and miserable.

This falling hoff and ruination aynt singular to the Bagnigge, for it's the same with lots of hother places I used to delight in in my young days. Ranelah, for instance, which war a tip-top fashernable resort, are quite done away with, and nuffin now remains of it but the row of hold trees in Ranelah-walk, and them I can perfectly well remember seeing hung with coloured lamps, while hundreds of the most beautifullest ladies and highest and noblest genlemn of the land war masquerading hunderneath 'em.

That Ranelah war a place! There never war nuffin to hequal it!—sich a helegant *teatotal society* will never be got together again. I goes hewery summer to beat the bounds, as I calls it, of hall the places I used to frolic in in by-gone time; and when I put my hands on the ouses as covers the spot where the Rotunday stood, I thinks of the gay scenes I har seed there, when the present grandfathers and grandmothers war young and handsome gals and boys; and I says to myself, "Bill, my boy, you remembers the days, hold feller, when there war beautifuller things than bricks and mortar to look at here!—when there war bright eyes in the place of these winders, and warm flesh and blood in place of these cold walls." Ah! how many of the gay ones of them days is grown wrinkled and hold, or is passed away, and how their sons

and daughters is now a treading in their steps, and himitating them in the present gay world, and how soon they will drop hoff, and make room for a new generation! So it are with the gardens and buildings. They has their day, and dies, or grows hold and hout of fashion, jest like their customers. The Dog and Duck, hover by the Bedlam, are clean rubbed hout; Tunbridge Wells, the White Condick, and Merlin's Cave, is so haltered, nobody would recollect 'em; the Shepherd and Shepherdess-fields is nearly gone; and poor Wauxhall, I hears, is going to be built hupon. In fact, hall the hold places of amoosement is done for. The concerts in the public-houses has ruined the theatres; the railroads and steamboats has ruined the tea-gardens; the Hoppera and the clubs has ruined Ranelah and Wauxhall; the segar diwans and coffee-shops and reading-rooms has ruined the taverns. Nuffin thrives now but gin-palaces, penny noosepapers, foreign singers, railroads, steamboats, and hanti-slavery and missionary societies. They is hall at a premium, and makes fortunes. In hewerything helse, as poor John Reeve used to say in Jack Ragg, "There's nuffin stirring but stagnation;" and hunless a man can hinwent a haerial railroad to China, or hestablish a Hanti-Blow-About-Balloon Company, to carry people to hall parts of the world, there's no chance of getting hanything more than a bread-and-cheese living nohow.

Begging pardon for this ere long digression, hon we goes again with my history. Arter I had looked about me for a minet or two, and hadmired hall the things I har described, which hall on 'em, strange to say, seemed a wery great deal smallerer, and lowerer, and narrower than when I seed 'em last—(I couldn't haccount for this hoptical delusion then, but I can now. I had growed myself, and had been haccustomed to look on bigger hobjects, so the little ones suffered by the comparison)—"S'pose mother should have moved from the cottage, or be dead," says I to myself. "Who knows?—heither are wery likely. I wish I'd wrote to her from Plymouth, or had cum hup later in the day; three o'clock in the morning are too hearly to take people by surprise. Perhaps the

poor dear hold soul has been hup hall night working at the tub, and has only jest gone to bed; I'd better not disturb her for an hour or two. S'pose I takes a walk in the fields, or drops hinto a hearly purl ouse, and has a glass of dog's-nose."

As I didn't know of no ouse as war near, I decided for the fields; so I slings my bread bag hover my shoulder, and away I marches in the direction of wot's now knowed as Somers Town, but which war then called the Long Fields, whistling and singing, and thinking how hover-joyed mother would be at seeing me again. Away I cuts through field arter field, and jumps hover stile arter stile, and torks to the milkmaids as they war milking their cows. Then I hinspects the pig-feeding hestablishments (there war a lot of 'em about that neighbourhood then), and sees the butchers bring hup their carts loaded with hoffal, which the grunters yammed in a most relishing and rawenous manner.

"There's your *dairy-fed pork!*" says I to myself. "Wont I in future give the preference to beef and mutton? I should think so, rather."

Arter passing an hour and a harf in this way, I turns back, and makes hup my mind to get the meeting hover, when hall of a sudden I catches a glimpse of something white moving about hour cottage garden, for as it war situated on the brow of the hill, I had a good view of it. So I hopens my bread bag, pulls hout my spy-glass, brings it to bear on the hobject, and there, sure enough, war the dear hold ooman a bustling about in a short white bed-gownd, hanging hout sheets and table-cloths to dry on the lines and hedges. Hoff I runned like a lapwing, and in less than no time war chiveying past the Bagnigge, and in another harf minet I jumped hover the railings of hour front garden, bolted through the ouse to the back, and, arout saying a word, caught the deer hold creeter in my arms.

"Oh!" she screamed, for as I had took her quite unawares, as she war pegging on a table-cloth, she hadn't time to recognise me. "Murder! let me go, let me go!"

"Don't be frightened, mother," says I; "it's honly your poor Bill come back from sea."

"W—h—a—t!" says she, starting, and holding back her ed, and looking at me, and then bursting hinto a larfing, crying, scream of joy, and throwing her arms round my neck, and hugging and kissing me. "It are, it are, my boy! my d—e—a—r, d—e—a—r b—o—y!" Then she sobbed, and larfed, and cried, and put back my hair, and held me away from her, and clapped her hands, and looked wonderstruck at the halteration of my happearance, and then she hugged and kissed me again.

This war one of the happiest hewents of my life, and it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—The coarsest flower makes the wholesomest bread.

SPECIMENT.—"Oh! how I should like to have a good tuck out of them nice tarts," said a boy who war looking hin at a pastry-cook's winder. "If I might heat as many on 'em as I pleased wouldn't I be happy?"

"You shall try," said the master, who overheard him. "Come in, and I'll take you for my 'prentice."

The boy took him at his word; and for a day or two war as happy as a donkey in a clover field, heating away, ready to bust, at cakes and tarts and hall sorts of nice things. But his happiness didn't last long, for they made him so wery sick and ill, that afore a week war passed, he couldn't abide heven the smell on 'em, and he thought a hunk of brown bread and butter far preferabler to hall the sweet kickshaws in the world.

So it are with them as thinks to find happiness in hindulging in gay pleasures; they wery soon gets tired of 'em, and is glad to return to the humble comforts of home.

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE is few pleasanter moments in hour passage through life than them we henjoys on hour first day at ome arter we has been away from it for some time. We has so much to tell, so much to hear, and so many hold friendships to renew with people, and things, and places, that hour time passes in a constant whirl of happy hexcitement. This war my case, for wot with telling my hadwentures, hasking questions arter my friends and hacquaintances, and inspecting hewery nook and corner of hour cottage and garden, night comed afore I'd got harf settled, and I went to bed and dreamed my happiness hover again.

Mother's wonderment at my perils and hescapes I thought wouldn't never hend, for, not contented with making me go hover my hadwentures several times the day afore, she kept on continually a torking on 'em while I war heating my breakfast, which you may be sure war a good un; for haccording to her custom on high days and holidays, the dear old ooman had stepped hover to Jenkins's for a bit of steak, and had biled some heggs and made the tea extra strong.

"Deary me, deary me," she went on, as she war sitting on a little low chair a watching on me while I war heating, "honly to think now of your being at ome again! I thought I should never see you no more, and it war honly the day afore yesterday that I said to Mrs. Sims—'don't spare the butter, there's a whole harf-pound in the kubbard—I shouldn't be at all surprised if my poor Bill war killed or drowned.'—If I hadn't knowed the water had biled I should say the tea hadn't mashed. Stop till I gives it the mantemaker's twist. There, now it's something like.—But you isn't, for there you sits looking the wery picture of health and handsomeness. You does,

my boy, and it's the joy and pride of my heart that I has the hopportunity of telling you so. Oh, if you had been flogged, what should I have done!—put in plenty of milk and sugar—I'd have gone to the king about it, sure as quarter-day I would. And if them nasty sharks had bit off your precious legs, how hawful that would have been!—nice and tender steak, aynt it?—it makes my flesh crawl to think hon it. There's some nice fresh mustard.—Snap the monster's teeth would have goed jest as a dog's does when he catches a bit of meat as is throwed to him—it's jest done as you likes, with the gravy in it,—and you would have been scrunched, bones and all. Then them dreadful West Hingees, with the yellow fever, and the land crabs—ugh! it makes me shudder to think on 'em.—Try a hegg, there's a dear; I knows they's fresh laid. If they had—what do you call it—*jammed* you, wouldn't that have been orrid?—They's too hard biled, soften 'em with a bit of butter.—Then the musketeers, and the snakes, and the kill-devils!—oh, my poor dear boy, wot marickulus hescapes you has had surely?"

That's the way she kept hon a mixing hup her conwersation hall day long; and when hany of her perticler friends dropped in, hover she had my whole history from the beginning to the hend. Once, when I had been hout to make some henquiries about Mr. Hallspice, I comed back rather hunexpectedly, and there I cotched her and Mrs. Sims, and three or four more of her hold perticlers, hall setting together at high tea, and from the lifting hup of their hands, and the hexclamations of "You don't say so!" "Well, I never!" "Goodness gracious!" and "How hawful!" which I heard as I war hopening the garden gate, I knowed that mother war hastonishing 'em with a full, true, and perticler haccount of hall my sayings and doings.

The moment the wisitors seed me, hup they gets, and war sklithering away like rabbits when a dog hintrudes hinto a warren, when mother calls hout, "Stop, stop, Mrs. Sims, don't go yet—Mrs. Brown, dont stir—where's your hurry, Mrs. Slater? Don't let my Bill frighten you away! Come back, Mrs. Younghusband, you ought

to know better than to run away from a jacket and trousers. Come back, ye devils, hall on you, and say welcome to the boy, and as this is a regler red-letter-day in the kalender of hour comfort, we must have a drop of sumat together on the strength of it."

Then she dived her hand hinto her pocket, and gived a bit of money to Mrs. Sims, and in a whisper communicated some hinstructions to her, of which the words, "The best, and make haste," war hall that war haudible, and then hall the ladies got hup again, and said, "No, no, not a drop, we couldn't touch nuffin for hall the world." Then they comed hup to me and shook hands and seemed wery glad to see me, and then Mrs. Sims comed back with sumat in a pint pot, which she poured hout hinto a wine-glass as hadn't got no foot, and by the direction of mother kept on continually a-filling it and passing it round to the company, who fust put it to their lips and tasted it, and then nodded their eds to me, and said, "Your wery good elth, sir; glad to see you 'ome again." Then the eds war throwed back, and the hands turned up with a jerk, and down went the *sumat* at a gulp, in that peculiar style as is called "making no bones of it."

"Thank you, ladies—wery much obliged," says I, "here's hall your good elths in return." Then I did the tasting and nodding and the jerking, and the pint pot being by this time M T, I, with a deal of persuasion, perwailed on the ladies to let me cause 'em to ditto repeat the revolutions, by diving hinto my pocket, and whispering the same hocus-pocus words to Mrs. Sims.

Next morning I dresses myself wery neat, puts poor Fred Flipper's letter in my pocket, and hoff I goes to deliver it to Mr. Hallspice.

I gets to Holburn, and there I sees the shop jest in the same place, with the same things in the winder, and the hold gentleman's bald ed a bobbing hup and down just as I always remembered it. But Mr. Calomel's shop war haltered, for it had got a new front, and war much finer and heleganter, the show-bottles war biggerer, and the patents and handceteras war more warious and

granderer. In short, it looked as if it had got hon in the world and kept its carriage.

"Now, Bill," says I to myself, as I stood collecting my hideas at the corner of the street, a few doors off, "wot will happen to you in a few minets, hold feller, will have a wery great hinfluence on your future life, so recollect the greatness of the stake you is playing for, and mind you don't give no chance away."

Who is there as hasn't torked to himself in this ere way on similar hoccasions of his life, and hasn't trembled with hope and fear while he stopped to think of the consequences of the haction he war jest about to do. It is jest like wot we feels when we is making hup hour minds to plunge hinto the sea. I war at Margate last week and tried it. We wants to make the jump, but we hasn't resolution. We pauses at the door of the machine, and thinks of harf-measures. We is hinclined to take hold of the cord and creep in feet fust, by going down the steps. Then we shivers at the thought of the cold, and then, arter shilly-shallying awhile like fools, plucks hup courage, and in we goes ed hover eels, comes hup hall right, and arter a blow or two and a shake of the ed, finds we is hall right, and swims quite warm and comfortable.

"'Spose he won't believe the letter!" says I. "That would be wery hunpleasant. I shouldn't like to be suspected of hanother himposition, and I don't know where to find the chaplain. I've a great mind to hinclose it in a letter of my hown, and send somebody with it. Yes, perhaps that would be the best. At hall hewents it would spare me the hawkardness of a huncertainty. Yet that's not plucky; 'tis better to face it and have it hover at once. Yes, yes, it are." So saying, I buttoned hup my jacket, set my hat tight hupon my ed, strode across the street, and hentered the shop.

There war nobody hin it but the hold genlemn, and he didn't at all recollect me; which warn't hextrornary, for five years hadn't himproved his sight; and I war so growed and haltered, that them as had seed me long arter he had didn't know me.

"What are your pleasure, sir?" says he, bowing hover the counter in his usual civil hold-fashioned way. "To what shall I have the honour of sarving you?"

"Nuffin, thank you, sir," says I, looking at him hernestly, and feeling quite sorry to see him so much more paler and thinner and holder in the face, which seemed to have shrunk hup and withered.

This halteration struck me wery much then, for he war the first hold person I had seed hafter a habsence of some years; but since then I has hoften had hopportunities of witnessing the progress of hage in many of my friends, and it are hastonishing how marked are the changes wot takes place from the child to the youth, the young man, the man, the middle-haged man, the helderly man, and the hold man. 'Spose the fust are a fine chubby little feller with sturdy limbs, big larfing eyes, rosy cheeks, and curly hair. He changes in a few years to a tall handsome stripling, with the fat chiselled away from his cheeks, so that his forehead, and nose, and eyes, and chin, becomes more prominent. Then the broad shoulders, muskuler chest and limbs, and flashing eyes, and filled-hup cheeks, and restless mouth, denotes the young man. Then the skin of the face becomes less transparent (I means thickerer), the hair on the ed grows thinnerer and less curlier, while that of the whiskers and beard grows darkerer and strongerer, the eyes is sunk deeperer in the ed, their hexpression is milderer, and the mouth is quieter. That proclaims the man. Then the shoulders, hinstead of leaning back, lean forrud, they grows biggerer and rounderer, and the face is intersected here and there with wrinkles, the waist gets thickerer, and the whole body plumperer, the hair falls hoff from the temples and top of the ed, and the eyes gets dimmerer. That's the middle-haged man. Then the shoulders bend more forruder, the face becomes shrivelled and wisened, or wery fat and puffy, the nose and chin is pinted, or carbunkled and doubled, the flesh shrinks on the limbs and body, or else becomes wery corperlent, and the hair heither falls hoff or turns grey. That's the helderly man. Then the eyes heither gets quite sunk in the ed

or stands hout wery goggling, the ed shakes, the hair is very thin and white, the face is wery pale and corded with wrinkles, the body is wery thin and bent, the legs is weak and tottering, and the hands is like bird's claws. That's the hold man.

Hall these changes I has witnessed hover and hover again. I has gone away and left people boys and gals, and has come back some years arter, and found 'em steady middle-haged fathers and mothers. Hothers I has left in the prime of life, and hasn't seen again till they war hold and decrepid. In coorse the halteration in their happearance made an himpression on me, and teached me to know the different stages of life by their peculiar marks, and I can now halways tell a man's hage within a year or two. The women, I confesses, sometimes bother me a little, for they takes more care of themselves than we does, and their dressing and setting themselves hoff with fine clothes will sink a handful of years. But there *is* marks in them, notwithstanding hall their hartful dodges to get the windward of time, by which we hold sogers, as has read faces from hinfancy, can pretty nearly date 'em.

To return to Mr. Hallspice. Arter I had taken my look at him, and had made the hobserwations I have described, I said, taking hoff my hat, and making a wery respectful bow, "I don't want to buy nuffin, sir; but I've got a letter to deliver to you, sir, which are wery private and pertickler."

"Ah, ah, ah, indeed, indeed!" says he, speaking in his short quick way, and holding back his head, and looking at me hunder his spectacles, "Wot are it, wot are it?—give it me, give it me!"

"I will, sir," says I, taking Fred's confession hout of my pocket-book, and handing it to the hold genlemn. "But it's on a wery melancholy subject, sir, and I fears you'll be wery much shocked by it."

"Dear me, dear me, you don't say so—you don't say so," says he, a taking it, and putting down his spectacles, which he had jest before pushed hup arout knowing it, and twisting and turning it hover and hover, and hex-

mining the handwriting and the seal. "Who are it rom, who are it from?"

"Hopen it, if you please, sir," says I, not liking to ell him; "you'll find the name hin the hinside."

"True, true," says he, cutting it hopen, "in coorse, in coorse." Then he beginned to read; but the wery fust line struck him hall of a heap, for his hands clenched the letter tighterer, and they shook wery much as he brought the writing nearer his eyes, and the colour comed hinto his face, and he hastily turned hover the leaf to find the name. Then he went hup to his desk, and put his hand to his ed for harf a minet, and then he read the letter right through in great haste and hagitation.

Hall this time I stood with my hat in my hand a watching on him, and I seed haffection and sorrow for his nevey and gladness for my hinnocence rise one arter the hother at the warious passages. When he got to the hend he let the letter drop hon the desk, and he folded his arms, and leaned back in his chair, and thinked for a minet or two, arter which he took hoff his spectacles, wiped them and his eyes, and wery slowly spelt the letter hover again.

Hall of a sudden he stops, and looks at me, and says, "Where's William Muggins?—why didn't he bring this ere himself?"

"I are that hindewidual, sir," says I, "the hidentical Bill Muggins, the young youth as you war so kind to."

"Wot, you! you, little Pill?" says the good hold genlemn, jumping hoff his chair, and coming from behind the counter, and staring wery hard at me. "Why, so it are! Dear me, dear me, how you is growed. Why, you is quite a man!"

"Yes, sir," says I; "five years has made a great halteration hin me."

"Halteration!" says the hold genlemn, hexamining hon me from ed to foot, "you aynt like the same person. Well, and so poor Fred are dead! Poor feller, poor feller, it war a happy release, prehaps. Yes, yes, it war, it war. And he has hattested your hinnocence of the robbery. Glad of that, glad of that; but it's nuffin

more than I hexpected; I halways thought you warn't a bad un. Never mind, never mind, hall's right now. I has hoften hupbraided myself for haccusing you—thought you were a good lad—took a fancy to you from the wery fust. Never mind, never mind, make you amends—I will, I will. Here, here, shake hands; I'm glad to see you, little Pill—I is, indeed. How you is grown, surely. Too big for a harrand-boy now. Never mind, never mind, find a better place, prehaps. I'll call hover at Mr. Calomel's, and hexplain hewerything. Come here to-morrow, hall shall be right. Poor Fred! poor Fred! sad end, sad end! Hover heddicated, hover heddicated, hideas habove his station. I did hall I could for him. Never mind, never mind, poor feller, he's gone—mustn't speak of his faults. So you is a sailor. Hard life, hard life. Took to it hon haccount of that bad business, I suppose. Ah!—well, well, never mind, hall clear now. Are your mother still alive? Glad to see you, I dare say. Tell her to cheer up. Here, here, here's a guinea. Give it her—buy her a bonnet and a new gown. Must take it—hoffended if you don't. That's right, that's right. Go away now—call to-morrow, call to-morrow. Good-bye, little Pill, good-bye."

Then he shooked my hand again, and pushed me hout of the shop. As I knowed his hasty heccentric way of hacting when hanything hagitated him, I didn't attempt to stay, or say another word; but when I'd got harf way across the street I looked back, and there he war sitting in the back parlour a reading the letter hover again; and from the many times he blowed his nose and wiped his spectacles, I knowed that he war a crying and feeling huncommon sorrowful and cut hup about poor Fred.

I then went home to mother, gives her the guinea, and sets her hall agog with coareosity to know the hupshot of the business. And the next morning I goes back to the hold genlemn's, haccording to happointment, and he sends hover for Mr. Calomel, and we hall three goes hup hinto the drawing-room, and Fred's letter war talked hover. And then Mr. Calomel shooked me wery kindly by the hand, and said he war wery sorry for having

turned me hout of doors, and that he war now so perfectly satisfied and conwinced of my hintegrity, that he would be wery glad to take me back again hinto his service.

"No, no, no, you shan't," says Mr. Hallspice, hinterrupting him. "Little Pill shall come and live with me. Make him my shopman, give him good wages. Wife dead—serwants too young—make his mother take care of my house. It's hall settled, it's hall settled. Glad you is satisfied that he wasn't a thief; but as I war the cause of his being suspected, must make him amends. Must, must, must—so that'll do. Good morning, Mr. Calomel. Go home, Bill, and bring your mother; settle, settle at once."

This hoffer war too good to be refused, and in a few days we left the cottage. Mother war hestablished as the hold genlemn's housekeeper, and I war behind his counter, dressed hin a long-tailed coat and linen hapron, as smart a shopman as hany in the parish. This transmogrification from the larking sailor to the sober citizen war so strange and sudden, that I never seed myself in the glass arout larfing and saying, "Well, this are a rum start, and no mistake!"

"Now, master Bill," says I to myself, the fust day I beginned my new line of life, "now you has got a chance of hestablishing yourself as a respectable man, and if you lets the hopportunity slip, you don't deserve never to have a chance again. Go your hardest, and try to larn your business so as your services may not honly be useful, but necessary to your hemployer."

Here I begs leave to make a little remark for the benefit of hall them as is beginning the world. Many young people who gets placed in good sitewations, thinks that if they keeps honest, and does wot's required of 'em by their masters, they is doing hewery thing as is right, and is getting hon quite as well as their friends can wish. But this is a herror. It aynt enough to done one's duty mecanercally. They as wants to helewate themselves, and make their fortune, will *never* do it by these means; hunless some lucky chance turns hup for 'em they will stick at medehocrity hall

their lives. The way are, to turn hall your henergies to one point, your *business*, making it a regler rule-of-three question. If a *little* hattention and persewerance gives you so much money, and your hemployers so much satisfaction, wot would *a great deal* of hattention and persewerance give? Hanswer: make you so waluable, that it are to the hinterest of your hemployers to hadwance your fortune. I beginned as I hintended to go hon, by strict hattention and never-ceasing hindustry in larning to know hewery bit of the practical part of my business thoroughly. For hinstance, I larnt the prices of hall the things; how to weigh and make hup parcels neatly; and I so worked away at my cifering (which war wery queer when I beginned), that afore long I could make calkerlations arout making mistakes or beating and bothering my brains.

As soon as I had mastered hall these perliminary matters, I turned my thoughts to the higher branches of the trade, and larned to know the qualities of the goods we dealed in, till at last I got so good a judge, that I war trusted to hattend sales and make purchases.

The kindness of Mr. Hallspice to me and mother war hunceasing. He kept continually raising my wages, and making presents to the hold ooman. In short, I war so happy, that I thought nuffin hunfortunate could hewer happen to me again.

To account for one part of my happiness, I felled in love, and got married. These hewents taught me some wery useful lessons, and this is my reflections on 'em :—

MAXIMUM.—There aynt never no such thing as "single blessedness."

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war to go to Wauxhall, hall alone by yourself, do you think you'd have hany fun? Not a bit of it. You'd walk round and round, and moon and stare about at the sights; but as you'd not have nobody to speak to and nobody to be happy with, you'd soon grow tired, and think it is dull and miserable as a desert. So it are with them as lives bachelors;—hall their happiness are spoilt for want of a companion to share it with them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of hall the wonders I has ever met with, the change that good fortune makes in hour happearance and way of thinking and hacting are the most hextrornary. We becomes in a wery short time new people; so much so, that we halmost forgets hourselves, and can scarcely believe that we hever war wot we war, or has gone through wot one has.

Who would think that a well-dressed genlemn as lives in a fine house in a fashernable square, and rides about in his carriage, and gives dinners to the nobillerty, war once a slipshod harrand-boy as slept hunder a counter, and thought himself wery fortunate if he could get a hunk of bread and a bit of cold meat to heat on his knees, with a clasp-knife, arout the hinconwenience of a plate or the haffectation of a silver fork. Or when we sees a beautiful lady, dressed in silk and welwet and feathers, looking the wery pictur of haristumcratical helegance, who would suppose that she war once a dirty drab of a serwant of hall work, as scrubbed the floors and did hall the washing of a wery large family for four pounds a year? Yet such are hoften the fact; and, wot's the hoddest part of the business, the hindewidewals themselves believes they is hall they happears to be, and hactually prides themselves on their hextreme gentillerty.

It takes men some time to polish themselves and rub hout the marks of their horiginal bringing hup; but with women the change are magical. They is sharper-witted and better hactors than we, and, like the new-hinwented *daggeropipe*, not honly reflects hewery hobject they comes in contact with, but gives a finished *hengraving* of it. A fashernable milliner, a shoemaker, and a hairdresser will make a pretty housemaid *look* like a countess, and her natteral hinstinct and quickness of

hobserwation will wery soon henable her to *behave* like one.

These hextrornary changes happens hewery day; and it are astonishing how soon we forgets hour past life, and creeps hon by little and little to have hall the thoughts, and wants, and prides of hour new one. I war a striking proof of this; for afore I had been settled twelve months in the shop, my hideas, and manners, and happearance war so totally haltered that I war quite another person. As my hincome hincreased, my wants and hexpenses became more warious and henlarged, till at last I got so haccustomed to hexpensive comforts that I thought it warn't posserbul for me to live arout 'em. I war a fool then, and war drunk with good fortune; but I have lived to see my herror. Howsomedever, as the history of that ere aynt the pint jest now, I'll persede with my falling in love and getting married.

Both these two things is wery soon wrote, and halmost as soon done; but wot great things they is in hour lives, and how they hinfluences hour subsequent happiness! Who is there as hasn't had a touch at one or both of 'em, and hasn't, *willy-nilly*, been hobligated to give way to 'em?

Ah! if we could but reason on them subjects, and coolly harguefy their adwantages and disadwantages, wot heaps of ruin and miserableness would be perwented! But we can't; for let us be hever so wise, or fancy hourselves hever so safe from being faxcinated, the moment *hour time comes* (and *none* on us hescapes, mind you) a word or a look floors hour soundest theories, and makes the boldest on us, wot the horse-dealers says in their hadwertisements, "*perfectly quiet in single or doubl harness.*"

I warn't one of them difficult-to-please chaps, as sought a wife as war hall perfection, or hawoided matrimony as a ruinating hevil. On the contrary, I war both ready and willing to go hup the steps and hanswer the hact of parliament questions with hany nice young ooman as would aggrawate me to perpose to her. But somehow or hother, thof I tofked, and larfed, and larked

with a good many, I never met with one as I cared hanything perticler about, or who cared hanything perticler about me, till at last I beginned to think that my heart war hunwulnerable, and that I war booked for a hold bachelor, when hall of a sudden I met with a hadwenture which "married and settled me."

This is how it war. I war going half-price one hewening to Common Garden Theatre, and war cutting away through Lincoln's-Hinn Fields—for I war rather latish,—when I sees afore me a tidyish-looking gal, in a straw bonnet and a dark shawl, a walking by herself wery fast. Now, thof there war nuffin perticler in her happearance to strike hany one, yet she had such a sort of a kind of a genteel graceful way of gliding along the pavement, that I remarked it, and I couldn't help turning as I passed to have a look at her face. But my cooriosity war not to be gratified, for as I turned my ed she turned hers, and hall I seed war a ringlet and the side of her bonnet.

"Shy," says I to myself, "and I dare say wery pretty. Confound them bonnets, they's halways in the way. Don't like to be baulked; I must have another try." So I walked slowerer, and let her pass me, taking care as she went by to turn my ed, and take a hobserwation, but she war hup to me, for she looked t'other way, and hobliged me with the ditto repeated of t'other side of her bonnet. This time I war more wexed than I war afore, for I seed she war wery fine-shaped, and I'd cotched a glimpse of some more ringlets and a wery pretty little foot and hancle.

"I must and will see her face," says I to myself again, "I'm sure she's huncommon pretty." So jest as she war going hunder the harched passage as leads hinto Great Queen Street, I cuts out hinto the road, and runs forrud with the hintention of turning back and meeting her as she comed hout on t'other side (hartful dodge that, warn't it?), but I war foiled again; for a genlemn as had been dining at the Freemasons', and who hewedently, from his backing and filling, and zigzagging manœuvres, had taken his *whack*, got right afore me,

and as the chase dimmerged from the hobscurity of the harchway, gived a yaw back which shoved me hoff the kerbstone, and then a pitch forrud, and cotched her in his arms, saying, in wot he, no doubt, thought a wery loving and hinsinewating tone: "Sally—a—my—a—little—a—hangel—a—how—a—are—a—you—a—my—a—dear?"

Arout saying a word the young ooman guved him a push, which henabled her to hextricate herself from his hembrace, and she war trying to pass on, when he cotched hold of her shawl and pulled her back, saying still more hinsinewatingly: "No—no—a—my—a—little—a—darling—a—you—a—mustn't—a—leave—a—me—a—in—a—this—a—cruel—a—way—a. I—a—must—a—have—a—kiss—a—"

"Help! help!" cries the poor gal, struggling to get away.

"Don't—a—be—a—demn'd—a—fool—a—," says the genlemn, trying to put his threat in hexecution.

Thof hall this passed as quick as thought, wot follered war quickerer, for afore the frightened gal could hutter another cry, or the drunken genlemn make another motion, I pulled her away from him, and my fist hit his ed, and his ed hit the pavement.

"Bravo, bravo! sarve him right," says the passengers, who, in coorse, as is usual on sich occasions, hinstantly collected hinto a crowd.

"A fight, a fight," says hothers, hanxious for a spree.

"Watch—a—watch—a," roared the genlemn from the Freemasons', sitting hup, and feeling for his pocket-handkercher, to stop the blood, which war streaming from his nose, and waregating his white westcut. "Where's—a—the—a—scoundrel—a—as—a—hit—a—me—a?"

"Here," says I, sawagely, for my blood war hup, and I wanted to go in for harf a round, "and I'm ready to hit you again if you'll get hup. I'll teach you to hinsult females in the streets, you drunken blackguard."

"That's right," says the crowd, "pitch hinto him, the waggabond."

Crack, crack, went the coffee-mills; and "Hollo, hollo, make way, make way there!" singed hout the great-coats, as they hobbled hup to hincrease the confusion.

"Cut away, young man," says the mob to me, "or you'll be shopped."

"Not a bit of it," says I. "I've done nuffin I'm afraid or ashamed on; he may give me in charge, or stand hup and fight me, whichever he pleases—I'm quite agreeable to heither."

"Bravo, bravo!" says the mob agin; "you're a plucky one, and no mistake."

"Now then, now then," says a couple of Charleys, cotching me by the collar, and flourishing their sticks pareletically hover my ed, "wot's all this ere bobbery about? Wot's the row, eh?" While at the same time two more of the same huncorruptible fraternity hasked the same questions, and performed the same capers with the genlemn from the Freemasons'.

"Why—a—the—fact—a—is—a," says that dandified and perticlerly drunk hindewidual, keeping continually larfing and hitalianizing hewery word, by hadding a hextra wowel, and sitting coolly on the pavement in the Turkish fashion, with his face smeared like the chaps wot murders Banquo,—"the—a—fact—a—is—a—that—a—I—a—have—a—made—a—demn'd—a—mistake—a—."

Then he seemed tickled by some funny recollection, for he had a good long larf, private and confidential to himself, and then he rocked to and fro, and clapped his hat more on one side of his ed, and looked knowing at the crowd.

"Bravo, bravo," says they, "give us a song, hold chap."

"You—a—be—a—demn'd—a," says the wotary of Bacchus, with a look of himmeasurable contempt; "I—a—hav'nt—a—the—a—pleasure—a—of—a—your—a—blackguard—a—hacquaintance—a—, neither—a—do—a—I—a desire—a—it—a. My—a—business—a—is—a—with—a—these—a—genlemn—a, —these—a—."

Then he hinwestigated the Charleys from their high-lows to their night-caps, and took hoff his hat to 'em and made a polite bow. Then he had another go of larfing, and with the hassistance of the whole batch of the hamiable functionaries, got hupon his legs, and continued his discourse.

"That's—a—your—a—sort—a. Hall—a—right—a now—a. Where's—a—my—a—friend—a—Don—a—Quixote—a—? Oh—a—there—a—you—a—is. I—a—say—a—mister—a—I—a—hav'nt—a—the—a—slightest—a—wish—a—to—know—a—your—a—demn'd—a—name—a,—so—a—don't—a—reweal—a—it—a. If—a—'tis—your—a—wocation—a—to—knock—a—down—a—hevery—a—man—a—you—sees—a—tryin—a—to—a—pro—a—pitiate—a—the—a—smiles—a—of—a—per—a—am—a—bulating—a—beauty—a, curse—a—me—a—if—a—you've—a—got—a—sinecure—a—, that's—a—my—a—decided—a—hopinion—a, —take—a—it—a—as—a—you—a—please—a—hem—a."

Then he gived a shiver, and made a fruitless hattempt to button hup his coat, and then he went hon again.

"Time—a—is—a—hon—the—a—wing—a; it's—a—demn'd—a—cold—a—and—a—I've—a—got—a—remark—a—on—my—a—eyes—a—and—a—nose—a—that—aynt—a—by—a—no—a—means—a—comfortable—a—or—a—pleasant—a. Two—a—to—a—one—a—I've—a—got—a—black—a—eye—a. Never—a—mind—a—*la fortune*—a—*de*—a—*la guerre*—, a—as—a—the—a—French—a—say—a. I—a—ought—a—to—a—return—a—the—a—compliment—a—but—a—I—a—decline—a, for a—two—a—sufficient—a—reasons—a; first—a—I'm—a—not—a—partial—a—to—a—the—a—hexercise—a, and—a—next—a—because—a—I've—a—confused—a—idea—a—that—a—you—a—won't—a—take—a—it—a—quietly—a. So—a—you—a—see—a—thingamee—a—(permit—a—me—a—to—a—address—a—you—a—by—a—that—a—general—a—happellation—a—, for—a—I—a—havn't—a—the—a—pleasure—a—of—a—

knowing—a—your—a—pat—a—tro—a—nymic—a, of—a—which—a—I—a—must—a—beg—a—you—a—most—a—distinctly—a—to—a—hunderstand—a—I—a—havn't—a—the—a—remotest—a—wish—a—to—a—be—possessed—a—)—I—a—don't—a—mean—a—to—a—fight—a—you—a—now—a. Against—a—giving—a—you—a—in—a—charge—a—I—a—have—a—halso—a—two—a—sufficient—a—reasons; first—a, I—have—a—decided—a—hobjection—a—to—a—figuring—a—in—a—noosepapers—a; and—a—next—a—I—a—know—a—that—a—I've—a—behaved—a—demn'd—a—ill—a—and—a—deserved—a—a—licking—a; so—a—we'd—a—better—a—shake—a—hands—a—and—a—be—a—friends—a—, unless—a—you—a—is—a—determined a—for—a—mill—a—in—a—which—a—case—a—though—a—I'm—a—confounded—a—drunk—a—I'll—a—hendeavour—a—to—haccommodate—a—you—a."

"Bravo, bravo," says the crowd; "t'other's a plucky one too."

"Genlemn—a—" says the polite Freemasoner, taking hoff his hat, and making a general bow, "for—a—the—a—good—a—hopinion—a—you—a—are—a—pleased—a—to—a—hentertain—a—of—a—my—a—pluck—a—haccept—a—my—a—thanks—a—; Charleys—go—a—and—finish—a—your—naps. A—mister—a—you—a—know—a—your—a—name—a—of—a—course—a—though—a—I—a—do—a—not—a—, and—a—havn't—a—the—a—slightest—a—cooriosity—a—to—a—be—a—hinformed—a—, as—a—I—a—presume—a—you—a—are—a—satisfied—a—with—a—my—a—happology—a—good—a—night—a—thingamee—a—." Then he made a bolt forrud, and *walled* his way through the harch'd passage to Lincoln's-Hinn Fields, follered by one-harf the mob, and I walked quietly on to Common Garden, follered by the hother.

I gets to the theatre, pays my money, and goes hinto the pit; but somehow or hother, I took no hinterest in the play, thof it war "King John," and Mr. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played in it; or the hafterpiece, in which war Mr. Faucit and Miss Decamp. The

fact war, I war thinking of the gal as I had pertected. Her pretty face (for it *war* a pretty one, and I'd had a good look at it while she war struggling with the Freemason genlemn), seemed halways afore me. I recollected hewery feature on it as well as if I had seed 'em a thousand times, and I said to myself as I went home, "*Bill, my boy, your time is comed; if hever you meets with that ere young ooman again she's safe to be Mrs. Muggins.*"

Many and many's the hour I walked hup and down Lincoln's-Hinn Fields, and hall hover the neighberhood, in hopes of seeing the dear hobject as had captiwated me but arout success; till one Saturday night, when hour shop war quite full of customers, and I and Mr. Hallspice and the 'prentice war hall serving away as fast as we could, jest as I war in the hact of turning round arter putting back a coffee canister, who should I see hentre the shop but the wery hidentical hindewidewal her self.

Didn't my heart beat and my blood tingle! I believe they did, above a bit. I war wery near jumping hover the counter and catching her in my arms, but prudence restrained me, and I contented myself with brushing past Mr. Hallspice, and pushing the 'prentice hinto a tea chest, as I rushed forrud to have the appiness of takin her orders.

"Wot can I," I war going to say, "have the pleasure of serving you with, Miss," but I stopped short, for she raised her eyes and recollected me.

If hany body as reads this ere remembers Mr. Keeley look and larf in the "Loan of a Lover," when Madame Westris says she'll marry him, they can himagine how I looked and feeled arter Miss Jackson's (that war her name) eyes had felled on mine.

Thof she gived me but one look as didn't last the hun redth part of a second, I seed that *her* time war come and that hour meeting again war as great a happiness to her as it war to me.

Arter a minet's pause, during which we both held down *hour eds*, and I dare say looked huncommon foolish, *plucks hup* courage and leaning hover the counter, whis

pered, "Oh! I'm so glad—I war afraid I should never see you again."

She didn't make no hanswer, but gived me another look, and then she held down her ed again, and tried wery hard to bend a shilling as she had got in her hand.

"You is not sorry to see me again?" I whispered wery softly.

"Sorry," says she, lifting hup her ed and *finishing* me. "Oh, no!"

"Will you let me see you, again?" I hasked in hanxious trepidation.

"Yes," she hanswered modestly, "if you wish it."

"Wish it! Oh, don't I?" forgetting myself, and roaring out so loud that hall the people in the shop heared me, and turned round.

"Wot's the matter?" says Mr. Hallspice.

"Nuffin, sir," says I, pertending to be hattending to my customer. "What shall I have the pleasure of serving you with, Miss?"

"Stop!" says a hold ooman, pushing forrud, and throwing down twopence-halfpenny on the counter, "you may as well sarve me with a quartern of soap, and a fardensworth of blue, Mr. William, if you please, afore you goes hon with your whispering with that young lady. I comed hin long afore her, and I've got no time to waste while you is sweethearting."

"Here, here," says I, looking wery red and confused, as I screwed hup a bit of blue, and cut hoff a slice of soap for her, "that'll do, go along."

"Where's the farden?" says the hold hag, on purpose to plague me. "I aynt agoing to be done hout of my change, thof I has spoiled sport."

"There—there," says I, chucking down the farden in a passion. "You is halways a bothering on me."

"There's a sweet temper, miss," says the spiteful hold cat, turning to my flame. "Now's your turn; see if you can make him pretty behaved again." Then she gived me a knowing wink, and went hoff larfing and making game on me.

"*I'm sorry to have* kept you waiting," says I, return-

ing to my pretty customer, who during my dialogue with the hold ooman seemed wery much inclined to go away. "Wot shall I——," and I war again going to say, "have the pleasure, and cetera," when she hinterrupted me by saying, "I wanted half a pound of ten-shilling mixed, but as you are so busy now, I'll call again."

"No, no," says I, pulling down the canisters, and weighing away in a great hurry; "I couldn't think of giving you the trouble, hunless," I hadded, in a wery soft whisper, "you perticlerly prefers it."

When I said the word "perticlerly," I put great hemfasis on it, and gived her a look in which I tried to hexpress, "You knows wot I means—will you give me a hopportunity of seeing you again?"

She hunderstood me, for she blushed very deep, and gived a look round to see if hanybody war hobserving us; and then she looked at the door, and at last, arter thinking to herself for a minet, she leant hover the counter, and said, "I *do* wish to see you again, and I shall be in Lincoln's-hinn-fields to-morrow hevening, at eight o'clock." Then she put down the money for the tea, took hup the parcel, and war gone afore I could say a word.

Hall that night and the next day I war halmost wild with delight. I singed and danced and played hup hold gooseberry; and when the time of meeting came, didn't I feel queer! Oh! them war the days!

Well, jest as the clock struck eight (I war there at seven) I seed her coming through Little Turnstile. Hup I runs and hoffers my arm, which she took directly arout any nonsense, and away we walks together round the square.

Wot we said to heach hother I don't mean to write down, but you may depend hupon it *we* thought it wery hinteresting, for we kept gradually getting away from the houses till we got close to the railings of the gardens, and the clock struck ten afore we had said harf we wanted to say. And then, arter she had hinwited me to come the next day and drink tea with her mother and sisters, and we had both on us said good-bye nine

red and ninety-nine times at the wery least, we
d.
is war the way hour courtship beginned and con-
d for some time, and I war hewery day wishing
eak to Mr. Hallspice about my settling, but never
pluck hup courage to hout with it, when it war
ght about as nice as ninepence by the hold genlemn
lf. We war sitting together taking hour grog arter
r one Sunday arternoon, and I war trying to make
my mind to mention my matrimonial spec, when
f a sudden the governor turns to me and says, quite
tly, "Mug"—that war the nick he'd gived me
ace of Little Pill—"when am I to give you your
ing dinner?"
Ved—ding din—ner," says I, stammering, for the
ion quite dumbfoundered me; "I—a—really don't
."
)h! you a—really don't know," says the hold
mn, a himitating me; "now, 'spose I tells you a
t. You've had a month's mind to halter your con-
ı for some time."
en he gived me a poke in the ribs, and rubbed his
s; and then he stirred the fire, and stood with his
to it with his hands in his coat pocket, a winking
ye and chuckling, and sinking and rising on his legs
he war going to dance, and then he took out a
t-comb and combed hup the straggling hairs at the
of his ed, and then he put it hinto his pocket, and
he whistled and rubbed his hands, and winked, and
ıled again.
Vhy, wot makes you think I'm about to be married,
' says I, wishing to know if he'd really found me
or war only a speculating.
Very conwincing facts," says he, sitting down, and
ng at me wery quizzing and mysterious; "and we'll
another glass on the strength of it. Sly rogue, sly
). Give me the hollands." Then he singed—

As beautiful Kitty one evening was tripping,
Fal de ral, lal de lal de ral,
e met a young man walking through Lincoln's-hinn-fields,
Tol de rol, lol, lol, lol.

You sees I know hall about it. Here's Mrs. Muggins's as is to be wery good health."

Then he drinked, and nearly choked himself with larfing and coughing; and then he poked the fire, and went through the hair-combing and dancing manœuvres again; and then he put his hand on his heart, and singed in himitation of Mr. Hincledon—

"Of hall the gals as is so smart
There's none like—Mary Jackson."

Then he sat down again, and larfed away like one o'clock.

"Well, sir," says I, seeing he war awake to my proceedings, "I confesses I has made han attachment; and if so be next Sunday three weeks will suit you for the dinner you war kind enough to mention, I shall be wery much hobliged to you for it."

"Praps it may, praps it mayn't," says the good hold chap, pertending to look serus. "You hought to have hasked my hadwice in this ere business—you hought, you hought, Little Pill. Never mind, never mind, it *shall* be Sunday three weeks. Give bride away. Like her, like her—good gal, good gal—pretty too, wery, wery. Oh, yes, sly dog—kept it close and snug. Ha, ha, ha! Wondered wot had comed to you—halways spruced hup of a hewening. Recollected wot I'd done myself. Courting, courting—mistakes in shop—whispering to young ooman hover counter. Ha, ha, ha! twigged you. Blushing, looking foolish—courting, courting, no mistake. Seed you one hewening hout a walking—same young ooman—arm in arm and hand in hand. Close, wery close together, you looking hunder her bonnet, courting, —courting, sure of it. Who's the gal? Watched where you went. Made henquiries. Respectable, respectable, wery. Glad to see you settled. Might have made a friend of me, though. Never mind, never mind, not angry—bashful, praps. Same myself, I remember. Never mind, never mind, put hup banns. Next Sunday three *weeks give her* away."

This war the way my marriage war agreed hupon, and

; larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on t:—

MAXIMUM.—Never do nuffin on the sly.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war the landlord of a house, nd you seed your lodgers dodging about at hunseasonble hours, and looking hout of the winder whenhever knock comed to the door, wouldn't you suspect as sumat ar wrong, and lose your confidence in 'em? In coorse ou would. So it are with them as is mysterious, and oes things unbeknown to their friends, as has a right to advise 'em;—*their want of candour begets want of rust, and very hoften lays the foundation for the withrawal of hesteem.*

CHAPTER XIX.

HADDISON, in the first number of the "Spectator," ays, "I have hobserved that a reader seldom peruses a ook with pleasure until he knows whether the writer of t be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposiion, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the ike nature, that conduce wery much to the right hunderstanding of an hauthor."

Now, thof this ere sentiment war meant in fun, there's deal of good truth about it; specially in these present ays, when there's scarcely a book comes hout arout a teel hengraving of the hauthor, with his hair curled and ressed, all in his best, sitting in a library chair, holding pen in one hand, and pinting to his brains with the other, while hunderneath are his hortograf, in the six essons for a guinea style, which says, "Your's faithfully, A. B. C. D. E. F. G., so-and-so Brown, or so-and-so Green," *pedestalled by* a respect-hinspiring antiforgical *purish.*

I hasn't riz high enough to wenture further than a black profile, and a cut-hout-on-paper-heffigy, which last I had took on board the Westa steam-boat, t'other day, during a shower of rain, when I war returning from Gravesend. Lots of people did the same, specially one helderly young genlemn as wore stays and a juleval wig, and war trimmed up to represent a wild young youth. He had his'n taken more nor harf a dozen times, for presents for warious ladies as pertended to be fascinated by his hagreeableness and gallantry. Poor old chap, he war wain enough to suppose he war the youngest, most gentlemanly, and best-looking chap on board, and that nobody hadn't no chance against him with the women. Yet somehow or hother I thought the young lady as war with him war of a different hopinion, for while the old Haddonis war sitting for his "*portrait charmong*," she kept on hewery now and then looking hout of the corner of her eye at a genlemn as sot hopposite, and seemed rather to prefer hair "*hal a jeune France*," and a real young man, to a wentilating peruke and himmitation juvenileness.

These here landscapes as I allude to, thof they're wery well to stick hup hover a mantlepiece, won't do to lustrate me, cos they's both so wery hunperticler and hunpersonal. They'd only serve to make me more mysterious, so I must beg my friends (for the present at all hewents) to himagine me, and not let their hignorance of my fizzeoggonomy, perwent 'em from being pleased with my history.

So much for myself. Now for another pint—Miss Jackson, as I made Mrs. Muggins. It aynt sufficient for you to know as she war a "tidyish-looking gal, with ringlets, a good shape, and a pretty foot and hancle," but you must have a hanimated description of her. I feel the necessity of this ere, but I'm rather puzzled how to do it properly; cos for why, seven and thirty years has passed since hour fust hacquaintance, and that blackguard, Mr. Time, has taken wery great liberties with her.

"Bright eyes will fade, complexions will decay,
Beauty is fleeting as a summer's day."

My once pretty little Mary are now a stout portable grey-headed grandmother. Howsomedever I'll try to bring her to your mind's eye by telling you wot she warn't.

She warn't wery tall, nor wery short, nor wery stout, nor wery thin; her complexion warn't wery dark nor wery fair, her forehead warn't wery high nor wery low; her nose warn't wery long nor wery short. She warn't a prim hold-maidish hicicle, nor one of them little frisky devils as wears wery little bonnets as barely covers their eds, white muslin long gowns as trails on the ground, light blue cloaks with crimson satin hoods, little pint lace-collars, as begins at the last jink of the neck, plum-coloured shoes and hopen-work silk stockings,—as loves to be hexhibited at the Zuliological-gardens, or dragged through the promenade of the concerts *Daytay!* No, she war quite different; she had wot them who knows the world of women will hunderstand—a *wifeish* look. Nobody couldn't think nuffin helse of her, and hewen blackguards feeled respect, and refrained from mislesting her.

She war jest eighteen, wery pretty, and wery good tempered, and had received a good plain heddication as befitted her sitewation in the world; for her father war a baker, and he war too sensible and worthy a man to make his child wretched for life by giving her haccomplishments as war above her condition, cos he knowd he couldn't give her a fortune, and that a tradesman's wife who can sing Hitalian and play the harp and pianer like a professor, and speak French like a native, war quite hunfitted to serve in a shop, or nus her children, and cook and hattend to the duties of her house. Stead of being happy and contented she would be mopish and miserable, and waste her life in wain hopes, and hankering arter society she couldn't keep and comforts she couldn't never get. Thousands of poor gals has been led to ruin by being brought up above their sitewation, and many's the family has come to shame and sorrow by this ere mistaken pride and hambition.

My Mary war saved from hany of this heart-fretting

humiliation; she war a tradesman's daughter, war heddicated and brought up as sich, and didn't think it a condescention to become a tradesman's wife. Hadded to which, she war hindustrous and heconomical, and knew how to manage a house, qualities as is worth their weight in gold to hany young ooman, and are a *fortune* to the man she marries. For if the young wife of a man who has nuffin but his wages to depend hupon, are hignorant of the practice of housekeeping, and are a fine lady as wont do nuffin but play the pianer and read novels and gad about to balls and parties, it wont be wery along afore their home will be hinwaded by creditors. They'll get hinwolwed in difficulties as will keep on continually hincreasing, till they will gradually sink to hextreme poverty, and the beautiful gal of a wery few years afore, as lived in a comfortable house and had a servant to wait on her, will be changed hinto a squallid wretch, living in a garret or a cellar, surrounded by a family of harf-starved children, and hexpecting hewery day to be hobliged to happly for parish relief.

Poor people! how soon their dream of happiness is hover, and *how bitter is the pangs as hattends coming down in the world.*

Them as has never tasted the sweets of haffluence can make themselves wery happy and contented in one room, with a table and chair and a mattrass and a rug, provided they can earn enough to buy a little tobacker, a drop of harf and harf, a red herring, and a few potaters; but them as war once well to do, and is obliged by hextrawagance or misfortune to leave their comfortable homes and take a hunfurnished room in a low lodging-house, where they and their families is honly kept from starving by the hard-wrung charity of relations, they is real hobjects for pity, for *they feels the curse of poverty in hall its maddening horrors, and lives arout hope, and dies in despair.*

When I passes through Berwick and Wardour streets, and the courts about Drury-lane, and sees seven or eight bell handles at the door of one house, I says to myself—"Ah! wot lots of starwation and misery is going on

. How many poor creeturs as has comed down in world is pining away in the garrets and the second third back, arout money, arout friends, arout nuffin. hought to be wery thankful, hold feller, you han't a tumble." Mary's family had comed down, for her er war dead, and had left her and her mother and sisters totally hunprovided for. But still they ı't living on charity, for they managed to keep ıselves comfortable and respectable by doing needle- ɛ for houtfitting warehouses and a few friends who ved 'em in their better days.

bey lived in a second floor in Tibbald's-road, and war ly respected by their neighbours, who knowed their ory, and honoured their hindustry and good conduct. rugality and wery hard work they'd got together a of the little comforts they'd been haccustomed to n they'd a house of their hown, and it war quite a ur of happiness to see the mother and her three gals ng at work by the fireside, while the bright copper kettle as war singing on the hob, and the hold china ı and saucers as stood on a neat painted tray on the e, gave warning that they warn't quite forlorn and itute.

Wot can have detained William, mother?" says y on the Sunday hewening I had had my hexplana- with Mr. Hallspice. "It's harf an hour past the ı he promised to come—he never war so late afore— can have kept him?"

Business, no doubt, my dear," hanswered her mother. on't fidget yourself, he'll soon be here."

My hopinion," says Mary's youngest sister, who war ttle merry madcap ot sixteen, and loved to make fun our sweethearting, "my hopinion are that he's gone ea with that pretty young lady who lives at a straw- net shop in Red-lion-street. I saw him staring in at windows at her last night, and he seemed pertticklerly ck."

Now, Jane," says Mary, wery pettishly, for she n't very fond of that ere straw-bonnet-maker, "have e, do. Your hopinion warn't asked, so be quiet."

Ding dong went the bell. "Oh, there he is," says Mary, snatching hup the candle, and running down to hopen the door for me. "Wot a scolding I'll give him."

"Stop, stop," calls hout Jane, "don't leave us in the dark."

Arout hattending to nuffin, down comes Mary, hopens the door, and lets me in; but, strange to say, thof she had determined to be very hangry and scold me, I'd no sooner got hinto the passage than she said "Dear William," and looked at me so haffectionately, that I feeled it war necessary to put my arm round her waist, and walk side by side with her hup stairs till we got to the second-floor landing, when I snatched a kiss, and danced with her into the room.

"Ah! I heard you," says Jane, "you pretty little dears."

"Better late than never, William," says my mother-in-law as war to be, bustling about, and making the tea. "Has Mary scolded you?"

"No, mother," says I, "she hasn't done nuffin but kiss me."

"Well, of all the himpudence!" says Mary, hitting me; "I never did nuffin of the kind."

"Oh!" says Jane, "didn't I hear you? Wot story tellers you true loviers is! Smack, smack, hall the way up stairs."

"Jane, I'm ashamed of you," says Mary; "you're halways teazing on me. And as for you, Mister William, I'm very hangry with you, sir—I am, indeed! Wot kept you so late, sir? Hanswer directly. Where have you been, and wot have you been doing?"

"Drinking tea in Red-lion-street, and making love to the straw-chipper," whispered Jane.

"Will you be quiet?" says Mary, pertending to beat her. "Wot have you been doing, sir?"

"Ah," says I, "that's a secret as I don't mean to tell, unless I am bribed and made much on."

"There, there," says Mary, handing me my tea, "there's a large cup, and a hextra lump of sugar for you. And if you'll promise to be a good boy, you shall have a bit of toast."

"Well, then," says I, "I has been hall the hewening with Mr. Hallspice, and I has broke hour wishing to get married to him."

"Oh," says Mary, setting down and turning wery pale, "wot did he say?—I hope he warn't hangry?"

"No," says I, putting my arm round her, and hugging her, "more t'other, dear gal. He's quite agreeable, and this day month is fixed for hour wedding—that is, if you and mother here has no hobjection."

You may imagine this war a happy evening. It war, indeed, for hall on us. Mary's mother said she hadn't knowed such delight for many a long year; Jane larfed and joked and played hall sorts of monkey tricks; and Mary, thof she didn't say much, sat wery close to me, and twisted my hair into ringlets, and never said *don't* when I put my arm round her waist, or kissed her.

So passed the evening, and when it war my time to go away, Mary haccompanied me down stairs, in the same way as we comed hup, and I went home.

A few days arter this, Mr. Hallspice calls me hinto the back parlour, and says, "Mug, I've told your mother to prepare for a tea-party to-morrow. Hinwite your wife as is to be, and her mother and sisters—snug family party. Comfortable, comfortable—wery, wery. Glad you're going to be settled. Looked hout for lodgings—eh, eh, eh—furnish, furnish—in course, in course."

"No, sir," says I, "I war thinking of taking a furnished floor at fust, and getting my hown sticks by degrees."

"No, no, no, bad plan, bad plan—begin comfortable. Hall your own—nuffin like it—more hindependent and respectable. Nice young woman—deserves good home. Must furnish—must, must, must."

"But, sir," says I, hembarrassed, "I havn't got sufficient money to——"

"Never thought you had—how should you?" says the hold genlemn, hinterrupting on me. "Wages too small to buy smart clothes to go sweethearting in and furniture besides. No, no, don't hexpect himposserbilities. Look, look—here, here's fifty pounds—wedding gift—take it, take it. Hangry if you don't. Buy furni-

ture—comfortable. Must, must—deserve it, deserve it. Good servant—duty to reward you. Like to make young people happy. No nonsense, no nonsense, Mug. Take it, take it—knock you down if you don't. There, there, don't say a word. There's the shop, go to your business, sir, or I'll discharge you."

Then he took me by the ed and shoulders, and pushed me hout of the parlour. This war the regler way of the good hold genlemn, whenhever he did a kindness to hany one. He couldn't bear to be thanked; but when he war alone I've seed the tears roll down his cheeks with joy at having been the means of making hothers happy.

The fifty pounds he so generously gived me war a little fortune. I'd never had so much in my possession afore, and I feeled as hoppulent and hindependent as a loan contractor.

Fifty pounds are a large sum to hany one, and if them as squanders their sixpences and shillings war to put 'em hinto a box or a bank and *save* 'em, they'd find afore long that they'd got hold on *the key-stone of the harch as supports the bridge of hindependence.*

The tea-party comed hoff at the time happointed. Mary, and her mother and sister, war hintroduced to Mr. Hallspice, and then to my mother, and we had a wery happy jovial hewening. Mary, who'd got a wery pretty woice, singed "Wapping Hold Stairs," and "Down in the Walley," and lots of hother little sentimental things; and Mr. Hallspice gived us "Captain Wattle and Miss Roe," and "Widow Waddle and Tommy Tick," besides hoccasional werses of the "Storm," "The Lads of the Willage," and "The Bay of Biscay, O," arter the manner of Mr. Hincledon, who war the hold genlema's favourite singer.

In a few days I found a second floor as would suit us, and then we beginned to buy hour furniture. Many and many's the consultation as war entered hinto between my mother and Mary's, about the best way of hinwesting the fifty pounds.

"We'll pick hout wot we wants of the Jews, in Broker's-row, or in Moorfields," says my mother.

"No, no," says Mrs. Jackson, "hall they sells is trumpery, and can't be depended hon." Better hattend sales and get good, well-made, and seasoned things."

Then whether hour bedstead war to be a tent or a four-post, and the furniture white or coloured, hoccupied several days. And then there war such running backards and forruds, and happeals to me and Mary.

"I've seen sich a nice set of chairs," says my mother.

"And I've seen sich a beautiful Pembroke table," says Mrs. Jackson.

"And I've seen sich a capital second-hand carpet and a rug, and a set of fire-irons," says my mother.

"And I've seen sich a beautiful fourpost, with a straw palliasse, a wool mattrass, and a goose-bed and bolster and pillers, hall quite as good as new, and as cheap as dirt," says Mrs. Jackson.

At last hall war settled, the goods war bought, and moved hin, and hall war ready for the great ewent.

Sunday three weeks warn't long a coming, and we went in two glass-coaches to St. Andrew's Church, got married, and then went to Mr. Hallspice's, who had inwited a large party to celebrate hour humion.

Arter a capital good dinner, which war sarved in helegant style from the Blue Boar, Mr. Hallspice got on his legs, and arter requesting the ladies and genlemn to fill bumpers, said, "My wery good friends and neighbours, thof you hall knows the toast I is going to perpose, I hopes you will permit me to say a few words by way of preface and hintroduction."

"In coorse, in coorse; hear, hear," says hewery one, and the hold genlemn wiped his forehead and perseded.

"I aynt a horrator—no, no, no, I never war in my life. Couldn't do it, couldn't do it fine. Hadn't the eddication, thof I've spoke at many public meetings, and has had my speech reported in the noosepapers. Not werbatim you may be sure, or there'd been a fine show hup of the King's Hinglish. Ha, ha, ha! But howsomedever, I've halways managed to say what I wanted arout making roundabout hexcuses about my want of incompacity. My idear are, that we hall can speak when we

feels hour subject, and it are only them as hasn' in wot they is saying as wants words to hexpres selves. Wot I have to speak hon hon the hoccasion, ladies and genlemn, har a subject as hir me most perticlerly. The young man as has t become a husband, has been known to me for years. I got him fust settled in life, and I v cause of his being turned hout of his hemployme stigmatized as a thief. Yes, ladies and genl accused him of being concerned in a robber became a houtcast and a wanderer for five year returned home and proved his hinnocence. M smote me for the misery I had caused him. I to hinto my service. For nearly two years he has me honestly and faithfully. My business has hin through his hunflinching zeal and hindustry. watched his gradual hadwancement with heartfe sure, for it relieved me from part of the unhapp felt at the hinjury I had done him at his houtset He has met with a young ooman who is hewe worthy of him. This day they have been united glads my hold heart to see them sitting rou board in the midst of my hold friends and neig And it halso glads me to say this ere one thing I William Muggins are no longer my servant, l PARDNER, for I has hexecuted a deed as gives h my business, and to-morrow his name shall be ha mine hover the shop."

"Bravo, bravo," says the company; and Mr. H wiped his eyes and went hon.

"I wanted to say more, my friends, but I c I'll give the toast—'The Bride and Bridegroon they live long, and know many, many happy days

In coorse this war drunk with henthusiasm, made a speech in return, thanking the good hold g for his great kindness. Seweral hothers follered the hewening passed uncommon jollily, and t stealed away and went to hour hown home.

This is how I got "married and settled," and me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

TUM.—Never believe it are of no use to take
)lease.

CENT.—'Spose you happened to be staying at
and the waiter war perticlerly hattentive to you,
you feel that he deserved a hextra shilling for
:y? In coorse you would. So it are in hall
is in life; *they as takes pains to do their duty*
's to get rewarded.

CHAPTER XX.

looking over the journal of the King of France
ıy (him as had his ed cut off during the great
n), and it are coorious to hobserve how wery
ıe word *rien*, which, in Hinglish, means *nuffin*,
on days which history tells us must have been
:ly queer and bustling ones for him; while, on
when hewerything war quiet and comfortable,
n hexact haccount of the time he got hup, the
)f the wind, how wery tired he war when he
me from hunting, and how wery glad he war to
l.

f hother journals as I have read has jest the
lishnesses, being full of helaborate perticklers
fles as are of no consequence to nobody, and
:re are hanything worth recording, it's passed
th a *dash*, or *nuffin*; so it seems to me that
eeping are a wery little better than a wasting of
l a hidling of time.

would make it a duty hewery morning or hewen-
'ully and honestly to write down hewerything
and sees, and hears, and says, that would be
ther pair of shoes; then, I admits, we should do
d, and have a wast fund of useful hinformation

at hour command. But we can't, or, leastways, we *do* for however well we may begin, we seldom contin regler long, but fills hup by fits and starts, and w hour memry fails us, puts in dashes and "nuffin."

As a speciment I'll jest give a leaf hout of mine, wi I beginned at the time Mr. Hallspice fust took me hi his house.

For the fust twelve months I went hon smooth enou cos I had nuffin pertickler to hexcite me or distract hattention. But as soon as I got hinwolwed in l good-bye to the journal,—it went clean hout of my m for weeks and weeks together; and when I war by ha dent brought to think of it, I put down my remmi sances hall of a heap, jest as my memory served me. hinstance:—

MONDAY, April 24: Hup at six—read papers—nuffin new—day—mixed 3 and 2 hhds., East and West—capital quality—c 30 per cent. by difference—they like it white and fine.

TUESDAY: Hup at seven.—*Times* says, "Mr. John Kemble Mrs. Siddons great in *King John* last night"—repeated on W nesday—go.

WEDNESDAY: Went—K. J.—row in Lincoln's-hinn-fields—b tiful gal—Mrs. M. safe as the bank.

THURSDAY: I wonder where she lives?

FRIDAY: Walked thirteen times hup and down Lincoln's-h fields—watchman suspicious.

SATURDAY: Tried both Queen-streets, and hall the neighb hood.

SUNDAY: Afraid I shall never see her again.

MONDAY: Seed some one jest her figure—bolted hout of s arout my hat—disappointed.

From MONDAY, 1 May, to FRIDAY, 2 June: Nuffin—thin about that gal.

SATURDAY, 3 June: She comed to the shop—meet me to-mor —oh!

From SATURDAY 3, to FRIDAY, 30 June: Nuffin—hout w Mary.

SATURDAY, 1 July: Nuffin—Mary.

SUNDAY: 2 July: Ditto—ditto.

MONDAY, 3 July: Got hup at six to write journal—neglecte shamefully—never let it go back again—took in 6 hhds. sug work difference between 98, 43, 61—bought a new westcut—M choice—16 boxes plums—return chest No. 40, damaged. Th business;—if I can honly continue in this way I shall——th Mary, I must go hout and speak to her.

From MONDAY 3, to SUNDAY 9, July: Nuffin—Mary—conwersation Mr. Hallspice—this day month.

From SUNDAY, 9 July, to SATURDAY, 5 August: Buying furniture and taking lodgings—married to-morrow.

SUNDAY, 6 August: Married.

From SUNDAY, 6 August, to 3 Sept.: Honeymoon.

So I went hon, keeping continually putting hoff writing my thoughts and hadwentures, and dismissing whole months with "nuffin" or a few words about things as was of no consequence to remember, till at last I left hoff and trusted to my memory haltogether, which I found hanswer quite as well and saved my time and paper. Hackting hupon this ere principle of skipping trifling hewents and coming to pertickler ones, it war just three years arter Mr. Hallspice made his speech, and the names of "Hallspice and Muggins, Grocers and Tea-dealers," war to be read in gold letters hover the shop in Holborn —and the good hold genlemn had gived hup the hactive part of the business to me, and had retired to take his ease and comfort in a nice little cottage in Camberwell, and I had moved from the second floor in Red-lion-street, to hoccupy the house—that a little curly-headed young willin in a brown-holland pinafore, and wery chubby little mottled legs, comes bounce hinto the back parlour, where I war sitting looking over the ledger, and climbing hup to my knees, says, "Fader, moder say, if oo don't tum a dibner rectly minit, oo naughty boy, and me scol oo—so tum a ong then, or me beat oo."

From these ere few words my sitewation may be pretty well guessed: I war a respectable father; a circumstance as had happened to me rather better than two years afore by the happearance of the young willin as comed to call me to dinner. Nor war he the honly speciment of my paternalness, for there war another little harticle, in the shape of a babby in harms, as gived pretty good hewidence that the race of the Mugginses warn't wery soon to be hextinct.

I aynt a going to describe the hanxieties as hattended my two little darlings' hentrance hinto the world, or relate the sayings and doings of my dear hold mother, who

war as fussy and himportant as hall helderly ladies hallways is on sich hoccasions. Nor shall I repeat the congratulations of my friends and neighbours, but simply say that the haccession to my family bringed me hincrease of happiness, and stimulated me to be more persewering and hindustrious.

There aynt nuffin steadies a man so soon as having to perwide for a family, let alone his natteral haffection for his children. They hopens to him a new world of happiness. He feels their dependence—he pities their helplessness, and his heart aches at the thought of harm or powerty coming to 'em; to perwent which he rouses hup his henergies, happlies himselt to increase his hincome, grows saving and hindustrious, gives hup his hexpensive friends and hextravagant habits, and becomes a steady domestic man. *He as don't, are a wagabond as deserves no respect when he are well hoff, or compassion when he tumbles hinto powerty and misfortune.*

My pride and joy war in my wife and family; they war my fust and last thoughts. For them I worked, and my hefforts war not in wain, for I prospered. Mother war well prowided for by living housekeeper with Mr. Hallspice; and I war a pardner in a good business, with the world before me. These war my real happy days, and when I looks back to them now, I wonders I hever felt a moment's hannoyance at hanything; yet I recollects many hinstances when I war both discontented and miserable. Wot a thing it are that we hall on us is so hungrateful for hour blessings, and, like Sancho Panza, wants "*better bread than is made of wheat.*"

To persede with my history, which, for three years, haccording to the journal system (with the hexception of the *little* hewents I has spoke of), war "*nuffin.*" I war one day serving behind the counter, when who should I see go by but my hold messmate, Canterberry Tom, looking, as the *Price Currents* say, "as per last," 'cept that he stooped a little, and his nose war a little biggerer and bluerer.

"Run arter that sailor," says I to the 'prentice, "and request him to step hin and speak to me."

"Yes, sir," says the boy, and hoff he cut, and presently comed back with the hold tar, who seemed hall hover wonderment as to wot war wanted with him.

"Well, what cheer, stranger?" says the hold boy, fetching in with a regler Hindyman yaw, and facing me at the counter. "Is you the chap as wants to speak to me?"

"Yes, sir," says I, pertending to be wery dandyfied and gentlemnly, for I seed he didn't recollect me, and I wanted to have a game with him; "as you happears to be a sailor, praps you can hinform me whether the *Flying Dutchman* are still beating about hoff the Cape?"

"Hollo," says the hold mariner, taken quite aback, and staring hat with me with wonder, "Who the devil are you? What do you know about the *Dutchman?*"

"Not much," says I, "'cept wot I learned from a hold moonshine yarn-spinner as belonged to the *Haggememnon*, one Canterberry Tom."

"Canterberry Tom!" says the old joker, waggling his nose and goggling hawfully, and staring hat me as if he war trying to make the land. "Has we ever met afore, young man?"

"I should think so," says I, looking mysterious.

"Where!" says he, anxiously.

"On blue water," says I, more mysterious.

"Nonsense," says he, looking suspicious and doubtful, "that aynt posserbul. I don't know you; I'm sure we've never sailed together."

"Havn't we?" says I, giving him a knowing wink. "How's Miss Clemmy, your copper Barbadian Wenus?"

"Well, splice my hold shoes!" says my wictim, reglerly queered, "how comed you to be down to that?"

"The heasiest way in the world," says I, pulling up my collar, and combing my hair with my fingers, and speaking in a dandyfied style; "I war one of your messmates in the Haggy."

"The devil you war!" says Tom, giving me a press-gang hoverhaul, and then shaking his ed with contempt. "Awast gammon, Mister Grocer; you aynt going to come hover me with sich nonsense as that ere. You aynt never

been a seaman; you havn't got none of the pints of one; you're a regler-built dandy cockney, and I'd bet a week's grog you hasn't never been hout of the sound of Bow-bells. You a seaman! band-box!"

"Well," says I, haltering my woice and manner, "this is wery strange to think that a handful of years should have so taken the shine hout of me that hold Canterberry should rate an A B seaman a loblolly landsman, and that a longtailed coat and hapron should turn a Skylark hinto a dandy grocer."

"W—h—a—t!" says Tom, staring hat me with his mouth hopen, and then cutting hall sorts of queer grimaces; "is you young Skylark? My eyes, wot a halteration! Why you're—give us your flipper, old tar —I can scarcely believe my eyes!"

Then he slapped me on the back, and nearly shooked my harm hoff, and made two or three customers as had jest dropped hin halmost die a larfing at his queer faces and hantics.

"Come in, here," says I, hopening the door as led hinto the house, and taking him hup stairs hinto the drawing-room; "bring yourself to an hancor, hold friend; and while you're mixing a glass of grog, I'll run hover my log, and haccount for my transmogrification."

The grog war made and drank, and I went hover my history in brief from the time of hour parting, much to the delight and wonderment of my hold friend, who keeped on continually hinterrupting me with hall sorts of rum questions and queer sayings, till I comed to the part where I spoke of my being married, when he jumped hup and had a dance round the table, and then nearly winded me by a wolley of punches in the ribs.

"Skylark married!" says he; "ha, ha, ha! I say—ha, ha, ha!"—then he larfed and punched again. "Do you recollect the whitey-brown muslin at Barbadoes? Ha, ha!—'cus oo himperance, dam oore hinsurance!' Skylark married and settled—ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, Tom," says I, "and I consider that ere hewent the most fortunate of my life, for——"

Here I war hinterrupted by a rattling at the lock of

the door, and a little woice calling hout from the passage, "Pease, fader, may I tum in?"

"Wot, got a kid too! Oh, you willin!" says Tom, giving me another punch, and running to the door and letting in the hope of the family. "Walk in, young Skylark, walk in."

"Pease, fader," says little Tim (which war his name, in compliment to Mr. Hallspice, who war his god-father), running hup to me and putting his harms round me, "I want oo to div me—" Here he caught sight of hold Canterberry, who war sitting with his hands on his knees staring at him—"Oh, dear! wot dat! wot ugly man! he frighten me, fader—ook at im red face and taring eye." Here Tom smiled and gived one of his winks and queer waggles of the nose, at which the child burst hout a larfing, and pinting to him said, "Ook, ook, ugly man make fubny face, he larf at little Tim—me like him, fader, he no ugly now."

"A chip of the old block," says Tom, looking wery pleased at the young un's taking so kindly to him. "I foretells that he'll be a brave and a bright man, and a honour to his family." Then holding out his harms and putting hon one of his kindest looks, he continued, speaking to the boy, "You aynt afraid to come and give me a kiss, are you, my little darling?"

The child gived a look hup at me, then put his finger in his mouth, and held down his ed and peeped at Canterberry hunder my harm, as though he war harf afeard to wenture;—when, gaining confidence by the kind hexpression of the hold man's face, which, spite of its ugliness, war huncommon pleasing and winning, he runned hup to him and throwed his harms round his neck, and held hup his little face to receive the salute, arout the slightest fear or reluctance.

"That's a brave boy," says Tom, seating him on his knee, and making much on him. "You'll be a sailor, wont you, my little hero?"

"Ess, ess, me will, me will," says the delighted hurchin, climbing hup and sitting on the hold tar's shoulder, who got hup and danced with him round and round the room.

"Gee up, do on, toachman. Me ride orse and be sailor, like fader. Now oo great bear, me ittle monkey."

"So we are," says hold Canterberry, continuing his dance round the room, and himitating a bear, to the great delight of the youngster, who war larfing and kicking and playing hall sorts of pranks, when the door hopened and hin walked Mary and the babby.

Tom, whose back war turned when they comed hin, didn't see them till he comed face to face with 'em in the middle of a caper, when he stopped short and cut such a queer mug at being cotched at his gambols, that Mary couldn't help bursting hout hinto a larf.

"My wife," says I, coming to her hassistance. "This is Canterberry Tom, my dear."

"Glad to see you, mum," says the hold boy, putting down little Tim, and shaking hands with Mary. "I'm huncommon glad, that I am. I war jest having a game with your little un. Father myself, mum—loves the pretty hinnocents. Fine boy that here, mum. You'll hexcuse me, mum, but that's a wery beautiful hinfant. Habout a twelvemonth old, eh, mum? Your husband and I is hold messmates, mum. It's a pleasant surprise to see him so happy and comfortable, mum. I hopes you and he will come and pay me and my hold ooman a wisit, mum."

This ere speech being delivered by hold Tom with a deal of confusion, and a lot of bows and scrapes and queer faces, he turns to me, and says aside, with one of his waggles and winks, "Fine craft, commodore,—clinker built, clear run fore and aft. Don't wonder at your being fond hon her. Howdacious willin!—glad to see you so well settled, that I are."

"You'll stop and take a bit of dinner with us, Mr. Wheeler," says Mary, who seed as he war on the move.

"No, mum, I thank you, mum," says Tom; "my hold ooman and the gals is a waiting for me. I'm obleeged to you hall the same, but I must go. We're honly at the Blue Boar hopposite, and if so be you and my hold *friend will* pop hin in the arternoon, we shall be wery *glad to see* you. He and I can take hour grog and

henjoy hour pipes, while you has your tea with the hold ooman and the gals."

"No, no," says I, "that's a harrangement that I wont agree to. You must hall come hover here. I wont take no denial. At four o'clock I shall be at the Blue Boar, and hover I'll bring you."

Arter a deal of disputing this war agreed to, and Canterberry went away.

"Well, Mary," says I, as soon as he war gone, "how do you like my hold friend? Aynt he a ugly hold codger?"

"I can't say much for his beauty, I confesses," says the lady happealed to. "But *I likes him, for he seems so good-tempered, and took such notice of the children.*"

Now, thof this ere remark of Mrs. Muggins's are a wery common one with hall mothers, it are a good bit of natur, and speaks wolumes, for I has huniversally hobserved that *hour characters and hearts can halways be judged by hour conduct to children.* They as is fond on 'em, and loves to play with 'em, and delights in making much on 'em, is inwariably kind and good-dispositioned; while them as dislikes 'em and is annoyed at their caresses, is sure to be ill-conditioned, selfish, uncharitable, and unfeeling.

At the time happointed I goes to the Blue Boar, gets introduced to Mrs. Wheeler and her two daughters, puts 'em hunder my harm, and brings 'em hover and hintroduces 'em to Mary, who got hout the best china, and perwided a great store of Sally Lunns and raspberry-jam and marmolade, and slices of German sausage, and sheep's tongues, and plum-cake, and hall sorts of fashernable kick-shaws, in horder to do honour to my hold friend and his family, and prove as she war glad to see them.

Tom war in great force during the whole hewening (which passed uncommon jolly), told us hoceans of wonderful yarns, and we broke hup at one o'clock, with a return wisit in perspective.

This renewing of a hold friendship war not honly a happiness to me, but it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Thof new shoes may be the smarter, hold uns is the most comfortable.

SPECIMENT.—A poor cockney as had been cast away on a savage hisland, and lived there for some years, got hunexpectedly rescued by a ship as happened to put in there. The poor feller war hoverjoyed enough at his deliverance, you may imagine. But wot pleased him most when he got on the deck of the friendly wessel, war the sight of a pewter-pot with the name of a public-house in London as he had been accustomed to frequent, hengraved hupon it. It brought a thousand thoughts of home and hold associations to his recollection, and he cried like a babby, and hugged the hinanimate quart as if it had been a human creetur. So it are with the re-wiving of a hold friendship,—'tis the repetition of a happy dream as takes us back to scenes and thoughts as gladdens the heart, and makes us forget the rubs of time and sorrow.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WELL!" says Mrs. M., as she war snuffing hout the flickering remains of the hextra candles, which two black-amore genlemn, who kneeled on heach side of the mantle-piece, had held in their hands hall the hevening with the hutmost grace and patience, "this has been the pleasantest party we has had a long time. "Your friend, Canterberry Tom, is the best company I ever met with, he's so good-tempered and so funny. And then his stories, oh! they beat the Harabian Nights. I never heard such hextrornary wonders. If you hadn't told me beforehand that he war a bouncer, I should have believed hevery word, he'd got 'em so natteral. But aynt some founded on fact?"

"Wery few," says I. "They is most on em mere flights of fancy. He war born with a natteral talent for romance, and long practice in story-telling has gived him

sich a nack of hembellishing the most trifling hanecdotes with a wariety of wonderful circumstances, that his yarns are like flattered portraits, hexceedingly pretty, but huncommon false. He hinwents and retails wonders as heasily as the hold fathers and guardians on the stage gives away fortuns to the genlemn as marries their daughters and wards. 'Take her, boy,' says they, joining the young people's hands! 'and hark you, you young dog, I'll give you forty thousand pounds into the bargain.' It are so easy to talk, and when a story-teller are once set a-going, he musn't be hexpected to stand for trifles, specially if he's a traveller, for then he's a regler licensed wittler, and nobody musn't never be weak enough to imagine he's telling the truth."

There is lots of wery respectable genlemn as keeps my friend Tom in countenance, specially at the Harmy and Navy and Travellers' Clubs, where the hart is carried to sich perfection, that if a member by haccident happens to relate a *real fact*, he is himmediately hexpelled.

The return wisit to the Wheelers comed hoff in due time when they'd got into lodgings, for the Blue Boar war too rawenous for a continuance, and we found a regler party hinwited to meet us. There was Tom and his wife and two gals, and me and my wife and her mother and two sisters, and my mother, and two of Tom's sisters, his perfessernal hadwiser (for he comed hup to town on law business), a hold shipmate, and a colour-sergeant as had sarved with him hin Hindia, and two young genlemn as war sweet on his daughters.

"Now, friends," says Canterberry, as soon as we war hall hassembled, "here we is, as snug and cosy as a horde of Hindians in a wigwam. But as we aynt hall on us of the same cast, and has therefore different views in regard to hour licker, I begs leave to say this ere, which are, that here's hot and cold water and sugar and lemons, and gin and rum and hollands and whisky and brandy galore, for them as has an awersion to cat-lap; so I begs there may be no mistake. By way of hexample, genlemn, I mixes myself a jorum of grog. Now, don't hall speak at once—who sails with me?"

"I, in coorse, Tom," says the hold boy's messmate. "You knows my weakness—I never says no to rum, not never. The China weed don't suit my complaint nohow."

"Nor mine," says the colour-sergeant, who war an hexceeding corpelent and portable hold weteran. "I'm afraid of its hagitating my nervous hagility, so I'll join the grog battalion."

"That's your sort," says Tom, "I knowed I war sure of you. But aynt there no more wet uns? Wot say you, Mr. Skinner [he war the perfessernal hadwiser]; wont you cut in?"

"Why, no," says that respecterbul hindiwidual, who war a little sleek, fat, bald-headed, ferret-eyed, sharp-nosed, hunder-looking, sniggering, sneering, sneaking chap, as nobody couldn't see arout feeling a natteral dislike again him; "I beg leave to decline; for I rather think—in fact, I may wenture to say I believe—that tea is more congenial to my constertution and habits—hem. A lawyer, my dear sir [here he grinned a smile as he thought war wery facecious]—a lawyer should halways be right to a T; so I'll patronize the hinfusion of gun-powder."

"Jest as I hexpected," says Tom, aside to me, "he's a regler long-shore milk-sop, as hasn't pluck to go hout to sea. You aynt agoing to foller his hexample, I hopes."

"Oh, no," says I, "I havn't forgot how to suck the monkey; so serve me hout a twister."

"Cold arout, in coorse," says Tom, setting to work with the bottles and glasses. "Hour mess is full now, for it's no use hinwiting them two loblolly boys as is beating about arter the gals; they's too spooney for us. So now, mother Wheeler, heave round, trip your hanchors, and away we goes ahead."

And sure enough we did go ahead in good style, for the tea and coffee and muffins and crumpets went round and round in double quick time, and the rattling of spoons and cups and saucers, and the gulping and [illegible]nching, war hincessant and unanimous.

"Hope your tea's agreeable, mum," says Mrs. Wheeler to my mother. "If it aynt I begs you'll speak, and have it rectified."

"Quite as it should be, I thank you, mum," says the dear hold ooman, taking a sip, and then teeming some hinto the saucer. "You'll hexcuse my hold-fashioned way of drinking hout of the saucer, mum, but *good* tea halways requires it. Let alone the risk of being scalded, it feels better in the mouth, and is far more palatabler."

"So we thinks," says Tom's two sisters, who are both hold maids, and as sich war supposed to be good judges. "Tea shouldn't never be blowed in the cup, or flattened with the spoon, but be supped warm and fresh from the saucer. That's the honly way to relish it in perfection."

"Your hopinion perfectly goinsides with mine, ladies," says Mrs. Wheeler, "for my partiality has been hinwariably for the saucer." Then, turning to Mr. Spoff (he war one of the loviers), she continued, "I'll trouble you to fill the teapot, Mr. Spoff, and Mr. Simcox" (he war the hother wictim of Coopid) "hand the muffins and crumpets to the ladies. Tea or coffee, Mr. Skinner, they is both handy? Ladies, you must take care of yourselves, for I see Mr. Simcox is so hengaged with my Helen, that he can't spare time to hattend to you."

"Oh, rewally, ladies, I beg your pardin," says Simcox, starting hup in great confusion, and blushing wery deep at being cotched courting; "I'm hexthethively thorry, I hope you'll hexcuse me." Then he snatched hup a hempty plate, and handed it to my Mary's sister Jane, who war next him, and continued, with a low bow, "Permit me to wecommend the krumpets, mith."

"Ha, ha, ha!" larfed Jane and hall the ladies, while Simcox discovered his blunder, and blushed deeperer and war more confused as he snatched hup a filled plate, and repeated his happologies and wecommendations.

So we went hon hall easy and comfortable till tea war hover, when the table war taken away, and we drawed hour chairs hinto a harf circle round the fire, to tell stories *and sing and talk* conwersation.

Spoff and Simcox war seated next their flames, in

coorse, and seemed to have a wery pretty notion of squeezing their hands and sitting close. I and Tom and his hold messmate and the colour-sergeant, as formed the grog company, sat at a little round table in one chimney-corner; and the perfessernal hadwiser slipped hinto a great harm-chair, and sat quite grand and solitary on the hother.

"Now," says Tom, "to set you hall a good hexample of harmony, I'll hopen the ball with a song." Then he filled his pipe (arter hasking permission, in coorse), and blazed away at the Harethusa.

"Bravo, bravo," says we hall. "Capital, capital."

"Gammon," says Tom, waggling his nose, and looking funny; "I knows better,—my woice warn't made for singing,—I houly bawls hout to keep the game alive. Now I've hearned a call, so I'll beg leave to rouse hup Mr. Simcox, for I knows he's a thorough-bred nightingale."

"Rewally, pon my honour, ladies and genlemn," says Mr. S. (he war by perfession a genlemn in a linendraper's hestablishment at the west-end, and had, in addition to a lisp and a queer way of pronouncing the letter *r*, an huncommon conceit of his singing), "rewally, pon me honour, I wish you would hexkuse me" (they halways has a K in hexcuse round about Plymouth, which war where Mr. S. comed from), "I'm not in woice to-night—I've been pwactizing tho hexthethively, that I'm afwaid I've stwained thumthing—pray hexkuse me."

"No, no," says we hall, "you must hoblige us. You fine singers requires so much pressing. Sing you must, we won't take no hexcuse."

"Well, then, if I must, I suppothe I must," says the wocalist, tuning hup, "but you must take the will for the deed, for, pon me honour, I'm hexkrutheatingly hoarthe."

Then he leaned back in his chair, and shut his eyes, and wobbled a wariety of hartful runs and cadences, and then breaked hoff in the fust line of a sentermental ballad, and said, "He rewally couldn't, for it war too [illegible]h." Then he wobbled and cadenced again, and tried [illegible]e Wolf;" and then he breaked hoff again, and said

it war too low. At last, when we war hall getting hout of patience, he started in what he called "a little thing of his own comperthithion, wordth and muthick, being the haffecting hithtory of a thecond luftenant of a thewenty-four, who war thewered from his thweeheart, and forthed to thail on the thalt thea." When it war hover, hewery body happlauded, hin coorse, and the ladies said it war wery touching and beautiful, but I and the rest of the grog party woted it rubbage, for neither hair nor poetry war sense or grammar. For hinstance, it beginned in this way—

"Thweet Thilvia Thimmons, do you hever think of me,
When I'm thailing on the thalt, thalt thea?
The tha—aw—aw—aw—halt
The—e—e—e—e—e
The thalt, thalt thea."

And hewery werse finished with—

"Then, dearest, when you're curling
Your ra—a—a—aven hair,
Think of him who is furling
Top-thails on the mare.*
Top-thails on the mare—
Ma—a—a—a—a—are,
Ma—a—a—a—a—are,
Top-thails on the mare."

Arter this we perswaded the ladies to try a leetle drop of grog, and Mr. Simcox called on Mr. Spoff to continue the harmony.

"I should be most happy, ladies and genlemn, to contribute my mite of amusement," said the genlemn happealed to, "but my friend Simcox has deceived you in regard to my vocal hability. I never hattempted a song in my life; but as I think I am in duty bound to supply my deficiency on that pint, I'll recite a few lines I wrote this morning on the hoccasion of a lady's presenting me with a nosegay."

Here his flame gived him a pinch, and said, "Don't

* N.B.—*Mare* is French for sea.

Henry, how can you;" but the genlemn took no notice, but took hout his pocket-book, and read as follers:—

"Cull, O cull, the myrtle and the rose—
Twine, O twine, a wreath, a wreath;
Tie it with bows, with bows, with bows
Of heath, of heath, of heath, of heath."

"Bravo, bravo; beautiful, beautiful," says hall the ladies.

"How melodious and hexpressive," says the hauthor's flame.

"The true style of fathonable heleganth," said Mr. Simcox; "'of heath, of heath, of heath,' how beautiful for muthick. 'He—e—eth,'—nuffin can be better."

"Hexcept this ere," says Tom, "which I'll bet hodds beats it hout and hout.

"Take, O take, when you're half froze,
A glass, a glass of cognac,
Glowing, flowing, down it goes,
Warming the *reverse* of back."

A roar in coorse follered this ere poetical heffort of the hold tar, and the nosegay genlemn looked wery sheepish. Arter which Mr. Skinner, the professernal hadwiser, war called hupon to sing.

"Sing!" says that perticklerly dreary hindewidwal, turning up his eyes, and trying to grin a smile, "I war never guilty of sich a hindiscretion. I happeal to the company, do I look like a singer?"

"No, no," says we hall; "quite the rewerse."

"Well, then," continued the receder from harmony, "I trust I am hexcused?"

"Yes, yes," says the company. "Bravo, bravo!"

"But," says the hemancipated genlemn, trying to look good humoured, "as I wish to be pleasant and jovial, I will hendeavour to contribute to the hilarity of the society by reading an account of a murder."

"A murder!" says the ladies, shuddering; oh, dear!"

"Yes," says the genlemn; "but don't be alarmed, for it took place many years ago."

"Oh," says the ladies, "that's quite different. Go on."

"The document which I am about to read to you, adies and genlemn," says the lawyer, putting on his spectacles, "is a most extrornary one, and it came hinto my hands in a most extrornary manner. Hem! To avoid unnecessary mystery, and come to the fact at once, I got it through the medium of a ham and beef shop."

"Dear me," says the ladies, "how strange. Well, we never!"

"I will briefly," continued the forensic genlemn, twisting his watch-chain, and looking pertickler sassegations, "relate to you, first, the particulars of the discovery of the hinteresting record, and next the history itself. Hem!"

Then he gived a look round, to see if we war hattentive, and perseded.

"Yesterday, about half-past one o'clock, p.m., as I was seated in my office, turning over some papers relating to my friend Wheeler's cause, my hallfactory nerves war saluted with a wery pleasant hoder, and I suddenly felt a sensation, which my reading and experience told me was an inward craving for food. A delicious perfume perwaded the room. I helewated my nose and sniffed, hinstinctively hendeavouring to discover the cause of the delightful heffect. At last, to use a sporting fraise, I came to a point. Mr. Alexander Progmore, my clerk, was sitting with his head buried in his desk (the lid of which reclined upon that well-stored repository of legal lore), actively (as I guessed, from the wibration of the mahogany) discussing his dinner or luncheon (I will not positively swear which, but, from my knowledge of the genlemn's resources and habits, I am inclined to say dinner), and my reason and instinct immediately coincided that from that spot (the interior of the aforesaid desk) the pleasant hoder proceeded.

"'Mr. Progmore!' said I, abruptly.

"'Sir!' said the indewidewal haddressed, hastily withdrawing his head, and thereby causing the lid of the desk to descend with a bang, 'what? eh?'

" ' What have you got there, sir?' said I, kindly and mildly, hindicating the interior of the desk.

" ' Only a little am, sir,' said he, gaining confidence from the hamiable expression of my countenance, and smiling. ' It's wery relishing and conwenient when one's hungry and pressed for time.'

" ' Hindubitably,' said I, hazarding an assertion, ' it makes a nice sandwich.'

" ' Wery,' replied Progmore, smacking his lips. ' Bread thin and a little mustard, capital.'

" ' I am rather curious in the curing of hams,' said I, throwing out a leader. ' Is your's highly smoked?'

" ' Jest as it ought to be for my palate,' said the hint-taking Progmore, inserting his hand hinto the shady recesses of the desk, and producing the remains of a quarter of a pound of the sofisticated pork, together with a portion of a penny French roll. ' But will you oblige me by tasting it, sir, and judging for yourself?'

" ' You are wery kind,' said I, placing a small slice on a bit of the bread, and ascertaining beyond a doubt that Progmore had taste. ' Your ham is capital; you must unch with me to-morrow.'

" ' Don't mention it, sir,' said the worthy clerk, possessing himself of the residue of the ham and bread, and then crumpling hup the paper in which the former was enveloped, and throwing it into the fire. ' Pray don't mention it, sir.'

" ' Stop, stop!' said I, observing the latter action, ' let me see that paper.'

" ' Yes, sir,' said my obedient servant, jumping off the stool and rescuing it from the flames. ' It's of no good, it's wot the am was wrapped in.'

" ' I know it,' said I, ' but ——'

" Now, perhaps you will all think it strange that I should wish to preserve a bit of waste paper. My reason for such a proceeding is this. In my early youth I read of a lost will being discovered by means of a piece of an old newspaper; and I have since known many wonderful circumstances connected with the preservation of letters

and memoranda, which had been sold to cheesemongers and trunk-makers, at three halfpence per pound.

"The fust glance of the paper in question conwinced me that it was not only interesting but valuable, for 'twas an old black-letter chronicle."

"Deary me!" says my mother, "you don't say so!" Then, in a whisper, she asked of Mrs. Wheeler, "What are a black-letter chronicle, do you know, mum?"

"No," says Mrs. Wheeler; "but never mind, I dare say it's something wonderful. Go on, Mr. Skinner, we're hall attention."

"The document is sadly mutilated by the fire," said that genlemn, feeling in his pocket. "The devouring element has destroyed some of the most interesting particulars. I will, however, read it as far as it goes, and your hemaginations must fill hup the blanks—hem."

The genlemn then dived hinto his capacious coat pockets, ditto waistcoat, and hinexpressibles, and at last, to hour great disappointment and mortification, discovered that he had left it in his hother coat. "Dear me," says the ladies, "how unfortunate."

"Can't you remember it, sir?" says I.

"No, sir," says the lawyer, "not a word. Without my brief, I'm dumb. Stop, stop, I have it—'tis in the breast-pocket of my great-coat." Saying which, he started up, crossed the room, drew the precious document from its resting place, and, resuming his seat, read as follows:—

"'Twas on a cold windy, rainy night, in the month of ——, St. —— clock had justed tolled ——, when a muffled figure glided from —— alley, and stood in the shadow of the two dark and dreary houses at the corner of —— lane. These two houses are well known to hewery one, because —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— therefore —— —— —— —— —— no doubt —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——

'One would think that the foul fiend of darkness guessed my errand, and wished to carry me away in a whirlwind.'

"At that instant a low whistle was heard, and another figure himmerged from ——— street.

"'Are you ready?' was the whispered question of the new comer.

"'I am,' was the reply; but ——— never ——— consent ——— one word ——— blood ——— crimson gore ———.'

"'Then follow me.'

"The two mysterious strangers then crossed the churchyard, passed through Paul's Chain,———gained the river ——— a boat ———Thames ——— Savoy Palace ——— rewolving stone ——— archway ——— aperture ——— dark ——— damp ——— stand ——— close ——— strike———heart———reward ———. Two ——— passed the portal — they were ——— in their robes ———; the moon shining brightly at the moment, discovered ——— beautiful female ——— long black hair trailing on the ground ——— inhuman monsters ———vil——— urderer ——— elp ——— love — heaven — I die ——— rewenge ——— splash ——— dark waters ——— — body ——— hushed to silence."

"That's all," said Mr. Skinner, "the rest is totally illegible."

"Deary me," says my mother, "wot does it mean?"

"I don't know," says Mrs. Wheeler, "but I suppose it's wery wonderful."

"Wonderful!" said the lawyer, carefully folding hup the precious document,—"as a record of the dark hages it has never been surpassed."

"Pooh," says Canterberry Tom, with a knowing wink, "I'll match it any day in the week. Wait till I tell you the history of El 'Dorado and the ghost of the Medeteranian. Them would make you hopen your eyes a bit—they *is* stories. You has all on you heard of——"

"I beg pardon," said I, seeing that he war topping his boom for a yarn, "but its getting late. 'Spose you lets us go home and gives us your hadwenture the next time we meets."

"With hall my heart," says Tom: "and when we does, I'll tip you sumat better than the chronicles of the dark hages."

Hupon this the party broke hup, and the dark chronicle story larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never think nuffin wonderful cos you don't hunderstand it.

SPECIMENT.—I've heard tell of a man who went to France, and war hastonished to find that hall the little children spoke French. So it are with the generality of hother wonders; *we is too apt to crack up common-place things as cooriosities, cos we hasn't had the hadwantage of larning better.*

CHAPTER XXII.

How true are the hold saying, that "one-harf the world don't know how the hother harf lives," and how strange it are that thof we is constantly mixing with hewery wariety of wretchedness, we is wery hoften hunconscious of its hexistence. Yet sich is the fact.

They as is well off and prosperous has their eyes and ears shut to the sufferings of their less fortunate fellercreeturs. They walks through the streets for their business or pleasure, and never once thinks or cares where the people they meets there sleeps, or how they gets their food, and they reads in the noosepapers a case of suicide or starwation, and it makes no more himpression on 'em than a Macassar hoil or blacking hadwertisement.

Wot are the reason of this brutal hindifference? Hour natteral selfishness. *Poverty, like a storm at sea, must be endured to be hunderstood,* and there is wery few on us, as long as we is able to get good clothes and plenty of eating and drinking and amusement, cares a straw about wot becomes of hanybody else. Like the Queen of France, as supposed the crust of the raised pies (as she and the other great folks never eat) war made to feed the starving poor, we has but a wery wague notion of the reality of poverty, and it aynt until we is hunfortunate and gets a tumble that hour eyes is hopened to *the world of misery*, and we becomes hacquainted with horrors that would have frightened us heven to have dreamed on.

It has been my lot to bear melancholy witness to this on very many hoccasions, for I har seed them as I knowed proud and hunfeeling in their haffluence, come to be habject beggars; and I har hoften and hoften helped subscriptions to save the remains of reduced friends from the degradation of a parish funeral.

Wot a painful thing it are to watch the working of poverty on a friend "who has seen better days." His dress gets gradually shabbier and shabbier, and his person thinerer and haggarder, till at last he is hardly to be recognized as the same man who but a few years before war rollicking in haffluence. The shoes go fust; they either gets cracked in the hupper leathers or worn through the soles. Then the hat loses its nap and shape, and gets greasy round the band. The trowsers, by constant splashing and overstrapping, to hide the undarned stockings, wear hinto holes round the hancles; the coat gets white in the seams, and are buttoned close hup to the throat; the small portion of neckcloth which are wisible are creased and dirty; the hands is cased in hold gloves as lets hout the tops of the fingers; the hair are long and straggling; and the cheeks is pale and hollow. These is a man's symptoms of coming down in the world; but the change with the poor women, thof it are less rapid, are much wusser. They too begins their happroach to shabbiness with the shoes; they gets hout

of shape and down at the heels. Then the white cotton stockings is changed for black, the dyed and turned silk gownd gets stained and shining, and rubbed hinto holes, the shawl are shrunk and faded, the bonnet (that himprover or destroyer of female beauty) are soiled and hunfashionably shaped, and the face is haggard and careworn.

Whenever I meets heither man or woman with hany of these marks, I says to myself, "Poor creetur, you is to be pitied, for you knows the true meaning of the word poverty."

Now for a case in pint.

"Please, sir, you're wanted," said my prentice, putting his ed hinto the back parlour, where I war seated as usual, making hup the books.

"239," says I, putting my finger againt a figure in the column I war hadding hup. "Who are it?"

"Don't know, sir," says the boy. "It's a shabby genteel man, as won't give his name."

"And 7 is 246, and 5 is 251, and 9 is 260," says I, finishing the total of the pence, and scribbling it on the blotting paper, and durviding it by 12. "21, carry 8. Tell him to walk in."

"Yes, sir," says the boy, hopening the door for the stranger. "Walk in, if you please."

"Wot are your business with me, sir?" says I, turning round to look at my wisitor. "Wot can I—" here I stopped short, for I recollected him.

'Twas my hold friend and writing-master, Mr. Swiperly, the assistant to Mr. Calomel. Haltho' so many years had passed since I last seed him, and his hintemperate habits had aged and bloated him, still I knowed him at the fust glance.

"Mr. Swiperly," I continued, jumping hoff the stool, and hadwancing to shake hands with him.

"Yes, sir," he replied, taking my offered hand and shaking it with humility; "hall that is left of him." Then perceiving by my countenance that I war shocked at seeing him so reduced (for he war in the last stage of seediness), he tried to smile, as if he didn't care about it.

But it wouldn't do, for tears came streaming down his cheeks, and with a piteous look, as spoke wolumes of misery, he held hout his hand to me.

I took it and shuk it arout saying a word, for I feeled sich a choking sensation in my throat that I hadn't power to speak.

"Thank you, thank you, you feels for me," says poor Swiperly, taking hout a remnant of a silk handkerchief and wiping his eyes. "Times is sadly haltered with me, old friend. My folly and hintemperance has brought me to wot I hoften foretold they would, starvation and beggary. I—I—have not tasted food since yesterday morning, and my wisit to you is to implore you to give me the means of procuring a night's lodging and a meal."

I seed he spoke the truth, for Want war written on his face. "Come with me," I said, going hinto the shop and hopening the door that led hinto the house. "Come hup stairs, I will give you hall you require."

"No, no," he replied, holding back, "give me a shilling and let me go to a cook's-shop, I am too tattered a wagrant to be admitted to your table."

"Your dress aynt nuffin," says I, forcing him to foller me. "I recollects you as a hold friend, and as sich, I feels it my duty to assist you, let your happearance be hever so wretched."

I takes him hup stairs and sits him down to a nice bit of cold beef and hot potaters, as war ready for my dinner, and arter he had eat and drunked his fill, I asked him to relate his history, and tell me how I could serve him.

"My history (says he mournfully) is soon told. You recollect how I went on at Mr. Calomel's; drunk hewery night, nervous and debilitated all day—not worth my salary. Got discharged—knocked about town—living on my friends till want hobliged me to exert myself. Got another situation—lost it at the end of a few months. Knocked about again—and so on, year after year, till I was come to my last legs. I has been unemployed nearly two years—I have worn hout hall my friends—am incapable of hexertion, and have nuffin but the workhouse in perspective."

"But have you no hope of getting employment?" says I; "surely a man of your talent must be valuable."

"Valuable!" says the poor fellow with a faint larf; "I am a drunkard, and no one will put faith in me. Look at my hand, see how it trembles—that's a bad recommendation for a surgeon. Then look at my clothes—everybody shuns me. *There is no respectability in rags, and a poor man's greatest enemy is a shabby coat.*"

"But," says I, "'spose you gets hover that last hobjection, has you then hany prospect of a situation?"

"Why, I thinks," says he, "that if I could present myself in good feather at a certain house I knows on, I might get a chance."

"Then you shan't lose it for a coat," says I; "I'll give you a note to my tailor, who shall make you a suit of clothes, and I will furnish you with money to purchase everything else you may require."

He war wery thankful, in coorse, and promised to strive to recover himself; but his failing war too deeply rooted. Thof he got the clothes and the situation, he wery soon fell hinto his usual course and got discharged. Time after time I relieved him, till at last his applications were so hincessant, and his conduct so disgraceful, that I war hobliged to break with him; and six months arterwards, I sat on the hinquest of his body, and returned a werdict of "Died of cold and hunger." Poor Swiperly! he war nobody's henemy but his hown; and if it hadn't been for his fatal hinfatewation with regard to licker, he would have been one of the heads of his profession, and died rich and lamented. As it war, he passed away like the snuff of a candle, and nobody but myself knowed or cared hanything about him.

To persede with my history. I kept hon getting more prosperous and comfortable hewery day; Mr. Hallspice continued to be pleased with me, and I war looked up to by hall my friends and neighbours, both of which distinctions I war not a little proud on.

Regler hewery Monday I got a wisit from the hold genlemn, *who comed hup* from Camberwell by the ten *o'clock coach, and returned* by the three.

"Well, Mug, how is we going hon?" war halways his fust question arter we had shook hands and said, how de do. "Hanything new, eh, eh, eh?"

"Not much, sir," war my general reply; "business pretty steady. Cast your eye hover the journal and ledger, sir, everything is posted."

"That's right, that's right," my good hold friend would say, seating himself at the desk, and putting on his spectacles for an examination. "Never let books get behind hand; many an honest tradesman ruined by it. Hallways know wot you are about hewery week, hewery week, hewery week. Yes, yes; all right, all right. You write a nice plain good fist, Mug; no blots or scratching. Like it, like it. So you've received those sugars from Smith and Co. Good hit that, eh, eh, eh? Yes, yes, all right. Let's see the banker's book. Ah—balance rather too heavy. Oh, I see Brown's bill due on Wednesday—all right, all right. Now, how's your wife, eh, eh, eh?—Tim and the rest of the little Mugs quite well? Brought you some nice cauliflowers. Own growing, own growing—cut 'em myself. Fresh, fresh, quite fresh. By the by, talking of that, don't you want a little fresh air?—shut up too much; take a holiday. Go to Margate on Saturday; stay a fortnit; I'll mind the shop. No hexcuse; must, must; settled, settled. I'll go hup and tell Mrs. Mug. Thought of it as I came to town. Nice trip, nice trip. Fine fun on board the hoy. Capital, capital. Go and tell Mrs. Mug. Must go, must, must."

As the hold genlemn wouldn't listen to no hexcuse, the hexcursion war agreed on, and, accordingly, on Saturday morning, I and Mrs. M. and the youngsters and their nus and baggage found hourselves at Billinsgate ready to start on that, then, somewhat long and perilous woiage.

It hoften makes me larf now, when I sees the steamers cutting away like one o'clock, and going to Margate and back in thirteen hours, when I reflects that it aynt above twenty years ago that I war five days a getting there. *Them steam-boats* is wonders!

Arter a deal of scrambling and swearing we gets aboard,

secures hour sleeping berths in case of haccidents, and takes hour seats on deck. There war a tidyish lot on us, and hewery one seemed to have determined on a hout and hout day's pleasure.

"Let go," says the captain, and away we went on the starboard tack as if we hintended to walk bang hover to the hother side of the river, and go smash hinto the fleet of colliers. I, having been a seaman, knowed better, but nall the ladies and landsmen war huncommon alarmed.

"Oh, dear," says one, "we shall knock against those coal ships."

"Where *is* we going?" says another.

"Oh, take care, captain; take care!" says a third.

"Ay, ay, mum, don't be alarmed," says the genlemn happealed to, who looked like a captain ought to look, a regler ruff 'un, in a sow-wester and a P-jacket; not like your dancing-master steamer chaps, as sports silk stockings, and pumps, and fancy westcuts, and long togs. "Ill make it all pleasant, you may depend. Jib sheet, Jim. Bout. Let go. Heads, ladies and genlemn. There we is as nice as ninepence."

"Oh!" says they as war brought to leeward by the tack, and got a hunpleasant jerk as the boom travelled, and the craft lay hover. "We shall be hupset; let us get on the hother side."

"No, no," says the captain, "better stop where you is. I shall make it pleasant to the hother side presently. Jib sheet, Jim. Bout. Let go. "Heads, ladies and genlemn." Then the same manœuvre war hexecuted, and we made a leg starboard agin.

"Oh!" says a young lady, who war sitting near me and my party, "look, pa, at those poor half-naked men that are pulling hup the coals. Is they slaves?"

"Not that I knows on, my love," says the respectable parent haddressed, who war a hemminent cheesemonger and common-councilman. "We calls 'em whippers. They is bringed hup to it wery young, and preffers it to hagriculture or handicraft."

"Dear *me, you don't* say so," says the young lady. "*Poor sawages, I pities* their taste."

"Wot wessel is that ere, sir?" says a young dandy genlemn to me, looking through a eye-glass at a Dutch craft as we war passing.

"A butter boat," says I.

"I'm wery much obleeged to you for the hinformation, sir," says the hindignant querist, turning on his heel. "I hasked you a ciwil question, and I hexpected a ciwil answer; but wot can one hexpect but wulgarity aboard a Margate hoy?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" larfed the people as sat near us.

"Go home to your mother, spooney," says a little tailor who war seated in his perfessional attitude, cutting away at a huge beef-stake pie. "Tell her to larn you ciwility afore she lets you come hout among genlemn. My service to you, sir. (Here he took a swig at a large stone bottle, and nodded to me.) If he comes hany of his nonsense to us again, I'll take his measure in no time."

"Look, my love," says the common-councilman to his daughter, "there's Blackwall. That ere house with the winders as hopens hon to the balcony as fronts the water is the Plough. That's where we goes to eat the white-bait."

"Tittlebats," says the tailor, putting his finger to his nose and looking knowing. "I calls heating sich hinsignificant hinsects making a fool of one's mouth."

"They is wery wery nice picking, nevertheless, with a little cayenne and brown bread and butter, be they wot they may," says the common-councilman, good-humouredly. "Hewery one to his taste, yourn is beef-stake pie."

"I should think so," says the merry knight of the thimble, swallowing a huge mouthful. "Give me the substantials, and I'll let you do wot you likes with the kickshaws and trimmings."

"There has been a good deal of controwersy on the subject of white-bait," says a Scotch genlemn, haddressing the common-councilman. "Some maintain that they *is juvenile* sprats, hothers anchovies, hothers smelts, and *many, like* hour carniverous friend here, believe them

to be tittlebats. Who is right or who is wrong I will not pretend to determine, neither will I hazard a new conjecture, but I will detail to you an experiment which a respected friend of mine, Mr. Alexander Macsiftem, of the College of Aberdeen, has lately made, which proves beyond a doubt the origin of the far-famed delicacy."

"Pray oblige us," says the common-councilman; "I shell be wery glad to have the matter set at rest."

"My friend Macsiftem and myself," said the Scotch genlemn, taking a seat next the common-councilman, "war dining last week with a large party at the Plough, when this interesting subject was brought on the *tapee*.* Arter the usual conjectures had been mooted and hargued, my friend Macsiftem stated that he had resided some time at Antwerp, where precisely the same sort of fish is found in great plenty. He picket hout about a couple of dozen of the finest he could procure, placed them on a double wire gridiron, such as is used for cooking sprats, rested it on a pie-dish, and left it for twelve hours in the cellar; now, wot do you think was the result?"

"Can't himagine!" says the common-councilman.

"They warn't cooked, in coorse?" says the tailor.

"Pshaw, no!" says the Scotch genlemn; "*the gridiron war empty, and the pie-dish contained about a table-spoonful of mud and slime.* So much for white bait. Its true origin you may depend is *mud*, gainsay it who will. Let them as doubt it try the experiment, and I'll pound it they'll find I'm correct."

So we went hon being good company, and hamusing ourselves hall the way, and having the hadwantage of wind and tide, we got to the place of our destination after a pleasant woyage of thirteen hours. The trip larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—When you is in mixed company never talk about wulgarity.

* *Tapee* is a French hideot as means carpet, or question, haccording *to circumstances*; in this hinstance it means question.—*WM. MUG.*

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war in company with a large party of people who war strangers to you, wouldn't you be a fool to go and say that you hated the Hirish and Scotch? Don't you think all them as belonged to heither of them countries would feel wery sawage against you? In course they would. So it are with wulgarity. Nobody likes to be despised, and *them as prides themselves on being hextra-genteel is halmost halways wisey worsey.*

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARGATE, at the time I fust wisited it, war a wery different place to wot it are now. Then it hadn't got no *king*, no boulewards, or French bazaars, no Marine Parade, no Clifton baths, no Hupper Pier, no Jetty, no flies, no touters for hotels and lodging-houses (by the bye, that ere continental nuisance hought to be put down), no steam boats, and no civil war.

As hewerybody knows hewery hinch about the place, I shan't go hinto perticklers, cept this ere little touch, *hon passong:* That it war, and is, one of the pleasantest places I knows on for a week's hexcursion; for besides the hadwantages of being in the country, and henjoying the sea bathing and breezes, there's hewerything one wants at one's *own price*, for nobody aynt hobligated to launch hout hinto hextrawagance hunless they likes it, and hewerybody's free and heasy, and lodges and lives as dear and as cheap as they pleases.

The follering pohetical hinfusion, written himpromter by Mr. Spoff, who we met promiscuously at Dandelion, will, perhaps, give wot Mr. Robins, the hoctioneer, calls a "catalogue raysonhay of hall the haygramongs of the marine Eelshehum":—

There's hot and cold bathing *chay Hubbard and Beale,**
And Philpot and Foat for them wot's genteel.

* *Chay* is French for at.

(By the bye I remembers in a machine seeing wrote,
This helegant werse I'm going to quote:—
"Be you stout, or be you thin
Mrs. Sharpe* will pull you in;
Be you thin, or be you stout,
Mrs. Sharpe will pull you out.")
But them as is wulgar, or don't like to tip†
A bob for a dressing-room, *hal fresco* strip,‡
And run in from the beach where the board§ gives a warning,
That *homos*‖ may bathe arout hany hawning.
Then there's walks on the sands, the Fort or the Pier,
Rides on donkeys to Kingsgate, a willage wot's near,
The North Foreland Light-house, whose reflectors concave¶
Pint hout the Goodwin's to the sons of the wave;**
Then there's tea-ing at Shallows, St. Peter's, and Draper's
Dayjewnayin†† and dancing, and hall sorts of capers,
At sweet Dandelion, or divine Shady Grove,‡‡
Wot's sacred to syllabubs, weak tea, and love.
There's boats for the naughtical, "shilling a ed,"
By whom wery hoften the fishes gets fed;
Of hewenings there's singing at both the libraries,
And raffles and loos and such like wagaries;
At the playhouse there's stars of the werry fust water,
Master Betty as Hamlet all the world's running arter;
Then there's concerts and balls at the Royal Hotel,
For musical beau or Terpsickore§§ belle;
In short, if you've got, the *withal*‖‖ to be gay,
You may frolic all night, and ditto all day.
Wrote at Dandelion, near Margate,
By Henry Spoff—2-7-08.

I can't say much for the meteor of the poetry, or the helergance of the senterments, for Spoff did the hinfusion hoff hand with a pencil on the blank leaf of "Fatherless

* Mrs. Sharpe war a famous bathing woman, wot's now called a guide.

† Tip is wulgar for pay.

‡ *Hal fresco* is Eyetalian for hopen hair.

§ The board is the magistrates.

‖ *Homo* is Latin for man.

¶ Atween ourselves this means lanterns; the fine words is used for the rime.

** Sons of the wave is poetry for sailors.

†† *Dayjewnaying* is French for breakfasting.

‡‡ Shady Grove is now called Tivoli.

§§ I thinks Terpsickore is Greek for dancing—at all hewents, it's sumat belonging to it.

‖‖ Withal is a hambiguous term for money.

Fanny," which he'd borrowed from Bettison's Library, and tore hout arout the least remorse. (By the bye, I'd hadwise hall librarians to look sharp arter pohetical young ladies and genlemn. They never stands for no repairs. When a hidea strikes 'em they writes it, as Sterne says, "hupon hanything.") The notes is mine. I could have made 'em much more woluminous, but I thought of the hold hadage about brewity, and so contented myself with putting down no more than war habsolutely necessary to hilluminate my young friend's hobscurity. For instance, when I war hon the subject of the pier, I could have told how and when that and the jetty war built, and have speculated hupon the probability of the new pier (as they is talking of building) being hout by the fort or hin by the hinfirmary Then again, when I spoke about bathing arout hany hawning, I could have mentioned a few facts about Swansea, Hartley Pool, Brighton, Boulong, Dieppe, Havre, &c., as would have hastonished the curious. Then, in regard to Tivoli, I could have wrote a wolume, showing how Mr. Sinclair took it and haltered it, and sung "Pray Goody" and "Love among the Roses" there; and how Mr. Baron Nathan is the continual master of the ceremonies, and how wery hattentive and perlite he are. Then I could have described seeing a waudweal played there, and have gived a funny haccount of how a genlemn in a *blouse* sot down at the pianer and played quadrills to an hadmiring public for three hours and a half, and then walked home to his lodgings in Wicarage-place arout thinking he had done hanything hextrornary. Then when I mentioned donkeys, hadn't I a glorious hopportunity of being sarnastic. Then while at the North Foreland, couldn't I have resuscitated Grace Darling, and given the history of a thousand wrecks on the Goodwin's. What a wide field for description Shallows, St. Peter's, and Draper's hafforded. And Dandelion, oh! what couldn't I have said of it! Then about the boats; what a number of hearts I could have made palpitate at a full description of the Mary Ann, and the Charlotte, and Emma. Then the libraries; there war a theme! "One, one, ladies

ınd gentlemen, No. 1, honly waiting for No. 1. Miss ʒniggles's next song will himmediately succeed the filling ›f this loo. One, one, honly waiting for one." Then couldn't [have had a touch at Garner's Shylock; and when I got to ;he playhouse couldn't I have showed how full it used to ›e, and how hempty it are now, and have given the reason ›f its desertion. But I didn't, for fear of being tedious.

So much for Margate. I took my leave of it at the ;nd of my fortnit, got home arout hany haccident, and ›uckled to business hard and strong.

Here I begs leave to make a slight digression, and ʒive a glance at a subject which writing about my fust visit to Margate has put me in mind on. I halludes to ;he hextrornary changes a few years makes in hourselves ınd hewery thing around us.

A great senator has said that "in the course of seven ʒears not honly does the population of cities change, but nen's minds and conditions undergoes a rewolution which nakes 'em halmost new beings."

Daily hexperience proves the truth of this, for there ıynt nobody as can look back at that time arout saying ›o themselves—Ah! I wish I had knowed as much then ıs I does now; wouldn't I have done this and that and ?other? Or, I wonders how I could have been so weak ıs to be pleased with such and such follies, and be ›o unsteady and unthinking.

In regard to the change of population, just take the ıaudinance of a playhouse. How many as war play-ʒoers in 1833, composed the crowd as war in Covent Garden Theatre on the hopening night of this season, Sept. 7, 1840? *I thinks at the wery utmost not above me-third.* And how many of the actors and actresses ıre there left? Mr. Farren, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Harley, Mr. Meadows, Mr. Diddear, Mr. Payne, and Miss Lee. All the rest is dead, or retired, or gone to America.

It har the same in hall hother conditions. Many ;housands as lived in London seven years ago, and war ın the thick of the toil and bustle of business or pleasure, ıs now scattered to hewery quarter of the globe, or is ʒone dead or out of memory, while their places is sup-

plied by a new lot of strangers and young juveniles as will, in another seven years, flit away and make room for others.

I should like to have a farthing from hewery one as passes along our streets as never seed the giants strike St. Dunstan's clock, or recollects Old London Bridge, or Exeter Change, or Carlton House. Wouldn't I have a fortune!

As a proof of how little some of the rising generation knows of the hewents wot happened honly a few years ago, I'll jest relate a hanecdote:—

As I war crossing New London Bridge last week, on my way home from Greenwich, I stopped a minet to look round me and think back a little hupon the times when I used to stand on the hold heddefice and take hobservations on the same scene.

"There's the Tower and the Custom House safe enough," says I, "jest as usual. And there's the Pool and the craft. But that ere fine wharf, and them steamboats, they is hadditions to the picture, they ——"

I had jest got as far as that in my mind, when I war hinterrupted by hoverhearing a conwersation between two young genlemn as had placed themselves alongside of me.

"Oh! that's the demn'd hold Tower, is it?" says one, who seemed to be wery little more than fifteen or sixteen years old, thof he war dressed like a man and smoked a cigar. "Wot a collection of pepper-boxes! They had wery hodd notions of harketecture in those hantedeluvian days—eh, Gussy?"

"Yes, yes," says the other chap, who war a year or two holder and a trifle more haffecteder and conceited, "it's disgusting. I war on gard there once, and cus me if I didn't continually hexpect to receive a noctural wisit from Lady Jane Grey or Anna Bullen, with their *caputs* under their arms. It's a demnable dungeon, and I consider transportation must be infinitely preferable to a permanent residence there. Is that gal looking at me or you? How de do? Come here! Pon my soul—I *should think* not. Hollo! Emma! Never mind—let

er go. By the by, have you any idea wot time it is? was infernally drunk last night, and forgot to wind up."

"Somewhere between two and five," says the young n, with a yawn. "I was as bosky as blazes myself at ıe same period—Cider-cellaring it till all was blue,—but ɜa and soda-water have set me on my legs again. Wot's hat long building to the left of the Tower?"

"I believe it's the Custom House," says the friend.

"Ah, indeed," says the juvenile dandy, putting hup is eye-glass and surveying it hattentively. "That's the ɜmn'd place where they stop the cigars. Burn it, wot lot of steam-boats!—the smoke's infernally hunpleasant. ɣ the by, this is London-bridge, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe so," says the friend; "it has been ɔinted out to me as such, but I won't wouch for my ıformant's weracity. It may be Blackfriars."

"No, no, it's London," says the Hawannah consumer; I am convinced it is, by its proximity to the Monument. Ladn't it at one time houses hupon it?"

"To be sure," says Gussy. "Let me see—oh, yes—ıey war taken down in the reign of George the Fourth, ıd an alderman, or some such city person, built a palace ith the stones, at Greenhithe."

"Oh, ah, so he did," said the other young hopeful. But this wandering in the city is cursed slow; let's ump into a cab and cut out of it."

Off they went, and on I goes with my history.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" says hold Canterberry Tom, as e bolted hinto my shop a few days arter my return from Margate. "It's right as my leg, Skylark. Fair weather ı Jarmany! We've swamped hour henemies, and gained ıe day. The hold ooman's comed into her property, and 'e's snug and comfortable for life."

"I'm delighted to hear it," says I, shaking hands with im, "and I wishes you many years of happiness."

"Thank you, thank you, hold tar," says Tom, nearly ringing my arm hoff. "It's a glorious move arter oxing the compass so many years in rough water to ave a spell at a bit of smooth. But I must belay talk-ıg over that ere at present and persede to business.

Me and the hold ooman and the gals and their sweethearts is going to have a frolic to-night at Wauxhall, and we wants you and your wife, and her sisters, and both your two mothers, to sail in company with us. It's my treat on the strength of the wictory, and if you won't wolunteer, damme if we don't bear down in a body and press you."

"Well," says I, "if that's your determination, I suppose I must wolunteer. I'll signalize my womenkind, get em in sailing trim, and join convoy arout delay."

"That's your sort," says Tom, capering hout of the shop. "We tops hour booms at six, so don't lose no time in getting your diwision ready for sea."

Arter a deal of fuss and flurry, Mrs. M. and the rest of the feminines gets dressed and ready, and hoff we goes to Tom's quarters, where we hires three hackney coaches and drives to Westminster-bridge, where we takes boat for Wauxhall.

"Well, this are delightful," says my dear hold mother, who war sitting alongside of me. "I is so fond of the water, and I hasn't been on the river for a matter of twenty years. Deary me, how natteral hall the places seems to me! Manys and manys the happy hewening I has passed here when poor father has rowed me hup to Battersea. Ah! it seems but yesterday—how time does fly, surely."

"Rather different this to the Bay of Biscay, eh, Skylark?" sings hout Tom to me, from his boat as war rowing alongside of us. "No holding on by the eyelids here."

"How are you, commodore?" says the coxun of a cutter as war passing us with the speed o' lightning. "How's yourself, hold tar, and all the jolly Haggys?"

"Hallo! who are you?" says Tom, standing hup and looking arter the speaker; then putting both hands to his mouth, he bawled hout, "Cutter's coxun, ahoy?"

"Aho—ho—hoy," war the hanswer.

"Wot ship?" says Tom, bawling louder.

"Bret—annier," war the reply as war borne on the wind from hunder Wauxhall-bridge.

Ah! an hold Ironsides," says Tom. Then he bawled
n "Wot's your name?"
War—war—war—war," came spattering from a long
ınce.
Hout of range, says Tom, sitting down. "Some hold
s-mate, I'll be bound. I wish he had spoke me
er—I should have liked a crack with him."
Oh, you pretty dears," says a party of young chaps
ar being pulled in a wherry towards Westminster,
as they passed took a squint at Tom's daughters
Mrs. M.'s sisters, who war hall pretty gals and werry
rily dressed.—"Oh, you darlings—going to Waux-
? Oh, stop the boat, pitch hout your spooney sweet-
ts and make room for us!"
Spooney thweethearts!" says Mr. Simcox, calling
r them in a wiolent rage. "Wecall your words,
ulting wascals."
Barbers' clerks and counter jumpers," replied the
s in the wherry. "You've no business with sich
gals;—come to us, you pretty darlings."
I'll call em hout," says Mr. Spoff, taking out his
-case, and shaking his fist at the wherry lads. "Low-
l scoundrels, you shall hear from me."
Ha, ha, ha," larfed the wherry's crew; "go home to
mothers, spooneys. Good night, my pretty dears,
l night."
Don't mind 'em, genlemn," says our waterman; "it's
y chaff. That's the priwilege of the river. We calls
aterman's wit. Nobody never takes no offence at
n wot 's said on Father Thames. You should have
fed again, and not have been pertickler in wot you
about *their* wives and sisters."
o we went hon till we gets to Wauxhall-stairs; but
re we lands, I begs to make this ere remark,—that if
e are one pleasanter amusement than another on a
summer's hewening, it's going on the water atween
bridges, and watching the manœuvres of the cutters
wherries, and galleys and barges, as they skims along
their rollicking larking crews. There goes a genlemn
—there a lot of 'prentices—and there a jolly young

waterman flying a wager boat. Hurrah for the six cutter—slap along, barge. My eyes, there's a twelve! Go it, galley—now, wherry. That's your sort. Look at Jem, won't he take the shine hout of em to-morrow. See, see, he lifts her bang hout of the water. Hurrah! hurrah! Oh, there's no end of jollity, right up to Richmond.

We lands at the stairs, puts the women hunder our arms, and goes hinto the gardens.

"Pay here," says the money-takers.

"Hall right," says Tom, putting down a five-pun-note, and taking the checks and change. "Nunkey pays for all."

"Wot a beautiful sight the gardens persents at the fust hentrance. The lamps, the music, and the company flitting habout among the trees, seems a realization of the fairy-land we read of in the "Harabian Nights."

Hon we went to the horkestra, and takes a squint at the fiddlers in their cocked hats. Then there war a round of happlause for a tune, and Mr. Dignum leads forrud Mrs. Bland. "Bravo, bravo!" is shouted on hewery side, and on she goes to sing "Wapping Old Stairs."

Oh, wot a sweet woice! and how touching she made that song. Talk of Catalani and the Eyetalians, they none of em hewer *hagitated the heart* as she did; and if I war to live a thousand years, I should remember her way of giving this ere line—

"The heart as is true, Tom, should ne'er be despised."

It would have made heven a policeman cry, it war so melancholy reproachful.

Arter she had finished and gone away with a thunder of happlause, hewery body called out hancore, and she comed back and singed it again. Then the band played a hoverture, and forrud comed Mr. Hincledon, who gived us "The Lads of the Willage," and he war hancored. Then the bell ringed, and away we went to look at the rope-dancers. Then we walked round and round the promenade, and wisited the Hermit; then we went and heard more songs; then we seed the fire-works, and at

hewery rocket jined in the O——h—— O——h——, which custom has been kept hup time hout of mind, hup to last season, for they did the cry hexactly the same. Arter this hexhibition war hover we took a box and hordered supper.

"Now bear a hand, my lads," says Tom.

"Directly, sir," says the waiters, and in less than no time we were laying into the ham and beef and pulled chickens.

"A harf-guinea bowl of rack punch to begin with," says Tom.

"Directly, sir," says the waiters, and in lesser time than before we war swigging it. In short, we war regler cosey and comfortable, and kept it hup till broad daylight, when we sent for hackney-coaches, and went home, Tom and I and Simcox and Spoff being all wot is new-police-act-ically called *five shilling cases.*

Poor Wauxhall! your glories is hower now. I saw your machinery, and scenery, and pictures, and buildings, knocked down by hoction the other day, and I expects you will be turned into streets afore long.

Now I comes to a pint in my history as aynt pleasant to me to record, for it brings to my mind a wery unhappy recollection; I met with a bit of good fortune, which war hultimately the cause of a misfortune as turned me out of house and home, and forced me to begin the world again.

This you may be sure larnt me a bitter lesson, and this is my reflection on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never (if you can avoid it) leave hanything to chance.

SPECIMENT.—S'pose you had got an appointment to go to Hindia, and your ship war wind-bound at Portsmouth; wouldn't you be a fool to go hup to London, and risk losing your passage and being superseded, *on the chance of the winds remaining stationary till you comed back?* In coorse you would. Yet there's wery many as does quite as silly things, which causes em *to lose the flood of the tide as would lead em to fortune.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was four months arter my Wauxhall trip, and the year had turned, and our books had been gone through and balanced, and both me and Mr. Hallspice war huncommon pleased with hour profits, and I war looking forrud to another twelvemonth of prosperity, when one morning I gets this ere note by the twopenny :—

"Dr Mug,

"Recd ys of 3 inst,—contents noted—15 0 X shd be price, but you may go X lower.

"Frost vy severe. Larder robd nxt door. Seen Wilkins about plums.

"Dine with you to-morw, 4, boiled leg mutn, somthg partr to say.—Black pig gt out yestdy into Miss Prim's flowr gardn, playd old Harry.

"Boys will make slides, tumbd down, nt mch hurt.

"Dnt invte any compy—wnt to talk over buss.

"Send turnips for mutn per errd cart, ditto some kale.

"Ys, vy truly,

"Timy Allspice."

"P.S.—Mother quite well—ditto self, grunters, and poultry—wery few eggs, send basket pr errd cart, ditto the mutn, hung fortnt.

"T. A."

To-morrow comed, and as punctual as the Horseguards clock hup comes the Camberwell coach, hout bundles the hold genlemn, and hup stairs he climbs with my little Tim (who, according to hinwariable custom, pounced on him at the door), holding on by his coat-tails, and calling hout, "Gee hup, ganpapa; me so gad oo tum; ge hup; dive on, coachman."

Arter he had sot down a little and got his breath, for he war getting puffier and puffier hewery day, nus brings

in the babby to show hoff its walking, and then Mary comed in, and then the leg of mutton, and down we sot.

When the cloth war taken away, I puts the lickerstands on the table, and the kittle on the fire, and arter a bit of common conwersation about the weather, and sich like trifles, I gives Mary the usual Freemason wink, and she goes away and leaves us.

As soon as she war gone, the hold genlemn draws his chair close to the fire, sets his feet on the fender, takes hup the poker, and begins poking away for dear life.

"Oh," says I to myself (for I knowed his ways), "something's hup with the governor. Wot crotchet has he got in his head now, I wonder?"

"Cold weather, Mug," says he, arter a long spell at putting the coals together, and raking and hammering. "Wery bleak down my way; we're hall frozen hout gardeners." Then he put hup the cinders and whistled.

"Yes, sir," says I, feeling I ought to say something; "its an huncommon hard winter."

"Huncommon, huncommon," says he, putting down the shovel, and taking up his coat-tails, and standing with his back to the fire. "Poor people suffer wery much, no doubt—no doubt. We've got a coal and blanket club at Camberwell—poor creatures, poor creatures. Cold's a shocking thing—wery, wery."

Then he seemed to find the warmth getting rather unpleasant, for he got away and walked about the room.

"We've had a subscription here in hour parish, sir," says I, "for the same purpose. I sent my five pounds yesterday."

"That's right, that's right," says the governor, stopping short in his walk. "Good lad, good lad; halways hassist the poor. Never do you any harm—never, never." Then he had another walk a little faster, and stopped short again afore his own pictur. "Hollo, hollo!" he sings hout all of a sudden, "Mug, Mug, wot's this? wot's this? Got a new frame for my pictur? Eh, eh, eh? 'Stravagant rascal! wot's the use of throwing away so much money on my old fizzog?"

Then he looked huncommon pleased, and took hout his pocket-handkerchief and dusted the face. "Like me, like me—wery, wery. Younger then. But never mind, never mind, no mistake, hewerybody knows it. Little Tim knew it afore he could speak—put hout his little arms to it. Yes, like, wery like. Thank you, Mug, thank you. Don't forget the old boy, eh, eh, eh? No, no, no. Ah, well, well, we shall see; yes, yes, we shall see." Then he had another walk, and then he sot down and stared at me, and played the devil's tattoo on the table.

Well, thinks I, he must have something wery pertickler to say—I never knowed him so fidgetty afore—I wonder wot it are?

At last he draws his chair to the table and takes a horange, and while he war a peeling on it, he says in a promiscus sort of careless way, "How's business, Mug?"

"Wery flourishing, sir," says I; "hall I could wish."

"Hah," says he, putting a harf-quarter in his mouth; "then you do not want to give it hup, do you?"

"Give it hup, sir!" says I, quite astonished; "why, what could have put such a thought in your head?"

"Don't know, don't know," says the hold genlemn, putting away another harf-quarter, "'cept that I wants to give it hup myself."

"Sir," says I, jumping hup, and staring at him with more astonishment, "is you serious?"

"Yes, yes," says he, in his hasty, nervous manner; "I'm tired of taking harf profits for doing nothing, so want to dissolve pardnership and give hup the shop and business to you. There, there, there, that's wot I've been trying to say the last harf-hour. Stupid old fool, stupid old fool. Nervous—nervous at breaking anything. Now you know, now you know."

"Dissolve pardnership, and give me the business, sir!" says I, hardly believing my ears. "Do you really mean that you——"

"*Yes, yes*," says the hold genlemn, hinterrupting me, "*I've been* thinking of it for a long time. I shall go

hout with a good fortune, and leave you the house and stock and five hundred pounds. Get on then like a house on fire. Hall your own, Mug; hall your own."

"Oh no, sir," says I, "this generosity is too great; I cannot, will not, allow you to make such a sacrifice; I have already received——"

"Now—now—now, not a word, not a word," says my kind friend, coming hover to me and taking my hand. "You must, you must, you must—worked hard for me long enough. I'm snug and cosey—got hall I want. Comfortable, comfortable, comfortable, all my life. No family, no family. Who the deuce should I save for, eh! eh! eh? No, no—contented, quite—quite. Want no more. Do you good, work for yourself. Double energy. Yes, yes, yes—sure of it, sure of it. Little Tim big boy, big boy. Babby's nose out of joint soon, ha! ha! ha!—yes, yes, yes, another young grocer. Ha! ha! ha! harf a dozen more perhaps. Hexpenses hincrease, hincrease—schoolery hexpensive—thousand wants. Better to be your own master—in coorse, in coorse, in coorse. Deserve it, deserve it—labourer worthy of his hire. You—you—you work here morning till night—January to December. I—I—I—hold hunks taking his ease—cottage at Camberwell—reading newspapers—walking and riding about—idle, idle hall day long, do nothing but be comfortable. Why, why, why, sleeping pardener take harf profits, while you, you, you do hall the work. No, no, Mug; said before don't want it, don't want it, you do. So, so, once for hall, if—if—if you don't wish to make me angry, say you agree. Come, come, come, this has been my darling project for a long time, and—and I won't be thwarted. So, so, say you consent and have done with it—have done with it."

"Well, sir," says I, shaking his hand while the tears comed hinto my eyes, and I feeled quite wild with joy, "as you insist I must submit. But I wish——"

"No, no buts," says the kind old feller, hinterrupting me; "it shall be as I say, so there—there—it's all settled. Now call in Mrs. Mug and little Tim—coach *here in harf an hour*—jest time for a quiet glass of grog.

But mum about hour harrangements—say nuffin till I'm gone. Understand, understand—ring the bell, ring the bell."

The bell war ringed, Mary and the boy comed in, and the harf-hour passed quickerer than hany I hever remembered, and the hold genlemn houtdid himself in jollity and seemed as much helated as if he, instead of me, had met with a hunexpected happiness.

Precisely at eight o'clock the coach comed, the hold genlemn bundled hinto it, and I returned to Mary and told her hall as had passed.

"Bless him, bless him, the dear good hold man," said she, wiping her eyes and speaking with hall her heart and soul. "Wot shall we do to prove hour gratitude?"

"Make hour fortune, hold gal," says I—"that would give him the greatest satisfaction, and I won't leave no hexertion untried to haccomplish it."

"I'm sure of it, dear Bill," says Mary; "and I'll help you to the hutmost of my power; thof I can't *make* money, I'll try to *save* it, and that's something."

In the course of a few days hour haffairs war harranged, the dissolution of the pardnership happeared in the *Gazette*, and my name war single hover the shop; in short, I war regularly hestablished on my hown haccount.

This war my bit of good fortune—now for the *wisey wersey*. Christmas had comed round five times since the retirement of Mr. Hallspice.—"Hollo, Mr. Muggins," says you, "you've made a jump of five years."

"Well! I knows I has," says I; "wot o' that?"

"Why," says you, "you surely don't mean to say as how as nuffin happened to you during hall that ere time?"

"I jest does," says I; "and as a hillustration of my hassertion I asks you this ere question:—S'pose you goes a journey by the railroad, wot has you to describe? Nuffin. *You goes so fast you hasn't time to make hobserwations.*"

This war my case. *I war on the rail of prosperity*, and *war so snug* and comfortable in my *fust-class carriage that the hewents* of my life war as huniform as the fields

l woods and willages we chiveys past when we's ering the biler.

To persede with my history. Christmas, as I said re, had comed round five times, and my business kept a hincreasing, and the hold genlemn's profecy about family war partly werrefied, for I'd got three more le ones to perwide for, when I found it necessary for health of Mrs. M. and the young uns to take 'em a tage in the country.

Arter a deal of trouble we fixes on a place at Clapham; it painted and papered and furnished wery handsome, removes. This war my first launch hout.

At fust I used to go backwards and forwards hewery by the stage, but finding it hexpensive, and meeting h a nice chaise and horse a bargain, I buys em and ves myself.

This war my second dip hinto hincreasing my hexnses, for my hand war never out of my pocket—some-ng war halways wanted. Fust, the chaise wanted w wheels, then the horse took ill and died; then I war bligated to buy another; and then a new harness, and en a new chaise.

Hall this time my town hexpenses war keeping hon ncreasing, for I'd had the shop new fronted and en-ged, by throwing the back parlour into the yard, and ilding hup a warehouse; besides which I war hoblited to hemploy a great many hextra servants and shop-n. Still I war by no means hextrawagant, and my ncrease of hincome warranted my hincrease of hexpen-ure. I mentions these facts merely to show how hour nts and necessities grows with our means.

As I war now a hoppulent tradesman, and had my wn and country house, and "kept a gig," I war conlered wery respectable, and had a wery large circle of cquaintances and friends.

By the by, I've hoften thought it strange that the putation of hoppulence should do so much for us, yet *are a fact of hewery day hoccurrence, that let you be wer so great a willin, the knowledge that you is well to in the world will get you countenanced* and taken by

the hand by people, who, if you war poor, and had done but the hundredth part of the things they knows you as a rich man to have been guilty of, would hunt you from their doors like a mad dog.

The Clapham people is wery great dons in their small way, and hewery class keeps themselves to themselves with huncommon dignerty. I divides them as follers:—the walkers, the coachers, the pony-riders, the giggers, and the carriagers.

The fust is always to be knowed by their humbrellas and shoes and gaiters. They is hearly birds, for they starts at nine, and takes a hour to do the distance. They is in general hold Bank boys, or else young cubs in their happrenticeship of quill-driving sorrow. These is the hunfortunates the tin sandwich-boxes is made for.

The coachers is the hold book-keepers or junior pardners in mercantile houses. The fust is knowed by their white neckcloths, broad-brimmed hats, and well-brushed black coats. The second, by their fancy west-cuts, smart boots, and nosegays.

The pony-riders is the auctioneers and little tradesmen as requires hexercise, but is too corperlent to walk. They can't never be mistaken.

The giggers is the brokers, lawyers, commission-agents, or hopulent tradesmen, who is knowed by their wehicles being big enough to hold three.

The carriagers is the merchants and genlemn connected with the Stock Hexchange.

As I war a gigger, I war respected as sich, and hassociated haccordingly.

Among my most pertickler friends war a genlemn as had the cottage next to mine. He also war a gigger, but he kept hup an hestablishment equal to a fust-rate carriager, which got him uncommon respect.

My hintroduction to Mr. St. Julien—for that war my neighbour's name—war wery hodd and whimsical. I had been to the bank to buy in some stock, and learning that my broker war on the Stock Hexchange, I stepped hover the way to seek him. I walks hin with several hothers *arout any* notice being taken of me, and I war looking

bout for the person I wanted, when a smartish-dressed oung chap, as wore his hat wery much on one side, omes hup to me, looks at me hinquisitively from head to ot, and sings hout with a loud woice, "*Fifteen hundred nd Five.*" Hall of a sudden, as if by magic, hewerybody arned round and made a rush towards me, and afore I ould recover from my hastonishment, my hat war nocked hover my eyes, my arms and legs war seized, nd I war carried about the room by a mob of men, who ept hon hooting and hollering and screeching like mad. Iall my struggling and kicking war in vain, they held ie so tight that I war helpless.

"That'll do, genlemn, that'll do; let him go, let him o," says a woice close to my helbow, while at the same ime my hat war taken from my eyes, and I war set on my eet. "He's a genlemn of my hacquaintance, let him go."

In course I war wery hangry, and war for pitching into 'em right and left, but the genlemn who had eleased me stepped forrud, and with a thousand happo-ogies begged me to be pacified.

"The fact is, Mr. Muggins," says he, haddressing me y my name, "we stock-brokers is like school-boys, hever ipe for a frolic. It are against hour rules for strangers o come among us, and if by chance an unlucky wight asses the porter, and finds his way hinto hour den, we ounces hupon him, and treats him most hunceremo-iously. Wot you have hexperienced is nuffin to wot ome of hour wictims goes through. I am wery glad I war at hand to rescue you."

"I'm wery much obliged by your kindness, sir," says I. "By your mentioning my name I presumes you knows me."

"Oh yes," says he, "we is next door neighbours at Clapham. Allow me to give you my card."

"And allow me to request the pleasure of your company to dinner to-morrow," says I, giving mine—"six for half-past—if you are not hengaged."

"I shall do myself the pleasure, sir," says he.

"Good morning, sir," says I, taking hoff my hat and making a bow; "I'm wery much hobliged to you."

"Don't mention it, sir," says he, taking hoff his hat, "good morning."

That ere hacquaintance war the cause of my ruin.

In coorse my dinner war returned, and the consequence war that hour families wisited, and we got on terms of friendship.

As he had a wery large hestablishment and consumed a deal of grocery, he couldn't do less than give me his custom, and I in return, as he war a stockbroker, couldn't do less than give him hany little business I might have at the Bank.

So we went hon for some time all right and pleasant, and I, through his hadwice (for he war a wery clever man, and had the fust of hinformation), made several hundred pounds in the funds, till I got so thoroughly conwinced of his honner and friendship, that I used to trust him with hall the money I could command, to play with for me at his hown discretion, and the result being halways fortunate, and his settlements and haccounts regler and straightforrud, I thought myself perfectly secure.

But hunfortunately it turned hout more t'other; *for one fine summer's morning Mr. St. Julien war missing.* He had made a "bad hit," and had ewaporated.

When I heard the fatal news I war hastounded, and thought it himpossible, but a wisit to the Bank set the haffair at rest. I had been swindled. Hall the hinwestments I thought he had made for me from time to time war kept in his own pocket, and I war done hout of hewery shilling I had in the world.

This prewented me from taking hup my bills, one hinvolvement succeeded another, till at last I war forced to become a bankrupt. This war a heart-breaking lesson to me, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—Never trust nuffin to nobody you don't know.

SPECIMENT.—S'pose you war going a journey, and had got a waluable portmanter, wouldn't you be a fool to

take a porter's word that it war safe on the coach? In course you would. So it are with hall them as trusts to others wot they hought to see arter themselves—*they wery hoften finds their portmanter to be missing.*

CHAPTER XXV.

Wot a hepitome of the world are a noosepaper, and how warious is the feelings it creates among its readers. Halmost hewery one reads it for a different hobject, and thof the sheet be double, with a supplement hextra, they cares for nuffin, and hoften reads nuffin, but wot himmediately concerns their business or their fancy.

Some looks at nuffin but the hadwertisments; hothers is hinterested only in the reports of the Hold Bailey trials and police courts; hothers in the reviews of books; hothers in the politics; hothers in the foreign hintelligence; hothers in the shipping lists; hothers in the births, marriages, and deaths; hothers in the accidents and hoffences; hothers in the happointments and promotions; hothers in the sporting or theatrical hintelligence; hothers in the markets and funds, and hothers in the *Gazette* of bankrupts and hinsolvents. The follering remarks as I heard a day or two ago is a sample of wot I means to hilluminate:—

"Well, wot's the news?" says Mr. Brown to Mr. Jones; "are it true that we've battered down Beyrout?"

"Safe as the Bank," says Jones, handing him the *Times*. "Now I think it's pretty clear we *must* go to war with France."

"Capital defence that of Captain Reynolds," says a half-pay man; "firm and temperate and soldier-like."

"Wery," says the genlemn haddressed, who war of the same cloth as his friend. "I knowed him in Hindia, and a nobler feller and better officer never hexisted."

"So I've heard," says the friend. "By the by, don't some of you *Hindian hofficers* mean to take up that reflection business?"

"Without doubt; or, as one of the witnesses said on the court-martial, 'most decidedly' we must have an apology, or apply to the *hair-triggers*."

"Wot's the state of the poll for the mayoralty?" says Mr. Green to Mr. Fungus. "Has Harmer any chance?"

"Not a haporth," says the patriotic liveryman; "he's five hundred behind, and we is determined not to have him not at no price."

"Why so?" says Green.

"Cos we won't," says Fungus, buttoning up his breeches pockets, and looking sassegacious and himportant.

"That's no hanswer," says Green. "What has he done to you that you won't have him?"

"Oh, I don't know or care," says Fungus; "but Jem Perkins says he's got sumat to do with a Sunday noosepaper as has a wery large circulation, and that's a rascally shame. Besides, in the hewent of Queen Wittoria having a son, the Lord Mayor will be made a barrownight for going hup with the gratulation haddress; so says Perkins, as that ere small trifle aynt to be sneezed at, it's our bounden duty, as Harmer don't deal with us, to bring in the chap as does."

"That's a most distressing suicide," says Mr. Dismal to Mr. Pip; "the most determined I ever recollect."

"Orrid," says Pip, pertending to shudder. "Have you seen the new murder?"

"No," says Dismal, hanxiously; "when, where, how?"

"At Rotterdam—a whole family—hawful" says Pip, "most particularly hinteresting: the *Chronicle* has got three columns of it."

"Did you see that case about the Frenchman and his shawl at Union-hall?" says Mr. Knockabout to Mr. Breakwindow. "It's the coolest thing I ever read."

"What do they say about the new comic scene at

Covent-garden?" says Jack Jenkins to Order Tomkins.

"That it war wery funny, but somehow or other it got damnd," says Tomkins.

"That's odd," says Jenkins; "I saw it at the Strand some time ago, and it war werry funny there."

"Oh yes," says Tomkins, "there's no doubt it's a funny piece, and it's much betterer done at Covent-garden."

"Then why the deuce was it hissed?" says Jenkins, looking hastounded.

"I don't know," replies Tomkins; "'twas one of those mysterious damns as happens sometimes. The public screeched with larfter for half an hour, but hisses greeted the conclusion. The free list is cut hoff to-night; *perhaps the roars may predominate on the second representation.*"

"Why, you don't mean to insinuate that the free list ever hiss?" says Jenkins.

"Don't we?" says Tomkins, with a meaning smile. "My dear fellow, imagine the bore of being compelled night after night to listen to a farce you know by heart, or a tragedy that isn't full of startling situations. We want a constant succession of exciting novelties; and, as self-preservation is the fust law of nature, we make a point of burking hevery thing that threatens to have a run."

"That's a wery ingenious defence of Berrier's for Louis Napoleon," says Mr. Smatter to Mr. Surface.

"Wery," says Surface; "but it's damnably mauled in the translation."

"Those police cases is wery hinteresting and wery funny," says Mr. Metcalfe to Mr. Popham; "do you think they is hall genuine?"

"Generally true in substance, but hembellished in detail," says Popham; "a police reporter is a licensed carver and gilder."

"That's a most extrornary case of Madame Lafarge," says Mr. Peter Thompson to Mr. Hopkins; "what a disgusting account they give of the hexperiments on the exhumed body."

"Yes," says Hopkins; "the president's cold in hish must have saved him from great personal annoyance."

"By the bye," says Thompson, "that Mr. Raspa a rum genius; wery strange his carriage should b down three times on the road; good incident that f Wictoria melodrama."

"Oh, the trial has been halready dramatised," Hopkins; "Madame Lafarge are made hinnocent coorse, and the friendly chemist gets thirteen round happlause for saying to the jury, that '*conscience, li sponge, should be squeezed to the very last drop.*'"

"Talking of drops," says Mr. Snaply, "I see consols have dropped one and a quarter per cent. in co quence of the Beyrout affair."

"Hany more haccidents on the rail-road?" says Driver to Mr. Stoker.

"Nuffin to speak on," says that worthy, skimm down the haccident colums. "During this week w honly one man killed on the Southampton, three l and a hold ooman on the Great Western, and a doze two fractures and dislocations on the Eastern Counti

"So hold Jones is dead at last," says Mr. Moody.

"Yes, so I see," says his wife, "and dear me, who thought it? Miss Jemima Smith is married to yo Spriggs, the butcher."

"You don't say so," says Mrs. Wilkins;—"that news. Do you know that Mrs. Baker's got a li gal!"

"Lauk a daisy me, well, I never," says Mrs. Moo —"I can hardly believe it."

"I seed it yesterday in our paper," says Mrs. Wilk "so in coorse it must be true."

"Oh, in coorse, in coorse," says Mrs. Moody, wit wery praiseworthy belief in the integrity of the jo nalist; "if the papers says so, it must be hall righ they doesn't dare to hinsert lies."

These is the sort of things we is continually a heari and it is a never-failing fund of amusement for while I is smoking my pipe of a hevening at the hou frequents, to listen to the observations, and make me

randums of the characters as is drawed hout by reading the noosepapers.

"But what has hall this ere to do with your history?" says you.

"Nuffin directly, I grants you," says I, "but hindirectly a great deal." I has, from time to time, hindulged in digressions and ruminations on hany subject as might happen to come hunder my hobservation at the moment, and drawn from it a moral reflection. This are the case in the present hinstance. Having before me the hold paper as contains my name in the list of bankrupts, I've been a reading it, and it has made me think of how I feeled when I got it wet from the press and seed myself down among the hunfortunates. That ere paper are full of most pertickler hinteresting political and other news, but *I seed nuffin but my name in the bankrupt list* (by the bye, there's twenty hothers besides mine). This ere led me to moralize, and the foregoing observations is the result.

Now, on we goes with my history.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles, in his play of the "Hunchback," says,

> ——"the engineer
> Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower
> It cost him years and years of toil to raise,
> And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
> To roar and whistle now, but, in a night,
> Beholds the tempest sporting in its place,
> May look aghast as I did."

This war the pictur of my feelings when I found that Mr. St. Julien war gone, and I had lost my money; a thousand dreadful thoughts rushed to my mind together, and stunned and stupified me; I had, however, sufficient control hover myself to leave the bank and get hinto the hair. "Ruined, ruined!" I muttered to myself as I walked along, digging my nails hinto the palms of my hands, and gnashing my teeth. "Fool, hideot, willin! why did I trust him? Wot shall I say to Mr. Hallspice? —wot will become of my wife and family?—Ah, wot indeed! I have made them beggars!"

Faster and faster I walked, regardless of the thronged

streets and imprecations and menaces of those I pushed against or trod on in my passage. I saw nuffin, heard nuffin, felt nuffin, but the sorrow and despair at my heart.

As I war going down Snow-hill, I got pushed hup against a gun-maker's shop, and as I war trying to hextricate myself from the crowd, I chanced to give a glance at the winder. Hall of a sudden a hidea comes hinto my head—I walks hinto the shop and begs to be showed a pair of travelling pistols.

"Certainly, sir," says the gunsmith producing several sorts.

"You'll warrant 'em, in coorse," says I, quite calm and cool, as I took 'em hup and carefully hexamined 'em one by one, jest as if I war selecting a double-barrel for the 1st of September, and war wery pertickler in my choice.

"Certainly, sir," says the gunsmith, "hours is hall town-made harticles; we never sells nuffin but wot we can warrant."

"These will do," says I, fixing on a pair.

"Thank you, sir," says the polite tradesman, who war the master. "You'll have a bullet-mould and a powder-flask, I suppose, sir?"

"Oh yes," says I, with an hattempt at a funny larf. "In coorse, the pistols are no good to me without hammunition."

"Wery little, indeed, sir," says the town-made and polished proprietor of the *bouteque*, taking hup my larf, and trying to be facetious; "the powder and ball is half the battle, thof I hope you'll never make use of either."

"Why?" says I, slightly starting. "Wot do you mean?"

"Merely that I hopes," says the gunsmith, fitting some bullets to a mould, and filling a small flask with the best Dartmouth, "you may never be placed in a situation as will oblige you to make use of them to destroy life."

"Pshaw!" says I, larfing again, "aynt they made for killing?"

"True, sir," says the humane dealer in death-warrants,

putting my purchases in two list bags, and handing 'em to me hover the counter, "but I think I can safely hassert that hout of the many hundred pair of pistols as is manufactured hewery year, not one in a thousand is ever put into use. Thank you, sir; good morning."

Hout I goes, with my pistols in my pocket, and hoff I starts up Holborn; but this time I didn't push along as I did afore, for I sauntered quietly and coolly, nodding to them I knowed, and hobserving hewerything that war passing.

When I gets hopposite St. Andrew's Church there war a funeral going hin, so I crosses hover, and mixes with the mourners, hears the service read, and sees the coffin lowered hinto the grave. Hall this time I war as calm and comfortable as if I war full of hope and happiness. 'Tis true I kept my hand in my pocket, and war continually clutching and playing with the pistols; but I didn't feel no sorrow. On the contrary, I war so delighted that I larfed and joked with the sexton, and asked him if he'd take me for his prentice.

I shant never forget the look the hold man gived me when I war a speaking to him. *He saw in a hinstant wot war the matter with me,* for he humoured my hunseasonable mirth, and persuaded me to leave the churchyard and go home.

I knows that ere hold man now, but thof many years has passed, and he is greatly changed since I fust seed him, I remembers hewery article of his dress, hewery line of his face, hewery tone of his woice, and hewery hattitude he put himself hinto as he held the cord, shovelled the earth into the grave, and looked arter me on that day I is speaking about.

It are strange that hour memory should retain sich foolish things, but I've hinwariably found *that let hever so many years elapse (and we has hour senses), thof seen but once, we never forgets the faces, and hactions, and dress, and woices of them we has become hacquainted with when we is in some bitter trouble or haffliction.*

Hon I walks and gets to the shop. "Hanything for me, Hedwards?" says I to the foreman.

"No, sir," says he, "we're hall smooth and regler."

"Wery well," says I, passing hup to the drawing-room; "if I'm wanted call me."

When I gets hup stairs and hinto the room I locks the door, and then takes hout my pistols and loads 'em with the greatest care. Hall this time I war thinking about hall sorts of queer things, such as being accused of robbing Mr. Hallspice with Fred Flipper. Then I went hover my sea hadwentures, then scenes of the play-houses, till at last they hall got so mixed hup together that *I thinked of nuffin, but seed a lot of clouds tumbling and tossing about in my head.*

Arter a bit I comes to myself, and I walks about the room thinking hover my misfortunes, and I makes hup my mind to shoot myself; but jest as I had cocked the pistols and war a going to put 'em to my head, I thinks of poor Mary and the little uns.

"No, no, no, Bill," says I to myself, "you'd be a willin as well as a coward to sneak hout of your misfortunes in that ere way. Wot would the hold ooman and the children do arout you? Don't be cruel to them; it aynt as if you war a single man and your death could hurt nobody! You never gived hin afore! Rouse hup your pluck, hold feller, let nuffin floor you; go hin again and fight till you drops."

That's the way I hargued with myself, and in less than five minits arterwards the pistols war locked hup in my hescritore, and I war driving myself down to Clapham.

When I gets home I finds dinner waiting for me as usual, and Mary and the children hall comed and kissed me. "Poor dear creeturs!" thinks I to myself when I war a hugging on 'em, "you little thinks wot miseries is hanging hover you."

By degrees I breaks the melancholy news to Mary, which, in coorse, gave her a great shock, but she soon cheered hup, and putting her arms round my neck, she said, "Well, never mind, dear Bill, don't let us grieve for wot can't be remedied; you did hall for the best. Meet your misfortunes boldly, continue to deserve suc-

 *by hin*dustry and hintegrity, and be hassured we

shall soon hold hup hour heads again. Never heed me, dear Bill, I'll never murmur. Your home shall halways be comfortable as long as I have my health and strength. Wot if we are hobliged to leave hour house and live in a garret, still *hope for better days*, and wot is more sensible, *strive* for 'em. 'Twill be dreadful for you I know to begin the world again arter so many years of prosperity and comfort; but look, dear Bill, at me and hour little ones. Think of hour helplessness, and let it nerve your heart to bear hup against all difficulties, and restore us to affluence and happiness."

"Mary," says I, hugging her in my arms, and blubbering like a babby, "you is a dear treasure and blessing to me. I *will* think of you wothever happens to me. I'll knock hunder to nuffin, and if unflinching perseverance and hindustry has hever met reward, I'll get hover this ere smash, and we'll be happier and betterer hoff than hever."

This war the way I recovered my fortitude, and it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:

MAXIMUM.—There aynt nuffin as will mend a broken looking glass.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war going a woiage, and war wery sea-sick, wouldn't you be a fool to try to put an end to your huncomfortableness by jumping hoverboard? In coorse you would; so mind you bears this in mind, and recollect besides, *that hout of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, some on 'em must be warm and sunshiny.*

CHAPTER XXVI.

As the perticklers of how my bills war presented and dishonoured, and how my credit got stopped, can be of wery little hinterest to the bulk of my readers, I shall merely say that I communicated my loss to Mr. Hallspice, who war, in coorse, wery much astonished and grieved; but he behaved, as I war sure he would, like the kind and generous friend he halways war to me, for he hoffered to come forrud and pay hall demands. But this I wouldn't for a minit consent to listen to, for the sum war wery large, and I couldn't find it in my heart to let the good hold genlemn risk the funds as supported his age, to hinwolve himself for my hindiscretion; so it war decided that the law should take its coorse, and the docket war struck against me.

Things war in this state, when one morning, as I and Mary war at breakfast at Clapham, Betty, hour nusmaid, runs into the room in great hagitation and says to me—

"Oh, if you please, sir, pray go and hide yourself, sir—if you don't cut, and run hout of the way, sir, you'll be cotched, sir."

"Wot do you mean, Betty?" says my wife, starting hup and turning wery pale. "Don't stare and shake so, gal—wot's the matter?"

"Oh, mum!" say the poor gal, wiping her eyes with her hapron and sobbing, "pray don't be hangry with me, mum, for being frightened, but the hofficers is comed arter master, mum—I've seen 'em, mum—so has housemaid and cook, mum. Cook has lived with a family in difficulties afore, mum, and she says, as sure as eggs is eggs, the three men as is a ringing at hour gate is bumbailies, mum. There, there, don't you hear 'em, mum—they's pulling the bell hout by the roots. Oh! pray, sir, go and hide yourself in the coal cellar, or the water-butt,

or somewhere—oh, pray do. Cook says if you don't cut away you'll be boned. There, there, they are ringing again—oh go, sir, pray do,"

"There's no cause for alarm, my good gal," says I, quite calmly; "the wisit of these genlemn are nuffin more than I hexpected. They have not come to harrest me, but to take possession of the house by horder of the Court of Bankruptcy. Hopen the gate, and let me see 'em immediately."

"Yes, sir," says Betty (who war a wery good and hattached servant, as had lived with hus hever since we fust beginned house-keeping), "I'll—I'll let 'em hin, and I'm glad it's no wus. Oh, that willin, Mr. St. Julien, wouldn't I like to have the shaking of him. To think of hour being hobliged to let in the Court of Bankruptcy to take possession of hour house. I shall cry my eyes hout, I knows I shall."

Ring, ring, goes the bell again, and wery slowly goes Betty hover the lawn to hopen the gate.

"Make haste, but don't hurry, miss," says the dandified woice of a wery smart sporting-looking little genlemn, as war looking hover the pailings; "take your time, Louisa, my love. Pray don't fatigue your pretty little feet by too much hexertion; the slowerer the betterer. Thank you, my dear; you hexpected us I see by that pretty frown. If you should have brought the wrong key now, dear me, wot a tiresome thing that would be? Never mind, I'm the patientest man alive—so are my friends. If you are hobligated to return to the house, we shall have the pleasure of contemplating the rewerse of your lovely form. Oh, 'tis the right key; I'm so sorry—it deprives us of an hadditional pleasure."

"Come in, you haffected, grinning puppy," says the gal, hopening the gate, and hadmitting the three strangers, "and don't give me hany more of your wulgar himpudence. It's bad enough your coming to turn us hout of house and home, arout being hinsulted by such muck as you."

"Oh, fie, Jimmima Caroline Sophia," says the little dandy; "don't call names; we is the best bred men

alive, and means nuffin but ciwility, doesn't we, Sniggers?"

"In coorse," says the genlemn referred to, who nobody as has hever seed *a member of the catch club* could hever mistake for hanything helse but one. "We halways does the ciwil—ha, ha, ha!"—then he gived a wink at the dandy genlemn, and larfed. "Leastways, *I* halways does."

"Does you?" says Betty, hinwestigating him from the soles of his top boots to the top of his *lilly shallow*. "So does Jack Ketch when he hangs the people, but he aynt a bit the better liked for it—he, he, he!" Then she himitated his larf, and looked contemptible at him.

"Well, praps you're right," says the good-humoured functionary; "but don't be too sewere, my darling, I aynt done nuffin to hurt you."

"But your master has to my master, and that's the same," says the gal. "But here he comes, so I'll leave you."

"Wot's your business with me?" says I, stepping hout of the parlour winder hon to the lawn, and haddressing the little genlemn.

"My name, sir, is Fiply," says that facetious genlemn, taking hoff his hat, and bowing; "I've come by order of the Court of Bankruptcy to take the hinwentory of your goods, and put a man in possession."

"Hallow me to see your warrant," says I.

"Certainly, sir," said the polite happraiser, turning to the genlemn in the boots and breeches. "Show it, Sniggers."

"Shave you directly, sir," says that worthy, turning his head away as he feeled in his capacious pocket; "make you comfortable in a minit."

"Wot are you larfing at, sir?" says I, sewerely, for I seed by the shaking of his shoulders that he war hindulging in wot the French calls a *heclaw de rear*. "Is there hany thing so hextraordinary funny in my request?"

"No, sir," says the cachinnatory genlemn (I prigged that ere hard word from the dixnary, for I'se tired of *saying the* genelmn in the boots and breeches, and that

orthy), giving me the paper with one hand, while he ook hout the pocket handkercher, and smothered a conulsion with the hother; "but I never can"—here he urst hinto a roar, and slapped both his knees—"I never an show a warrant, or tap a customer, arout"—here he ent hoff again—"arout feeling struck so comical that, a spite of hall my hendeavours to look serus, I busts out into a haw, haw! But I begs pardon, sir, I can't elp it—it's a way I've got—I war born so—ha, ha, ha! —I war, indeed—I can't be serus for the life of me, do ot I will."

"Wery hodd," says I to myself, looking at him hatentively; "I thinks I've heard that ere larf afore. If I ynt wery much mistaken, he are the larfing boy as succeeded at Mr. Calomel's."

"When will it suit you, sir," says the happraiser, with polite bow, "for me to proceed to harmony?"

"Sir," says I, not hunderstanding him, "wot do you ean?"

"Beg pardon," says the hambiguous functionary; "I ean, when shall I commence the hinwentory? My lerk is here, and, as *tempers fudgit*, the sooner we knock hoff the better."

"If you'll walk in," says I, leading the way, "you an proceed at once."

"You won't want me, I suppose, sir?" says my friend n the boots to his friend in the straps, the happraiser. If hagreeable to the genlemn, I'll go and look arter my leeping and cooking haccommodation."

"As you please," says I, ringing the bell, which war answered by Betty. "If you'll foller that ere young oman, she'll take you hinto the kitchen, and hintroduce ou to the cook."

"La, sir!" says Betty, holding hup her hands in astonishment, "you is joking, surely. You don't mean s we is to have this ere great rough feller to keep company along with us?"

"Yes," says I, "he's come to take possession of the ouse, and will stay here some time. Take him with you, nd tell cook to make him comfortable."

"Oh, deary me!" says the gal, looking sorrowfully at me, and making a wry face at the new "housekeeper;" "wot will the bankruptcy people do next, I wonder? Come along, mister," she continued, giving the larfing genlemn a signal to foller her. "I'll hintroduce you to the kitchen, but I'd hadwise you to keep clear of cook. She don't like hintruders, and I shouldn't be surprised if she war to cut you hinto mutton chops, or make mince-meat of you."

"You don't say so," says Mr. Sniggers, pertending to look frightened, and then giving a larf. "Never mind, my dear, hanything for a quiet life: I'll make myself so hextrornary faxinating and agreeable, that you shall hall on you adore me. And as for your cook, thof she's as wiolent a wixen as an huntamable hyena, I'll make her as mild and as gentle as a pet lamb."

"Will you?" says Betty, looking back at him, as she war taking him along the passage. "Saying and doing's two wery different things, Mr. Bounceable."

"So they is, Miss Prettyface," says the hinsinewating Mr. Sniggers, seizing her by the two harms and giving her a shake. "If you gives me any more of your imperance, I'll make you prove your words."

"Adone, do," says Betty, getting away from him. "Hands hoff, if you please, Mr. What's-your-name. It's like your himpudence to be so familiar on so short an hacquaintance. Wot do you mean by 'prove my words?'"

"Never you mind," says the free and easy genlemn, repeating the shaking: "take care you don't haggrawate me to kiss you, that's all."

"Well, I'm sure," says Betty, "this beats the baker, and he's bad enough. I should like to catch you at it, that I should, you great gaby."

"Should you?" says the practical Sniggers, suddenly (as his friend the happraiser would have called it) proceeding to harmony; "then you shall."

"Hollo, hollo! wot's hall this ere row about?" says the cook, who heard the scrimmage, for Betty, as is dooty bound, struggled, and called hout "You shan't,"

l "Well, I never," and keeped on a wolley of slaps l punches at the face and ribs of the henterprising ılemn in the boots. "What are you at there?"
"Nuffin but a bit o' fun, mum," says "the agreeable ttle," making her a polite bow. "I was only trying conwince Betty that I knows manners and ciwility" here he gived a larf and looked hinsinuatingly at the ɔk with one eye, while he winked at Betty with the ther,—"and I shan't be backwards in coming forrud to the same with you, mum, if you goes on a haggrating me to do it by looking so handsome and pleasant."
"Ha, ha, ha," says Betty, bursting into a loud larf, ou is a rum jockey, and no mistake—your himpudence howdacious." Then addressing the cook, who seemed ite dumbfoundered with hastonishment, she went on, his ere funny genlemn is comed to take possession of ɜ house for the bankruptcy people, and master says he's live along with us, and you are to make him comtable."
"Am I?" says cook, looking thunder and lightning at ɜ amiable Sniggers, who kept on bowing and scraping e a parliament man as is soliciting a wote; "if I does, n a Dutchman."
"Don't make no rash wows, or even hint at being ny hamfiberrous hannimal hexcept yourself, mum," ys Sniggers. "I'm wery sorry, I'm hobliged to hinıde hupon you, mum, but you may depend hupon it, you'll have the goodness to treat me with kindness, ere shan't be nuffin wanting on my part to return the vility, and make things pleasant and agreeable. Your ler sarvant here sees the sort o' chap I ham—I likes lark, but I knows where to stop. It aynt never my nclination nor my natur to hoffend nobody, much less em as I'm forced to hannoy perfessernally; therere, mum, if so be that you'll hallow me to be friends th you, I promises you I won't never give you no ɔuble, or behave any way hunproper or hopstrorlous."
This ere happeal mollified the cook, for she turned ncommon ciwil, and hasked him to come in and take a

mouthful of summat to heat. At which pleasant hemployment I leaves him for the present, with this ere little remark, *hon passong: that there aynt never nuffin lost by ciwility, and it are better to coax a horse hinto good humour than to subdue him with the whip and spur.*

In due time the hinwentory war taken, Mr. Sniggers war formally put hinto possession, and the happraiser and his clerk made their bows and went away.

Dreadful thing that ere, taking a hinwentory of one's goods and chattels. For a man it's bad enough, but the feelings of the poor women on these hoccasions is hawful. Thof they has more philosophy in ruin than we has, and can bear poverty braverer and more cheerfuller than we can, when they sees their home hinwaded by strangers, who pulls and hauls and knocks about the household comforts they has for years been collecting, hewery harticle of which they loves and wenerates, their courage gives way, and they sinks hunder the *reality* of misfortune. This war the case with my poor wife; she follered the happraiser from room to room, trying to be hindifferent; but it wouldn't do, the trial war too much for her, she war hobliged to give in and take to grieving and crying.

"Wot are the matter in the kitchen?" says I, hopening the parlour door, and bawling to the servants, the second day arter Mr. Sniggers had been quartered hupon us, for I had been roused by a most huncommon noise; "wot are you about there?"

"Oh, nuffin, if you please, sir," says Betty, coming hout of the kitchen, stuffing her apron hinto her mouth to keep herself from larfing. "Honly the hexecution man is playing hup such funny pranks, that none on us can help shouting at him. He's been a singing a comic song, and dancing a hegg hornpipe on the kitchen table. I never seed such a fool in all my life. He's never serus a minit. He's such a merry devil, he can't look at you arout larfing. He's so wery droll, he are, he's quite won cook's heart, and as for me and the housemaid, we does nuffin but larf at him hall day long."

nd him to me," says I, "I wants to hask him a
ın or two."
s, sir," says Betty, "I'll send him directly, but
ɔn't be hangry with him for making us make a
He honly does it to perwent us from being
ıearted and melancholy; he means well, I'm sure,

alk in, Mr. Sniggers," says I, in hanswer to his
the door, "walk in, and take a glass of wine."
, thank you, sir," says he, hentering the room
wariety of bows and scrapes; "I'm sure you is
ind. As you is so wery pressing, I don't care
."
down," says I, pointing to a chair, "I wish to
little conwersation with you."
ı quite agreeable, sir," says my wisitor, hobeying
uest in regard to sitting, by placing himself bolt
ıt in a harm chair; "but afore we goes hany further,
ı as how if you catches me a larfing you won't be
ed, cos, as I told you afore, it's a fullish way I've
d I can't help it."
n't be hafraid," says I, "I'll hexcuse you, larf as
s you will. Now, take a glass of wine, and then
whether they treats you well in the kitchen."
ell, sir," says the grateful representative of the
ıptcy Court, "I jest about am. Your serwants
good uns, and treats me like a prince. I wish
genlemn's kitchen war as comfortable as yourn.
your wery good health, sir, and missises and the
ı and hall the fammerly. Here's wishing better
you, sir."
ınk you," says I. "Now, I'm going to hask you
ion which will, perhaps, surprise you. War you
harrand boy to a 'poticary in Holborn?"
course I war, many years ago, when I war a boy,"
good-tempered guest, looking at me hinquiringly.
[r. Calomel's—hold Pill-box, as I used to call
got turned away for larfing."
ar the boy as succeeded you," says I.
ı don't say so," says my friend in the boots, staring

with hastonishment. "Oh, you's a gammoning, sir, it aynt posserbul!"

"It are," says I; "I are that wery identical boy as war."

"Wot! you the young spooney-mouth as I tried to queer and frighten? Oh, my eye, how you is changed!" Then he bust hinto a reglar roar of larfter, as if he war going hinto highstericks.

"Time has made great change in both on us," says I, "but I recollected your larf, and felt pretty sure you war my hold hacquaintance."

"Ah, sir," says the poor feller, with a melancholy grin, "that ere larf has been my ruin. But for it I should have been well to do in the world; it has bringed misfortune on me hewery where."

"Indeed!—as how?" says I.

"Why," says he, "it war halways a getting me hinto scrapes."

"Take another glass," says I, "and tell me some of 'em. Give me a sketch of your history, from the time I saw you at the 'poticary's."

"Why, that's a matter of nineteen or twenty years ago," says the *sedewong* harrand-boy, reckoning hup in his mind. "Yes, it must be full that."

"Pretty near," says I; "take your wine and cut away with your history."

"I will, sir; your wery good health again, sir," says the hobedient Sniggers, tipping hoff a bumper. "How time does gallop, surely. Let me see; arter I left old Pill-box I went to another doctor's; but him I war obligated to leave for the hold reason, larfing. Then I war a light parcel boy to a linen-draper; here I stayed a good while, for my larfing warnt of no consequence, and I might, perhaps, have been there to this day, but I happened to get hinto a scrape. Here's your wery good health again, sir, with 'luck in a bag, and shake it out when you wants it.'"

"Thank you," says I, "same to you; wot war the scrape?"

"Why, this ere—" here the hortebiografer hindulged in a long larf—"I made a herror in the delivery of a

arcel. It war one of the hunfortunatest mistakes as war ever made—hexcuse my larfing, sir, but I can't never hink on it with serusness. I had a parcel to deliver to a Mrs. Somebody (I forgets the name now, but it's of no onsequence). Well, as I happened to be in the shop hen the genlemn bought the goods (which war a wery andsome Hingee shawl), and I knowed him and his wife very well, for they war hold customers, and I had hoften ook things home to their house, I thinks, when I seed he direction on the parcel, that hour clerk had made a nistake, for he'd put Mrs. —— (I forgets her name), Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, hinstead of Baker-street, Portman-square. So wot does I do, like a great sappy as war, but takes it hup to Baker-street.

"'Wot's that?' says the lady, who happened to be in he passage when I war let in.

"'Parcel for you, mum, if you please,' says I. 'Hour clerk's wrong directed it, but as I seed Mr. (I forgets his ame) buy it, I knowed it war for you, mum, so I brings t.'

"'Wery strange,' says the lady, taking me hinto the parlour and looking at the direction. 'Are you sure as Mr. (I forgets his name) bought this?'

"'Quite, mum,' says I, 'I knows him well.'

"'Wot are it?' says the lady.

"'A Hingee shawl, mum,' says I.

"'Hah!' says the lady, looking struck hall of a heap, a Hingee shawl!'

"'Hollo,' says I to myself, 'there's sumat wrong here.'

"Jest at this ere moment a rat-tat comes to the door, and hin comes the genlemn.

"'Did you buy hanything for me at Poplin's to-day, ny dear,' says the lady.

"'No, my love,' says the genlemn, colouring hup and ooking wery sheepish.

"'Hindeed!' says the lady, wery hindignant. 'Then who is this parcel as contains a Hingee shawl for? Who s the Mrs. (I forgets her name) as lives in Charlotte-treet, Fitzroy-square?'

"'Really I don't know, my dear,' says the genlemn,

recovering himself and taking it wery coolly; 'there's more people of hour name besides hourselves in London.'

"'Yes, sir,' says the lady, in a fury, 'but hewery genlemn as bears your name aynt like you. Here's the boy from Poplin's as seed you buy the harticle.'

"'Eh, wot!" says the genlemn, turning round on me like a tiger, 'do you pertend to say, you lying young rascal, that you seed me purchase a Hingee shawl in your master's shop to-day? Hanser, sir,' says he shaking me furiously, and at the same time giving me a hard wink with one of his eyes, 'did you see me or did you not?'

"'No, sir, I didn't, sir,' says I (for I war down as a hammer to wot he meant), 'it's hall a mistake. I thought it war you, but now I sees you close, I sees I war mistaken; the genlemn as bought the shawl war a good deal stouterer and holderer than you. I'se wery sorry I brought the parcel wrong, but the name being the same I thought it might be you. I'm wery sorry sir, I are, indeed.'

"'There,' says the genlemn, chucking the parcel at my head; 'be hoff, and be more careful in future.'

"'Yes, I will, sir,' says I, making a bow, and turning to go: but, hunfortunately, as my ill luck would have it one of my larfs comed hon, and the lady and genlemn cotched me at it. Ha, ha, ha, I shall never forget the rage they were in. The genlemn rushed hafter me hint the passage, and jest as I'd hopened the street-door, he comed up with me, and I cotched a kick as sent me flying down the steps, and bringed me in a sitting postu on the pavement.

"That ere mistake caused me to lose my sitewation for the genlemn went to the shop and complained to my master, who turned me away for fear I should do the same with some more of his customers as happened to be simmilarly sitewated.

"After that ere, I stayed at home a long time and helped my father in his business, which war in the coal and tater line; but, as I warn't wery comfortable, I get *the hold* man to look hout for a berth for me. Well, it

a short time he finds me one—ha, ha, ha, I cant help arfing when I thinks of where it war—ha, ha, ha." Here he had a regler convulsion, and larfed till the tears rolled down on his cheeks in streams.

"Where war it?" says I.

"At a hundertaker's!" said he; wiping his eyes, and stamping with mirth. "Father thought it would cure me of my giggling propensity, but—ha, ha, ha—it made me fifty times wus; for a hundertaker's business requires the huncommonest serusness, specially in the mute department—ha, ha, ha. I did wery well in the screwing down and bearer work, but when I got promoted to the cloak and hatband, and war made a mute, I war reglerly dished. I couldn't keep serus no how; everything I seed when I war on dooty tickled me, and the hagony I used to be in when I stood with my pardner at the door war hawful.

"I tried hall sorts of shifts to hide my infirmity, but it wouldn't do. I couldn't halways have the tooth-ache (that war my best chance, for I could hide my face with my handkercher), and it wouldn't do halways to keep the black scarf we carries on a pole, afore me, 'cause it spiled the pictereskness of my happearance, and master prided himself on his mutes doing their business slap hup.

"The wery fust day I went hout I war nearly floored, for jest as I and my pardner (he war a steady hold file, with a cast-iron countenance as nuffin but a hearthquake could move) had took hup hour position at a genlemn's door as war waiting for hour Gravesend van, a drunken coalheaver reels hup to us, and, arter pertending to be wery much frightened at hour solemn happearance, he takes hoff his hat and makes us both a low bow, and then says to me with a hawful squint, 'I say, young feller, does you know wot you looks like?'

"This ere, in coorse, made me cut a mug to stifle my larf and look serus, which the haggrawating willin perceiving, he goes it the harder.

"'Don't make faces like a jackdaw in convulsions,' says he, setting his arms akimbo, and standing right in front of me; 'but tell us wot you looks like.'

"'Go about your business, you drunken wagabond, and don't mislest hus with your himpudence,' says my pardner; 'be hoff, or I'll have you taken hinto custody.'

"'You be blowed, you stick of black sealing-wax,' says my tormentor, waving his hand contemptibly at hold Hiccory (that war my pardner's name); and then turning to me—'This ere young youth are the person I takes a hinterest hin. Wot do you look like, young feller, eh?" Then he twitched his face hinto hall sorts of queer shapes, which made me ready to bust; still, somehowever or hother I contrived to keep quiet; but, hall of a sudden he claps his hands on his sides, and crows like a cock.

"This I couldn't stand, so hoff I went hinto one of my regler haw, haws, which made the crowd (and there war a jolly big un round us) set hup a screech as could be heard from one end of London to the hother.

"'Look at the young mute,' says they. 'Coaley has reglerly floored him—he'll larf his head off; go it, my rum un, there's nuffin like fun.'

"Hall this ere time hold Hiccory war as serus as if he'd been cut hout of marble, thof the people goed their hardest to hupset him.

"'Go hinto the house, you young fule,' says he to me in a whisper; 'if you can't keep your countenance, don't disgrace your calling—go hinto the house, sir.'

"'I will,' says I; so I knocks at the door.

"'Ha, ha, ha,' roars the coalheaver, and the crowd again; 'he can't stand fire—he's going to cut his lucky.' The door war hopened, and hin I went with another roar, and so I escaped from further persecution.

"But wot floored me regler, and got me turned adrift, war this ere—I war sent to do duty at a genlemn's door in Leicester-square, when, as ill-luck would have it, there war a Punch exhibiting halmost directly hopposite where we war to stand.

"'Oh, dear," says I to myself, when I heard the squeak and seed the show, 'it's hall hup with me now, I can't never stand Punch.'

"'Mind your eye, you sir, and look serus,' says hold

Hiccory, for he war still my pardner; 'hattend to your business, and take no notice.'

"'I won't,' says I, trying to do the solemn; but the minit I faced about, and see'd Punch a whacking the Beadle, I went hoff like a squib, and roared away like a house afire.

"'Taw, te taw, te taw, te taw,' says Punch; and haw, haw, haw,' says I, rolling about in a regler convulsion.

"'Be quiet, you fool,' says Hiccory, kicking and punching me, 'the people's a looking at you.'

"'Look, look,' says the boys, 'there's a mute a larfing. Ha, ha, ha, wot a lark; hurra, hurra.'

"'Come, come, away with this ere,' says the street-keeper, coming hup, and starting Punch; 'this ere ayn't no place for you; be hoff, don't you see there's a funeral hopposite; cut away directly.'

"Then he comed hover to me, and says, 'I'll tell you wot it are, young feller, if you can't do your business in a decent and proper manner, I'd advise your master to get another mute, for cus me if hever I seed such a hunfeeling young willin as you are in hall my life. You desarves to be sent to Newgate, you wagabond."

"This ere haffair war reported to master, and I got the sack. Arter this I did hall sort o' things. Sometimes I war a stupid noomary at the theatres—but that wouldn't do; I heither larfed when I war a serus citizen, or cut mugs as made the gallery shout when I war a soldier, and they *seed I a gagging with my banner.* I've been a helper to a stable keeper, a board-man, and halmost hewerything. My last hoccupation war a follower to a bailiff; I got hout of that in my usual way. Now I'm a housekeeper, in which perfession I dare say I shall continue, for it's nuffin to do, and I can larf as much as I likes arout running hany risk of doing myself a hinjury."

This war the history of the larfing boy, and it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it.

MAXIMUM.—Never hattempt nuffin you knows you is natterally unfitted for.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you had the misfortune to have a wooden leg, wouldn't you be a fool (unless you did it by way of a lark) to go to a ball and hattempt to dance? In coorse you would: so it are with hall them as has hother natteral defects—*they makes themselves ridiculous by placing themselves in sitewations where their infirmities is the most to be perceived.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

How many thousands gets ruined by speculation! And how wild is their dream of greatness, and what would they not do to accomplish a success!

I never passes through the streets arout being a witness to this in halmost hevery branch of trade. Take, for hexample, a linendraper and silk-mercer; formerly he war contented with putting a good hassortment of good goods in his winders, and trusted to fair dealing for his custom; but now-a-days things is totally changed,—it ayn't never no use hopening a modest tradesman-like shop. Oh, no! such a habsurdity ayn't never thought on; the modern speculator thinks, with Shakespeare, that

"The world is still deceived by ornament."

So the first thing he does is to take two houses next door to each other in a fashionable street—never mind the rent, that's of no consequence—throw them hinto one, have the front made like a Hitalian palace, with statues and hall sorts of fillagree carvings, gilded and hornamented *hal a Lewy Carthorse*. Then the winders must be made of one large square of plate-glass (the biggerer and hexpensiver the betterer), and the whole of the premises must be covered with the wery best Brussels

peting (Kidderminster or cheap Brussels won't do at price); the chandeliers must be the wery last new tern, the shopmen (I begs their pardon, the assistants) st hall be wery good-looking young men, dressed to th, *hal a* "*World of Fashion*," with curled hair, small stachers, hextensive whiskers, and "*Hici on parle ıncay*" manners; and the goods as is displayed as ersuaders" must be hout and hout wonderful for their ness, delicacy and wariety.

Hunless the young ladies stops afore the plate-sses, and hexclaims, "*Oh, ciel! how mannifique!*" and blackguard boys says to heach hother, as they hin-stigates the gilding and the finery, "Oh, criky, Jem, Tom, or wotever the pal's name may be), s'elp me ar, here's a plummy concarn!" it ayn't never no use try it on. *The public is like wild ducks, they ayn't to votched arout a good decoy.*

Now, to do hall this the proprietors must speculate. ey havn't none on 'em the means of hincurring hall this great hexpense in rent and decorations and a costly ek—*they works their credit and trusts to luck to make square.* If they hits and gets fashernable, they makes ailroad fortune, and sells the good-will and retires; if it's more t'other, and the public won't bite, smash y goes, runs through the Court of Bankruptcy, pays s Paddy shot at in the pound, hopens another splendid hestablishment" finerer and more hextrava-ıter than t'other, and, as little Hoxberry used to say *Lord Bateman*, "Hon we goes again," to play the ne game ditto repeated.

This ere gambling, or madness, or swindling, or wot-r it is called, is not confined to London, but is hex-ding hitself all hover the country. *The outside hout-to hinduce the public to patternize is so large, that consarn must have an huncommon run of luck hever over its hexpenses.*

This is why we sees such a quantity of failures and ings hoff hewery day. Then comes another point—hopposition. 'Spose a man as has been hestablished some years in a quiet respecterbul way of business is

hopposed by a flashy, dashing speculator, who, as l
and hadwertisements says, is "*totally regardless pense*," setting hup against him next door; wot respecterbul man to do to save himself from being by the new comer's helegant front, plate-gla picteresk display of the most costly and hatt harticles of his trade?—*He must shut up, or r savings and his credit to produce a palace as will t shine hout of his rival.* But heven when he h that, he's wery little better hoff, for the speculatc finds himself at all shaky, *tickets to sell at hext low prices (goods he in coorse hasn't never paid fc afore his grand smash takes place, deprives the tradesman of all his customers, and forces him refuge in the Court of Bankruptcy.*

Many and many's the landlord and manufact has been "*taken in and done for*" by these ing meteors, which, like the fireworks at Wauxha a great splash for a little while, and all of a sudde hout, and, as Shakspeare says of the cloud-capped and the gaugers' palaces,

"Leaves not a wrack behind."

"Henormous sacrifice!" — "Hextensive failur "Bankrupts' heffects selling hoff 50 per cent. prime cost!"—"Wonderful bargains in summer clo —"Must be cleared before the 25th of March!' consequence of hextensive halterations, the wl the valuable stock will be sold without reserve!", &c., is notices we sees stuck hup in warious shop v in almost hewery street. But it don't halways foll it are a genu*ine* smash, cos many hartful dodgers the selling hoff, and bankrupts' stocks, and halt rigs, to sumduce the buyers of hextrornary che ticles hinto their *boutiques*, and gammon 'em hi purchase of hinferior goods hunder the delusiv pression that they is snapping hup bargains at rid low prices.

Then again there's another shaker. Formerly

trade kept itself to itself, but now it's quite a different pair of shoes, a builder is not contented with raising the walls of a house, but he joins, glazes, plumbs, paints, papers, and finishes it. A linendraper supplies carpets and feather-beds, and hevery hother harticle of furniture. A tailor will shirt, stocking, stock, and glove you, and a silkmercer will furnish your wife and daughter with caps and bonnets and ready-made gowns. In short, the "go-a-head" general dealing princerpul has made the Trade Directory all humbug.

I has been led hinto these reflections by recollecting how I war sarved hout by a chap as hopposed me, arter I had got my certificate, and had set hup again at my old shop in Holborn. He takes a large carpet warehouse as war next door to me, has the front fitted hup like a Chinese pagoda, with paper lanterns, golden bells, nodding himages, and hall sorts of Hindian cooreosities; besides which he had two real Chinamen, dressed in the full costume of their country, standing on heach side of the hentrance, shaking their pea-drums, and delivering hinflammatory bills, recommending hewerybody as didn't wish to be pisoned to buy their groceries at the Chinese Pagoda, where hewery harticle war at a hunprecedented low price, and warranted hextra genuine and hunadulterated. This ere hextrornary novelty, in coorse, made a stir in the neighbourhood, and hewerybody flocked to try whether the harticles war as good as they war cheap, for who could resist a bill like this ere :—

STOP! STOP!! STOP!!! STOP!!!!

NO SLOE LEAVES! NO SAND!! NO WATER!!!

DIRECT FROM CHINA.

ONE TRIAL WILL SUFFICE.

The Pagoda! The Pagoda!! The Pagoda!!!

TEA-DRINKERS DON'T BE POISONED!

NO CONNEXION WITH

NEXT DOOR.

Every article is genuine and unadulterated at

THE PAGODA! THE PAGODA!! THE PAGODA!!!

PATRONIZED BY

The KING and QUEEN and all the ROYAL FAMILY.

☞ LOOK AT THE PRICES! ☜

Best triple-refined Nova Scotia Lump at	10d.—	Good as sold at other places at			1s.
Unequalled sparkling Jamaica Moist at	6d.—	Ditto	ditto	ditto	9d.
Superior Pongwong Hyson ..	4s. 3d.—	Ditto	ditto	ditto	6s.
Invisible Bean Great Mogul Mocha Coffee at	2s.—	Ditto	ditto	ditto	4s.
Carefully picked Circassian Currants (warranted not trod into the casks by the Negroes' feet) at	9d...	Ditto	ditto	ditto	1s.

Real Portugal Grapes, Turkey Figs, Genuine Yellow and Mottled Soap, and hevery harticle of *domestic consumption*, better and cheaper than any other house in the trade.

N.B.—The Proprietor of the establishment has determined to

GIVE AWAY

No chance of meriting the patronage of the public, and confidently hopes his

TEA, COFFEE, AND SUGAR,

Will give unqualified satisfaction

TO EVERY CUSTOMER

TO THE PAGODA! THE PAGODA!! THE PAGODA!!!

e run at this houtrageous hopposition for a month x weeks war beyond calkerlation; the doors war ays besieged by a mob of hold women, hanxious to their turn whenever a served customer fought her out of the shop. I, in coorse, did nuffin; nobody one or two steady hold friends ever layed hout a ng with me, and I war beginning to think that I d be floored, when I perceived the crowds at the da getting gradually smallerer and smallerer, and ier month had scarcely gone afore the hexcitement uite subsided, and my puffing riwal's *splendid hes-hment* war halmost deserted. The fact war, the women and the public in general had discovered the sixpenny moist warn't hequal to the regler smen's nine-penny, and the four-and-threepenny wong Hyson *war* sloe leaves; so they cut the *cheap asty*, and returned to me.

w mark the finish. The Pagoda feller hissued fresh mmable bills, lowered his prices, and *hactually away a hounce of tea and harf a pound of sugar to y customer as layed hout harf a crown with him.* artful dodge kept the concarn afloat for another h, but the public wouldn't bite any longer—they lown to hall his manœuvres, and wouldn't deal with at no price—so, as a matter of coorse, smash he , diddled hall his merchants, and left me a clear

w here I begs leave to say a few words about hop-ion, and the rage for hextrornary novelties in ier branch of life. I halludes to public amusements. , too, the *houtside show* is made the principal hat-ion, and the lessees of three of hour principal res, as the biographer of Rossini says (speaking of pera of "Moise"), "*like the Germans, has recourse ir horchestra, and converts the haccessary hinto the ipal.*" I went t'other night to the promenade rt at the Princess's Theatre, in Hoxford-street, and l hall the world and his wife there. Ah! I said to lf, *the drama's* come to a pretty pass to come to *Here are a building* herected for dramatic per-

formances at an himmense houtlay, and fitted hup in the most helegant and costly style (the fact that the gold leaves alone as is used in the decorations cost nearly 2,000*l.* will speak wolumes as to its splendour), with hevery hadvantage as to situation, size, and comfort, presenting wot the French calls the most magnificent "*cup d'oil*" as can be himmagined; yet this here beautiful temple, hinstead of being happlied to the purpose for which it war planned and raised and hadorned—*the wholesome drama of a hintelligent and literary nation*, is turned hinto a harena (to use a somewhat paradoxical hexpression), for *a masquerade arout masks.*

The new novelty, *the Concert Musard, has kicked hout the two theatrical ladies, and catgut and brass has burked poetry and song.*

But why is this?—the worthlessness of the drama? No; *'tis the wast houtlay in the building and decorating as forces the proprietors of theatres to hask a henormous rent, and the great hopposition by speculators, who, like the shopkeepers I war speaking about, is continually striving to cut each hother's throats.*

In my young days there war but Common-garden, Drury-lane, the Hitalian Hopera, the Haymarket, the Surrey, Hastley's, Tottenham-street, the Royalty, and the Wells; now we has *twenty-one* regler licensed theatres, besides the Grecian Saloon, and hoceans of public-houses, where they performs hoperas and waudeweals, a flaring away hewery night. The consequence are, that the regler respectable Common-garden and Drury-lane managers and actors can't stand hup against the speculators as hundersels 'em, and they is forced heither to smash or turn hout.

Drury-lane are a hawful hexample of this ere, it has ruined hevery body. Then there's Common-garden, now, with the hexception of the Haymarket, the only regler legitimate theatre—it's a wery great question whether, with hall the hefforts of its spirited and liberal management, it ayn't a losing consarn. The new English Hopera House has been a regler failure hever since it war built; the St. James's is ditto. It's hextrornary,

and heverybody wonders at it, and the second-hand kid-glove genlemn as writes on the subject says the drama is done for, and there ayn't no modern hactors or hauthors as is worth looking at and listening to. And the ladies and genlemn wot patternizes the Hitalian Hopera despises hevery *hartiste* as isn't a foreigner, or hasn't got a great name, or, more properly speaking, *a great salary*. Yet notwithstanding hall this ere twaddle, the simple fact of the hincreased number of small theatres, and the hoceans of public-house hexhibitions, proves that *we loves the drama better than hever we did, and the reason why the great houses fails is the enormous rents, the great houtlay for hattraction, and the hoverwhelming hopposition.*

Look at the Hitalian Hoppera, dewoted hexclusively to foreign music and dancing by the wery fust artistes in the world—that thins the boxes of our national theatres.

Then there's the Olympic (pertieklerly when Madame Vestris had it, with herself, and Liston, and Keeley, and Mrs. Horger, and a host of first-rate talent), that's another dig at the boxes and a good handful hout of the pits.

Then the Hadelphi, with Buckstone, and Yates and his wife, and Mrs. Keeley and Paul Bedford, that walks hoff with another good few of the boxes, and nets the remainder of the pits.

Then there's the legitimate concerts at the Hopera-house, the Hanover-square Rooms, and at the houses of the nobillerty, where there's hall the Hitalians and hevery hextrornary foreigner as can be picked hup. Then come the concerts and hopperas and waudeweals at the public-houses, and last of hall, as a regler finisher, we gets the "Concerts Musard." That's wot the Chinese calls the *kybosh*—the poor hactors is bowled hout and must shut hup shop; none on 'em can stand against a solo on the *cornet postilion*, or a caperiosky, or the *tom-bone*, or the *double-barrelled flagelet*. Besides, look at the price, one shilling! Think of that! Hany man as has got a second-hand welwet westcut, a himbroidered

satin stock, with two wery large gilt or sham turkeoise bullet-headed pins, a four-and-ninepenny tile, a pair of eighteenpenny white kids, a Hollywell-street coat and trousers, "Wilson's new-footed patent dress boots," a wery long and greasy head of hair—"*hal a jeune France*"—and may be a pair of whiskers and mustarchers, may be mistaken for a lord, or at hany rate a first-rate swell, and stare at the gals in the boxes, and squeedge em on the promenade, for three hours and a harf, and, at the same time, listen to the wery best hovertures and quadrilles and waltzes, played by the wery best musicians, in one of the most helegantly fitted hup buildings in the world.

To say the wery least of the Promenade Concerts, they is a capital hentertainment, and well worth the money, and in my hopinion, as long as there is men and women in the world, must be popular. 'Cos for why, hindependent of the music, we hall on us likes to walk about in a well-dressed crowd. Look, for hinstance, at the shoals of people in Hyde-park, and on Windsor-terrace, on a Sunday. The concerts is a delightful rendezvous for lovers—sweet sounds is so productive of soft sentiments, and it's my firm hopinion that courtship *hal a* Musard will soon supplant hall the hold-fashioned moonlight walks, trips to Richmond and Greenwich, *tete-a-tetes* in winders in ball-rooms, and hall hother pleasant leaders to matrimony.

How many goes for the music? Wery few. The greater part goes to see and be seen, and "quiz the natives." To the hold ladies and genlemn as goes to take care of their families it's a special treat, for long afore the second act begins the dear hold souls gets lulled hoff hinto the sweetest of slumbers.

I looked round the dress circle t'other night when I war at Drury-lane, and seed a dozen or two as fast as churches, thof certainly I must do the horkestra the justice to say that they did try their hardest hewery now and then, for the sake of good manners, to rouse em hup with a terrific crash of drums and trumpets and cymbals, but it war no go. Thof one or two did start, and

pplaud, and cry bravo, they went hoff again the next nit, and the majority honly slept the harder, coming hoccasionally with a hobligato nasal solo, which being staken for a hecho of the tombone, warn't noticed by body; and the harmony kept continually going hon m waltz to quadrille, and from quadrille to waltz, and ore to snore, till it war hall hover, and a gentle shake, upled with a hintimation that it war time to go, woke p the somniferous 'pa or 'ma, who in coorse hexpresses emselves huncommonly delighted with their hewening's ntertainment.

In making these ere remarks, I don't mean to say but t the musical genlemn as has hentered hinto these eculations hasn't a right to try their hutmost to make ir fortunes; on the contrary, they desarves to succeed the goodness of the hentertainment they purwides, ich can't never be hexcelled hanywhere. Wot I bjects to are, that the theatres should be turned hinto ncert-rooms, and the hactors, who has passed the best rt of their lives in preparing themselves to merit the pport of the public, be forced, after being recognized several years as members of the patent theatres, to urn to seek a precarious subsistence in the country, eat hout their little savings in waiting for something turn hup, or else go to the minors, and lose all chance ever returning to their legitimate homes.

Look for hinstance at the hactors as war at Drury-lane eatre last season, how is they to get a living? The eat ones can, perhaps, by starring in the country; but e little ones, as has got wives and families settled in ndon, wot's to become of them? The public knows ry little of these things; as long as they is pleased ey never thinks of nuffin else. *They sees the scenes nged in a pantermine, and never gives a thought about e quantity of machinery as is required to work 'em.*

They who knows nuffin but wot floats on the surface the subject is continually abusing the existing drama, d sighing for "the high and palmy days" of Garrick d Kemble. But they never dreams of trying to remedy e hevil by *hagitating* the government to support the

drama by giving a sum of money (as they does on the continent) to the two national theatres, in horder that they may be compelled to furnish the public with fust-rate hactors, and hencourage dramatic literature. And at the same time *a law should be made to perwent the taverns and public-houses from hinfringing on the rights of theatres by playing their hopperas and waudeweals.*

Begging pardon for this ere long digression, I'll go hon with my history. In due time the carpets war hung hout at my winders, my house war filled with my *kind* friends and neighbours, who inspected my furniture and joked at my misfortunes. The sale took place, and everything went for about one-third the price it cost me. Mr. Hallspice bought in the stock I had on hand, and made me a present of it, and I made an arrangement with my landlord and my merchants to trust me again.

With a bold heart and a cheerful hope I bringed my family hup to town, and reopened my shop, and war beginning to pick hup my crumbs again, when the Pagoda hopposed me and I war nearly smashed. However, I had the good luck to weather the storm, and hall went on smooth again. This war the fust great ewent as happened to me since my failure, and it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—It's of no use giving a herring to catch a sprat.

SPECIMENT.—S'pose you war hout a shooting, and had got a wery beautiful and hexpensive double-barrelled gun, with a patent breech and warranted percussion locks, wouldn't you be a fool to go and hover charge it, and so make it bust? In coorse you would. So it are with them as forces their trade; they wery soon finds hout that *a wessel as carries a great deal of sail and wery little ballast is wery apt to topple hover.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ɔad somewhere, but I can't for the life of me tell
at "the heart never grows old," which I fully
but, nevertheless, there war a period in my
believes there aynt none on us but wot has
ame feeling), when I had my doubts on the
nd war inclined to think that that ere wery
ne little harticle in my hanatomy war getting
ts hinges, wery susceptible of cold, and hun-
ıard of hearing. The period I alludes to war
ır getting on the "shady side" of thirty.

Mr. Muggins," prehaps you'll say, "you's
t—you means the shady side of forty or fifty;
ite early days enough to begin to think about
l." To which I replies plump and plain—They
ıem times we flatters hourselves and believes we wiserer and strongerer every day; but, jest as
ıt to turn forty, we views the subject in a wery
ight. We hasn't then had any practical know-
ıt a gentle hint or two) of Mr. Time's wagaries,
s seen his marks on hour friends. In short,
, like the seaman when they makes the Western
that we is got into a squally latitude, and, thof
er be clear and fair, and promises to continue
y have our sticks carried away or get capsized
ɔan say Jack Robinson.

time we can aford to make the worst of our-
we doesn't *feel* our subject. We reasons on
oach of age like a philosopher who writes a
starwation, while his nose is being regaled with
y odour of a leg of mutton as is roasting for
; and *it are only when we comes into habsolute ith the hedge of the scythe that we understands* ɔss.

n regard to the point I started with, the

"growing old of the heart," we gets at it in this ere way. Arter we har had our fling of youthful fun and frolic, and has sowed the best part of our wild oats, and we pulls hout a grey hair or two, and gets a little hanxious about our teeth, we sees little children as we knowed only a few years afore sprung hup into young men and women, who is henchanted with hall sorts of frivolous things as we has long since given hover caring about. Then, again, we sees them as war, when we fust knowed 'em, young, slim, and blooming romps of nineteen or twenty, turned hinto stout, portable, sedate matrons, with harf a dozen nearly growed hup boys and girls. Then, the dashing young men (the bos of the haforesaid romps), whose smart coats and rollicking manners we used to henvy and hadmire, is settled into steady, middle-aged, soberly-dressed fathers of families, or else be-wigged and stay-compressed would-be youthful dandies; and the hold genlemn as used to dine with our fathers, whom we used to consider wery funny, hearty, bald-headed old codgers, we finds either wizened and tottering, or bloated and gouty old scarecrows with one foot in the grave.

Then we begins to look at ourselves and compare notes. We thinks the winters is rather colder than they used to be, and wishes our bootmakers wouldn't make our boots so infernally tight; or, we blows up our "demn'd tailors" for making our frock-coats stick out so in front. Then we wonders wot fun people can see in waltzing, and we hates masquerades, and grows huncommon spiteful and critical at all other places of amusement. We is a long while afore we finds out the reason of this change in our sentiments; but hall of a sudden it pops upon us by accident. Then we opens our eyes, and is wide awake to our situation. *We feels we is no longer young, and that we shall soon be old.* Then we get philosophical, and looks deeper into the millstone, and hexamines hour hearts. We says with a melancholy sigh, "Ah, I recollects the time when I war fond of this or that place, and loved this or that person, when a tale of sorrow would have made me weep, or an act of kind-

ess helated me. Now I am hunexcitable, and I treat ewerything with indifference. Why is this? *My heart as grown old.*" That's how we argues, but we deceives urselves. *At this moment we is vibrating between outh and middle age, and clings to the follies of both;* ut, arter a year or two, when we've jumped the ditch, e shakes hands with Mr. Time, and says, "You aynt ich a knock-me-down blaguard as I thought you war; n the contrary, you himproves upon hacquaintance. *There's seasons for tops, and there's seasons for hoops,* so 'll make my myself happy in spite of you."

When we makes our minds up to this, we is all right; *e finds our hearts beating again in the old way, as sensive and as lively as in the earliest days of our youth.*

These reflections has been caused by my thinking ack of two of my old friends, Mr. Hallspice and Cantererry Tom. These two revered and worthy men war riking hinstances of the never-fading youth of the human eart; *they were boys in feeling to the last minit of their lives.*

Now on we goes with my history.

During the time I war "out of the way," while my ankruptcy business war arranging, I went down to lymouth, and quartered myself on old Canterberry, ho war huncommon glad to see me, and did hall in his ower to keep hup my spirits and make me forget my oubles.

"Now, young Skyey," he used to say to me of a orning, "the old ooman's going to take you to Saltram -day, or the girls wants you to go with them to Coteel ouse; or I've got a hinspection job cut hout for you at e dockyard." And all sorts of pleasant trips and nusements war planned and purwided for me, and ewery arternoon when we warnt a gypseying or dining ith some of Tom's friends, we had our pipes and grog ken out to a summer-house as the hold tar had made ut of a hold boat, at the bottom of his garden; and ere he, and me, and his hold ooman, and his two aughters, and their husbands (for both on 'em war arried and lived at Plymouth), and his hold friend, the lour-sergeant (him as I spoke on some time ago), and

may be a ciwillian or two, or a couple of hold messmates, —there we used to smoke, and drink, and sing, and tell stories, till all war blue again.

As one shoulder of mutton is said to drive down another, hewery yarn as war hexpended piped hup a betterer, and as Tom war huncommon well-stored in them ere "small trifles," he sarved them out as a powder monkey does his cartridges, or a sailor's lass her kisses, when she meets her true love arter a three years' cruise.

"You may say that, Mr. Sartcher," says the sargeant, in hanswer to a remark made by one of the ciwillians about there being a terrific sea in the Sound on the night a ship war wrecked there. "I never in my life war out in sich a lively ripple, 'cept that ere as you and me war swamped in at Madras, Tom."

"Ah!" says the old boy, filling his glass, and lighting his pipe, and settling himself in his chair, and making all snug for a long yarn, "that war a bit of a sneezer. It war lucky the catamarans war alongside, or we should all have lost the numbers of our mess."

"It war indeed as near as a toucher," says the sargeant, replenishing his pipe; "I war hunkimmon glad to feel the *terry firmy* again."

"Rum craft, them mussulah boats, aynt they, Jem," says Tom happealing to one of his hold messmates as war called Jem Scott.

"Wery rum," says that ere genlemn, knocking hout the hashes of his pipe, and filling another. "And that ere song the blackeys sings, that's the houtlandish best howling I ever heard—'*Aley tombay aley saw, aley aley!*' Think of cutting through a heavy surf with a slow tune like that ere; I'm blessed if it aynt downright wonderful they doesn't halways get swamped."

"Quite the rewerse," says Tom; "hexperience has teached 'em wot's the best tack to go hupon. If the war to lay out as we does, they'd be pooped in the turn of a handspike—it's the natur of the craft to go easy and give to it. By-the-by, talking of Hindea, sargeant —(I'll trouble you for the sugar, Mr. Simcox)—do you remember the spree we had with them two griffins

gammoned hinto the Harabian Nights adwen-
e ?"

"To be sure," says the sargeant, "it war an out-an-
t caper." Then he held his fat sides, and hehawed
e a donkey. "I never seed two poor devils so fright-
ed in all my life."

"Nor I," says Tom, getting hup a quiet cackle; "and
n't you remember how"—then he leaned hover and
ıispered something in the sargeant's ear, who bust
ut hinto a regler conwulsion, and then slapped the table
th such wiolence that hall the glasses war taken
usical, and seemed wery much inclined to go through
little ground and lofty tumbling.

"Come, don't keep all the fun to yourselves, Tom,"
ys Mrs. Wheeler; "gives us the story."

"Yes, yes," says we hall; "pray hobligo us."

This war hexactly wot the hold joker wanted; but he
awed himself hup, and waggled his nose, and tried to
ok like Mr. Liston when he's coming Captain Grand,
nd said, "No, not by no means, the hanecdote is bor-
ering on the marwellous, and you've got yourselves
into a habit of doubting my woracity." Then he gog-
led his eyes and waggled and blowed his nose most
emphatically and habsorbed himself in rum and water,
nd then laid back in his chair, and stared wery hard at
he top of the summer-house, and blowed hout his
heeks as if he war practising the hart of balancing a
acey pipe.

At last, arter he had made a deal of fun with pretending
to be hindignant, he wets his whistle, and cuts away as
follers:—

"At the time the haffair I is going to relate to you took
place, my friend the sergeant here and I war a couple of
wild young dogs, recruits in a cavalry regiment. We had
been cotched by one of them little blue bills as used to
be pasted on the lamp posts, and on the walls of the
Hadmiralty and War Office. [*By-the-by*, I seed, honly
yesterday, a lot of polite hinwitations for weamen on the
wery *same spot.*] They used to represent a dragoon
with a hold-fashioned bearskin helmet, a short jacket

kivered with buttons, tight pantaloons, and werry short hessean boots, a top of a wery big horse, as is rearing up in horder to henable the rider to bring down the new seventh cut, with a wery crooked sabre, on the head of a savage-looking genlemn in a petticoat and turband; hover which war printed—

HINDIA!

WANTED A FEW SMART ACTIVE YOUNG MEN
FOR CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

And hunderneath we war told to happly to a serjeant-major in Soho Square."

"Wery large bounty, eh, sergeant?" says the hold boy, happealing to his friend.

"Unkimmon!" says that military hero, puffing hout a wolume of smoke. "When you've got your necessaries, you finds you hasn't enough left hout of your bounty to pay turnpike for a walking stick, and you may think yourself well off if you're not chalked for a month's pay besides."

"Hexactly," says Tom. "Well, we'd gone through hour hexaminations by the doctors, and had paraded through the streets with a drove of other 'smart active young men' with cockades in hour hats, had got swored in at Bow Street, and had had a pleasant walk in the broiling sun down to Chatham, and had been drilled hinto the mysteries of sword and carbine hexercise, and had got hover the *rough* of our riding and stable hewolutions. They's no jokes, heether of them two things, by-the-by. Sticking hon to a horse's bare back aynt a wery pleasant recreation, specially when he's a kicker, and the riding master aynt pertickler which of the two hanimals he lays hinto with his whip. Then, when you is in stables and sets to work with the curry-comb, it aynt hexactly the cheese to find yourself histed hup by the hinder part of your hinexpressibles. Or when [redacted] to saddle to see your trooper laying down his [redacted]ng huncommon hard at you hout of the

f his eye, as much as to say, if you hattempts to
t ere huncomfortable consarn on my back I'll
ut your teeth, and squeeze you against the wall
is a pancake. Arter we had done all this, and
narched to Gravesend, and hembarked and gone
hour sea sickness, and bore wery patiently the
g of the sargeant, and having hour eyes and
ot they does to the canals in Holland, and to
hen they puts gunpowder hunder em and blows
, and had gone through hour pipeclay parades,
led on,' and 'walked away,' and 'heaved round,'
ked alive,' and 'bore a hand' on hall occasions
llers is hexpected to take a spell, and had got
nd had been drafted to hour regiment and war
ig to feel hourselves pretty upright in our
we war hordered hup the country jest to look
r. Tippoo, who war beginning to, wot the French
y hup *Henfer and Tommy*. Fine feller that ere,
y, and guved us a deal of trouble. I war one as
his body hout of the heap as war killed in the
at Seringapatam. Howsomedever, as that ere
uffin to do with the pint in question, I'll stow it
other hoppertunity. Well, we takes hup hour
at a fine town that war full of beautiful bazaars
ces, and tombs, and temples, and ghauts. They
ights of marble steps as leads into the water for
ves to perform their abellutions, for theirs is a
an religion, as compels em to use a deal of water.
huncommon jolly here, and wery friendly with
ah and his court, who used to hinwite hour
to feasts and nauches, and hall sorts of frolics;
I and the sargeant here, being smart lads and
es, used now and then to get permission to attend
ers' servants, and so got capital sights of all as
ig on."

them dancing gals! eh, old boy!" says Tom,
hoff his history, and giving the sargeant a poke
bs; "warn't they astonishers—eh!"

her," says the portable genlemn appealed to,
knowing wink, and smoking his pipe hun-

common furious; "they war regler rattlesnakes, and no mistake."

"Well," says Tom, taking hup the thread of his story again, "one morning jest arter we'd been dismissed from parade, the sentries reports a cloud of dust coming down hupon us from the country to windward. Too te too too, goes hour trumpets—rum, tum, tum, goes hour drums—and in less time than a pig's whisper we war under arms and ready for a brush.

"'Wot's the row?'—'Damme, here's Tippoo!'—'Now for a shindy!' and hall sorts of sich like questions and supposes war flying about as we cotched hup hour haccouterments and felled in, but nobody knowed nuffin wot war hup 'cept the cloud of dust.

"Hall of a heap stands our commandant and his staff, reconnoitering with their spy-glasses the happroaching balloon. For in that ere country the hair is so clear that you can see hobjects for miles hoff, and the dust as is kicked hup by a carawan seems to get collected hinto a ball, and hovers hover the hearth hexactly as I have seed a hair-balloon when it's coming down, getting biggerer and biggerer hevery minit. Presently they makes out a troop of horse. 'Wery strange,' says the general, 'there's but a handful.' ''Tis, perhaps, a neighbouring Rajah coming to pay a visit of ceremony,' says a haid-de-camp.

"'Wery likely,' says the general, 'for here comes a party from the town to meet em.'

"And sure enough so it war, for the young Rajah came hup and told us that his father war coming to call hupon him, and he hoped to have the honour of the 'soldier saib's' company at a grand feast he war going to give on the happy hoccasion.

"In coorse hall this war wery pleasant, the hinwitation war accepted, and we drawed hup to salute the hold boy as he entered.

"Slap dash goes the young Rajah, and his train to meet the hold un, and presently arterwards hon comes his advanced guard at a rattling gallop—(can't them Hindian chaps ride!—I believes they can above a bit)—*with their* shawls and feathers fluttering, their shields

and lances and sabres and stirrups and bridles jingling like a troop of morice dancers on May-day. Then comed a company of javelin men a foot surrounding a helefant, on the top of which the hold Rajah war, lolling in wot they calls a 'howdah,' which means a sofa with a humbrella hover it, looking as Mr. Farley used in 'Blue Beard.' And arter him comed two covered hackerays (which is carts drawed by hoxen), and another handful of horsemen, and the rear war brought hup by a lot of serwants and stragglers.

"'Did you twig the hackerays, Seymour?' says a young lieftenant of ours to a sucking hinfantry hensign, as they war walking to quarters arter the show war hover; 'did you make hout hanything under the curtains?'

"'Nuffin,' says his friend, who war a griffin; 'what should I see?'

"'Women, you willin!' says the lieftenant; 'the hold boy has brought his birds of Paradise with him.'

"'The devil!' says the hensign; 'wot a wenturesome hold jockey. I should like to have a look at em.'

"'So should I,' said the lieftenant. 'Spose we try if we can't hit upon some plan to gratify hour curiosity; step hinto my bungalow and let's talk it hover.'

"That's all I overheard at that time, and I shouldn't have larned so much then, if it hadn't been as I war hordered by the lieftenant to foller him to his quarters for a letter he wanted to send to the hadjutant.

"I waited houtside the bungalow till he writ the letter, then I took it, and bring'd back a hanswer.

"'Hall right, thank you, Wheeler,' says the lieftenant, who war sitting with his friend in the verandia, with his legs on a table, smoking his hookas.

"'Hany further horders, sir,' says I, giving the salutation touch.

"'No,' says the lieftenant, 'I'm coming to your house hall.'

"'Thank you, sir,' says I, stopping the sight and making a leg, and a scrape, for I [illegible] but I wants to ask you a favor.

"'Wot are it?' says the lieftenant, wh
common kind and good-natured chap. 'F
"'Why, sir,' says I, rather modest and l
'I should be wery much hobliged to you, i
you'd let me hattend you at the feast to-ni
"'Ho, ho,' says the hofficer, winking
'here's another customer for the heastern b
turning to me, he perseded, 'Wot, you w
look at the Bayaderes and the Rajah's
rascal!'
"'Yes, if you please, sir,' says I, larfing
I wants to get an hinsight hinto the
costumes of the country.'
"'Well,' says the good-humoured liefte
a hadwocate for the diffusion of knowledge,
haps want you to assist me in a hadventu
hand, I grants your request.'
"Hevening came, and I follered my h
Rajah's palace, and you may be sure th
splashing set out. There sot the hold l
diwan, cross legged like a tailor, with hi
beard, and mustarchers, and eyebrows, lo
in contrast with is brown face. By his
son, who war a wery handsome young chap
beard and mustarchers, dressed in the helega
in a white muslin frock coat and scarlet
trousers, and a splendid shawl round his w
war stuck a sabre, a dagger, and a brace o
a gold turband on his head, kivered all hov
and other precious stones; and hon his l
his friends and officers, hall in rich dresses
while hour officers, in full uniform, sat on l
each a soger and a couple of native serwan
It war a hout and hout magnificent sight, a
warn't it, sargeant?"
"It war, indeed," says that hamiable hold
seemed to be wery loth to part with his
kimmon."
"Well," continued Tom, "arter the h
ng business war hover, sherbe

.e horder of the day; and hin comes a troop of singing ıls and musicians. Rum hinstruments theirs, warn't ıey, sargeant?"

"Hunkimmon," says that genlemn, atween his teeth nd his pipe—"wery."

"They war," says Tom, going hon, "honly little drums ıs is called tomtoms, and simbals with bells, and reed flutes. But the singing war much betterer, for the hairs war pretty, and the gals rolled about their beautiful black eyes, and singed so wery die away, that thof we didn't none on us know a word of the languidge, we liked it huncommon, and clapped hour hands and cried bravo. By-the-by that's the hartful dodge of the Hitalian singers; they gets their wobbling hup to a railroad gallop, and then they hopens their harms hover the horkestra, and turns hup the white of their eyes and pertends to be going to faint away, while they murmurs hout a caperiosity as contains the hessence of a hocean of sighs. Then the Bayaderes, didn't they twist about. Oh, they war reglar first-raters, as hactive as eels, and as insinewating as rattlesnakes. Well, to make a long story short, the feast war hall hover and the party war breaking hup, when my lieftenant says to me, 'Wheeler, is you pluck to hassist me and a friend in a dangerous hadventure?'"

"'I'm ready for hanything, sir,' says I; 'give the word, and I'll stick at nuffin.'

"'That's right,' says he; 'then come along.'"

Here the horator made a pause, pulled hout his watch, and drinked hup the remains of his rum and water.

"Well," says we, hail himpatiently to hear the hadventure, "go hon; wot happened then?"

"Why," says Tom, wagging his head and looking comical, "as that ere is the hinteresting part of the history, and requires a huncommon lot of feeling, I shall himitate the young woman in the Hamlet Opera and put it hoff hunto you."

"Oh!" says we, quite impatient, "never a better time, give it us now."

"No," says the hold boy, larfing at hour curiousness, "I can't, not at no price, cos for why—it's wery near seven o'clock, and I is going to have a spree with Skyey at Dock Theatre."

That war the way he fobbed us hoff, and it larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it.

MAXIMUM.—Never make *too sure* of nuffin.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war going hout to Hamerica by the Great Western or hany hother of the steamboats, wouldn't you be a fool to *depend* on getting there in fourteen days? In coorse you would. So *remember hon hall occasions to leave room for an "if," or a "suppose," or a "in case," or a "purwided,"* and you'll never be wery greatly disappointed.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEVONSHIRE, beautiful Devonshire, well may you be called "The Garden of England!" Through hall my wanderings in my own and foreign lands, never did I meet your equal; your face is always smiling, and your sons and daughters (justly renowned for hospitality and beauty), are worthy tenants of your woodland hills and flowery dales.

"Hollo, Mr. Muggins," prehaps says you, "what is you hup to now? Is you turned poet in your hold age, and trying to hastonish us with a bit of moonshine?"

To which I replies, "Exkuse me, I knows where I'm tew—I means nuffin but what I feels. I admires the land for its fertility and pictureskness, and I loves the people for their kindness and hospitality; and as there *aynt nuffin* as I can adwance in praise of either one or

t'other that thousands won't bear me out in, I'll persewere in saying my say."

Tavistock (aynt there prime trout-fishing about there!), Ivy-bridge (don't lots of new-married couples go there for the fust few days of their honeymoon!), Exeter, Taunton, Bridgewater, Totness, Dartmouth, Barnstaple, and Ilfracombe, is all beautiful places, but afore 'em all give me Plymouth. Tork of France and Italy, they haven't neither of 'em got a sky or a climate (thof Charles the Second *did* say it rained there continually) to come hup with it.

Look at the Hoe—where's your Bay of Naples? Look at Mount Edgecumbe and the Breakwater—where's your Rochelle and Brest? Look at the banks of the Tamar—where's your Rhine? Then look at the cheapness of prowisions. Think of a fat goose for three shillings! a large fowl for fifteenpence! a wopping crab for twopence! a basin of Queens for sixpence! sevenpence for a large hake! beef and mutton sixpence a pound! and a beautiful cottage and garden for twenty pounds a year! Where's your continental heconomy? Look at the troops of pretty gals as streams through the three towns on a Sunday to walk on the Hoe, or Mount Wise, and tell me where's your beauty? Look at the harmy, and navy, and marines, where's your pleasant society? Look at the squires, and farmers, and tradesmen, who all tries to houtdo heach other in making their friends welcome—where's your hospitality? In short, as they says in the pure and hunadulterated Saxon, "Plymouth's the ticket for everything, and no mistake."

Now for the continuation of my history. Tom and I goes over the ferry to Mount Wise, and cuts hoff to the play-house.

As the hentertainments war under the patternage of a ship that night, the house war filled from top to bottom with blue-jackets. There war foremastmen and petty-officers in the pit and gallery; captains and lieftenants, with their ladies, a few ciwillians, and a good sprinkling of soger and marine hofficers, in uniform, in the boxes.

and swarms of middies and gals, and soger hofficers in mufty, in the slips.

As usual on such hoccasions there war a thundering row hall hover the house, and a deal of clambering from the gallery hinto the pit, and drinkings of healths on the stage, for it war then, and I believes is still the custom, for a lot of the hordinance to sit hupon the stage, as they does at Hasley's when the horsemanship's a-going on, and play hup hold gooseberry.

"Hollo! why d—n my eyes, if it aynt Tom Wheeler!" sings out a bosun who war sitting in front of the gallery, and twigged me and Tom in the second row in the pit. "Canterberry, ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" says Tom, bawling through his hands, at the wery top of his woice; "who are you? show your colours?"

"Bill Caulkem, of the Billyroughun!" war the reply, conweyed in the same manner; for as harf a hundred hother conwersations war going on at the same time, it war necessary to wait for a lull, and then roar hout your remarks as if you war hailing the tops in a gale.

"Ah," says Tom, "how are you, hold tar? Glad to see you, my bo. How did you leave 'em hall at Jamaky?"

"Huncommon jolly," roars Mr. Caulkem; "how's your hold ooman?"

"Hall alive and merry," says Tom. "How's yourn?"

"Huncommon queer," says Mr. Caulkem; "she's bolted with a marine, and aynt been heard on these two years."

Presently hin comed the musiciners, which war three fiddlers and one old codger as played the clarinet.

"Silence, silence, si-lence"—"sit down"—"hats hoff"—"throw him hover," and hall the regler play-house sayings war bawled hall hover the house, and hoff the horkestra went hinto a drowsy tune, which not being happroved hoff by the helegant company, they singed *hout for* "Rule Brittany," and "Nancy Dawson," which *requests,* arter a good deal of hissing and hooting, and

th nuts and horange peel (of which I am sorry
poor hold clarinet, having a bald head, got the
four genlemn hobligingly complied with; and
ɜd a ring, and hup went the green baize, and
a street in Wenice, about twelve feet long,
ɜet broad, and seven feet high.
ay war "The Merchant of Wenice," and a
ɜe of tomfoolery they made on it. The Shy-
orse, war the manager (for them chaps halways
he top parts whether they is qualified for 'em
ıd his wife did Portia. Gratiano war a swag-
ıdyfied chap, in tights and a plume of hostrige
s seemed on uncommon good terms with him-
ept continually looking round at the gals, with
ıg smile, as seemed to say, "Here I is, my
ı a spangled jacket and a feather in my hat—
out-and-hout killer?"
ıe first scene, which being nuffin but conwer-
ɔody didn't listen to, the prompter gives a
hich, in coorse, hevery bosun in the house
t his duty to hanswer), and the street in
ar rolled hup, and showed an happartment in
ılace, which war a dirty bit of torn canwas, on
painted a bookcase and a couple of harm
h pictures over 'em, as served heither for por-
ındscapes, haccording as they war wanted, for
possible to make hout what they war horigi-
ɜnded for.
, bravo!" says the hordinance, and hon walks
ł Nerissa. The first war a henormous big
a wery long-tailed gownd as trailed a couple
ahind her, and her hattendant war a little
a ballet girl, in wery short petticoats, and a
w hat stuck full of hartificial flowers. Hon
ɜd, the big un taking it huncommon dignified
, and the little un looking quite foolish and
ł.
ı, ha," larfs the hordinance, as soon as they
" there's a hinteresting couple of Wenecians—
four and a cutter." But when Portia hin-

formed 'em that "her little body was a-weary of the great world," there was a shout as might have been heard hover at Torpint. And when Nerissa, who was dreadfully frightened, and spoke with a hinweterate lisp, told hover the names of Portia's sweethearts, and made a boggle at hewery one of 'em, the pit, with great gallantry (for she war a huncommon pretty girl), hencouraged her with a volley of bravos, and honoured her exit with three cheers.

Next scene hon comed Shylock. Oh, what a rum old codger he war! His hattitudes war so hextrornary the Jacks nicknamed him "Teapot," for he stuck one hand on his side, and pinted with the fingers of the hother, hexactly in the persition of that ere useful harticle of domestic comfort; and he had, besides, a queer way of walking, which war, taking a wery long step and stopping in the middle on it, and pinting his toe like a dancing master, both of which manœuvres I, as had seed London hacting, knowed war the tricks of the helegant hold-fashioned "high and palmy" school, as halways hinsists on its *heleves* walking about on stilts, and measuring hout their words as if they war kings and hemperors. They called the first dignity, and the second helocution. But now, as the French says, *noose havong changay tout selar*, the teapots is smashed, and hour actors "holds hup the mirror to natur."

Arter the play war hover we had three comic songs, and Nerissa, who had put on a jacket and trousers, danced a hornpipe, which took huncommon, and war wociferously hancored. Then comed a bloodthirsty melodrama, and then we hall turned hout to finish the hevening. Lots betook themselves to public houses, where there war gals and fiddles; the captains went home sober and steady; the luffs put on hold great-coats and cut-down hats and smock-frocks, and hall sorts of queer disguises, and went to the hop, where the middies war in their glory, dancing and singing and drinking, and playing hup old Harry.

To that ere wery genteel hassembly Tom and I went, *jest*, as the hold boy said, to see if they carried on the

in the same way they used when he war a rollicker,
show me one of the hout and houtest lions of the

re we stayed, looking on and drinking our grog
couple of philosophers, for harf an hour, when hin
a young reefer hall of a hurry, and going up to
of his friends, says, "It's all right, I've got it;
our cables and follow me." Saying which he cuts
nd halmost hall the middies and lieftenants drops
rter him.
yey," says Tom to me, "here's a game hup some-
, let's go and see what it are."
n your man," says I; and hoff we goes, and comes
ith the middies, who war consulting together in
Street. Presently the one as had brought 'em out
'You stand by to sway on, and I'll jump hup and
t."
er a few words more which we didn't hear, the mid
tealthily along close hup against the houses till he
to a hironmonger's shop, and then he drops his
loak, and, quick as lightning, shins hup to the
as war hover the door, upon which was fastened
ffigy of a dog holding a pot in his mouth. In less
hree winks and two twos he reives round 'em a
hawser, which he had carried hunder his cloak,
s the tail to his messmates, shins down again in
quick time, and with the rest of the young devil-
sways away on the twine like one o'clock.
o ho, heave ho!" sings they clapping on in regler
'-war fashion. But it war of no use, they might
l have tried to move a church; the 'speriment had
ried afore, and the proprietor of the shop had had
n so well secured that he defied the United Ser-
ven to shake it.
he midst of the game—for the hinsurgents kicked
recious bobbery—hup comes the picket and the
nen, and there war a regler scrimmage, which
l in a good few being taken to the watchhouse, from
they war brought afore the magistrates next day,
r *wery nearly* getting hinto a wery serous scrape.

Tom and I, being philosophers, cut away as soon as the row began, and got hover to Mount Hedgecombe. But the spree is remembered in Plymouth and Devonport to this day, and no middy hever passes the Dog and Pot arout wanting to have a pull at 'em.

Now, afore I goes hany further, I'll take the hopportunity of saying a few words about country theatres.

I remembers hearing Mr. Jones, in a hafterpiece I seed some years ago at Covent Garden, in which he war playing a dashing genlemn with a fur collar, and thinks he has been bringed hinto the grounds belonging to the madhouse, on being told by Mr. Fawcett that it war "a capital place for sport," say, with a commiserating shake of the head, "The place for sport! melancholy idear!"

This ere wery sentiment, and in almost the wery same words (thof the piece I've speaked on warn't wrote or thought of then), comed hinto my mind, when hold Canterberry took me hinto the Dock Theatre, and slapping me on the back, said, "Now, Skyey, my boy, we'll have a prime lark,—this are an hout and hout place for sport."

"Are it?" says I, looking round at the little dirty pig-stye, and thinking to myself of Common Garden and Drury Lane, and all the fine places I had been accustomed to in London. "This is the place for sport! wot a melancholy idear!"

Since then I has seed many hother country theatres, and I has almost hinwariably made the same reflection, for they is most on 'em wery small and wery hinconwenient, and the dresses and performances hewerything as they hought not to be.

I don't mean to say as this is the case at Hedinbro', and Dublin, and Liverpool, and one or two other large places, where the managers hunderstands their business. But *in general the management of country theatres is fifty years, at the very least, behind the march of himprovement in hewery other hart or science,* and it are specially wonderful that it should be so in these days of steam and railroads, when hewerything "goes ahead," and a large portion of the play-going inhabitants of provincial towns

has constant hopportunities of seeing plays hacted in London.

Are it to be wondered at that hintelligent people won't go into a small, dirty, badly-furnished place, to see a tragedy or comedy burlesqued, when honly two or three days afore they seed 'em done in a first-rate style at Common Garden or the Haymarket? In coorse not. The gentlefolks (they calls 'em so in the country) says, "*We don't go to the theatre, because they does the pieces so badly and slovenly we aynt entertained by them.*" The consequence is, that the house is deserted, hexcept by a few idlers and the hunsophisticated gallery boys, as is fond of "hinexplicable dumb shows and noise." The manager, having bankruptcy afore his eyes, says to himself, "Wot shall I do to carry on the war? The genteel people won't come (he forgets he never tried to persuade 'em with a rational entertainment); no more will the tothers if I don't give 'em plenty of blood and murder. 'My powerty, but not my will, consents;' I'll go the whole hog in the hillegitimate line, and tip 'em a strong dose of Richardson-show tomfooleries."

The consequence of this are, that *the theatre is turned hinto a mountebank's booth, and the hactors is hobligated to disgrace themselves to hearn a scanty support.*

This, *I* takes it, are the *true* reason why there aynt any good hactors springing hup in the country. "You can't make a silk purse hout of a sow's ear," says the proverb, and I defy hany man to make himself a good hactor upon "The Mysterious Billhook," "The Sanguinary Dustman," or "The Monomaniacal Assassin." Yet, go hinto almost hewery country theatre, and you'll be sure to see sumat of the same kidney being presented to "the generous public," which are harf a dozen shopmen in the pit, three horders in the boxes, and a dozen or two of sixpences in the gallery.

"But how is this ere to be awoided?" says the manager. "If the boxes won't come and the gallery will, wot am I to do? *It's of no use giving wine to people as prefers beer.*"

To which I replies, "Mr. Manager, you are an hanti-

quated spooney. Put yourself hinto the steam-boat, or on the rail—come hup to London, go into Common Garden and the Haymarket, and hopen your eyes and ears, and make use of your brains, and you'll see and hunderstand wot it are as brings hoverflowing houses. Then go back to your own place, and *make your fortune on the hint.* Keep your house wery clean, have it neatly and tastefully decorated, and hinstead of hacting 'Mysterious Billhooks,' and 'Sanguinary Dustmen,' carefully rewive some of Shakespeare's tragedies or comedies, with correct dresses and scenery after the London models. Then get hup modern plays and hoperas and waudeweals and good melodramas in the same style, *taking as much pains with heach of them as if they war to be played before the Queen and Prince Halbert,* and I'll wager the pension-list to a milk-score, that *as soon as it war known that good hentertainment war to be met with, instead of a few noisy sixpences and shillings in the gallery, your house would be patternised by the better orders of society, and you'd never have occasion to descend to wulgarity and nonsense.*"

This is wot I thinks on the hactual state of the country drama, and my wisits to the different theatres has larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—It are no use fishing for trout in a muddy ditch.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you kept a tavern, and while your neighbours in the same line furnished their houses haccording to the taste of the times, and served up their dinners with clean table-cloths, china plates, and white-handled balance knives and silver forks, wouldn't you be a fool to stick to the hold-fashioned sanded floors, beef-steak cookery, white plates, tin cups, and black-handled saws, and two-pronged pitchforks? In coorse you would. *So it are with them in all trades as don't keep pace with the march of improvement; they finds to their cost that the public won't patternise nuffin but wot's new and genteel, and worth the money they pays for it.*

CHAPTER XXX.

"THE worst of every evil is the fear," says Metastasio, and *the best of hevery happiness is the thinking of it*, says *I;* for, as the soldier in the midst of a battle is too much carried away by hexcitement to be afraid, we, on the same principle, don't value our happiness while we is hactually henjoying it. We swallows it as we does a glass of champagne—pop, fizz, down it goes—wery sweet and nice certainly, but it don't come up to wot we hexpected, and we looks forward to the next glass to be a great deal more superior.

Many and many's the time has I thought the haccomplishment of such and such a wish would bring me the greatest of happiness, but, when the time comed, and I got wot I wanted, I cared but little for it. And, on the other hand, I has so often looked back and said to myself, "Ah! I war huncommon happy at such and such a time," thof all the while I knowed that I didn't think so at the moment when the event took place. In fact, atween ourselves, I, like a good many hother respectable ladies and genlemn war like a hidle hurchin who blows soap-bubbles—I no sooner started one than I war puffing away at another.

So we goes on from day to day, and year to year, and the sweetness of life is frittered away in waking dreams of hope and recollection. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true;" *anticipation is the happiness of youth, and memory the comfort of age.*

To the soldier and the sailor, and all them as has been obliged to rough it in their youth, the recording their hadventures is their dearest and proudest pleasure; they loves to "shoulder their crutch," "show their wounds," "fight their battles o'er again," "and tell how fields, or honours, or fortunes, were won." Nor is this ere vanity confined to civilized nations; it are a hepidemic as haffects hall mankind. Even the poor North Hamerican Hindian,

who can't neither read nor write, and hasn't no historian to record his deeds, paints on his buffalo mantle the history of his battles and hunts, and all his "life and travel's history." Here, in one place, you sees him scalping an enemy, there killing a buffalo in the midst of a herd; then, in another place, he is taken prisoner, and is about to be burnt—then you sees him escaping—then he is at home in his wigwam with his wife and children—then he is fighting more battles, and so on. This mantle he leaves to his son, who learns all the history by heart, and, when he grows up, is inspired by the old un's hexample, and begins painting a new mantle for himself.

This ere blowing the trumpet and publishing our fame aynt by no means to be laughed at or blamed; on the contrary, it are to be highly commended, for the sake of hexample. But some of us, who has had the hadwantage of being civilized, aynt always contented with relating the plain facts; we don't, like the savage I has just been speaking about, spread our mantles on the grass afore them as has seed us *do* the things we has painted, and happeal to them to bear witness to our woracity. No, we aynt tied to that hordeal; we gives our history on our hown *tipsy dixhit*, and preciously we pitches it sometimes. Witness Jack Falstaff, Baron Munchausen, and a whole squad of great and small travellers, hortibiographers, life and times'ers, and cetra, and cetra, who talks and writes arout the check-string of eye-witnesses to keep 'em to the truth.

It are so heasy to hinvent or hembellish a story—plain matters of fact are so dull, that many worthy people think it their duty to enlarge and colour them; like the painters, who takes the liberty, in a sketch from nature, to put in hall sorts of pretty hobjects as hexist honly in their wiwid imaginations, in horder to make the pictur more grand and striking.

My friend, Canterberry Tom, as I have before obserwed, war an huncommon great hartist in this way. He never, on hany hoccasion, condescended to be pertickler to a *shade* or two—his molehills war halways mountains, and *his milk*maids duchesses. He war like a French cook—

ıarf a pound of beef, and he'd conwert it, by
ıpices and wegetables, into a magnificent *ragout*,
line a dozen at the wery least. Long practice
him perfect in his narratives; for, thof I've
ı tell some on 'em a dozen times, he scarcely
ed a word. In fact, I werily believes (like the
hat father of wit Mr. Joseph Miller mentions)
ld them so often he had hactually persuaded
ey war quite true. Yet, nevertheless, it war a
raud, and gived the hold boy great satisfaction;
ws an huncommon number of hother hold and
es and genlemn as has memories quite as elastic,
themselves and their friends wery jolly, and is
the wery best of company.
h for story-telling; now for Tom's Harabian
lwenture.
'ening arter the Dog and Pot row, me and Tom,
hole of the former party, war seated in the
ıuse; and arter we had drank "The King," and
'my and Navy," which Tom made it an hin-
ractice of doing, we lighted our pipes and got
ı listen.
" says Tom, pertending to clear his pipes, and
ıip of his grog, as if he war going to begin a
Hem." Then he gived a look round, and, per-
war all attention, he puts on a wery hinnocent
pinting with his pipe at Mr. Simcox, requests
ıblige us with a song.
g! " says we all, quite hastonished and disap-
no, no, we wants the continuation of your
ıstory, the Harabian Nights hadwenture of the
ı."
! didn't I finish it," says the hold boy, per-
have lost all recollection of it. "To be sure,
——"
ı," says Mr. Spoff, "you broke hoff at the
gest part."
ı was that?" says Tom, looking up at the
pertending to recollect.
the lieftenant athked you if you war ready for

a dangeruth henterprithe, and requethted you to follow him," says Mr. Simcox, in his peculiarly elegant pronounciation.

"Oh! I remember," says Tom; "didn't I get no farther than there?"

"Not a step, on my honour," says Mr. Simcox; "you cut and ran to the Dock Theatre."

"So I did," says the sly hold fox, pertending to resume his narrative. "Hem; well, it's soon settled—I did follow him, and I seed the birds of Paradise, and that's all."

"No, no," says we all, "that won't do, we wants the perticlers. You hasn't told us a word about the two griffins.

"Well, you is unconscionable dogs," says Tom, winking his eyes, and waggling his nose, and looking the picture of Tim Bobbin, as used to be stuck up in Bowles and Carver's winder, in St. Paul's Churchyard. [By the by, that shop's now turned into a linen-draper's; I wonders what has become of them beautiful landscapes, "Death and the Lady," and "The Wicar and Moses," and "A Soft Tumble after a Hard Ride," and "The Map of England," which war a hold ooman riding on a broom, and a dozen or two other beautiful speciments of hancient hengraving, which to my certain knowledge never haltered their position in the winder for twenty years at the wery least.] "You hacknowledge you don't believe my yarns, and yet you is anxious to hear 'em; I has been reflecting, and I has come to the determination to bring up with a round turn, and set you all adrift." Then he blowed out his cheeks, and held up his head like a perpetual grand, and tried to look as himportant as a hinsulted turkey cock, or a new-created knight's lady, who resolves to keep herself *to* herself.

"Oh, don't be haggrawating," says we; "you knows we is dying to hear the hadventure, so give us another trial, and go on."

"How much will you believe?" says the old joker, *who* loved to get his listeners hinto a line of him*patience.*

"All, all," says we, "if you'll honly persede."

"Wery well, then," says the artful old codger, looking patternising, "I'll take pity on you." Then he took a swig at his grog, gived a knowing wink at the colour sargeant, and, after a goggle or two with his eyes, and a waggle of his nose, he gives a preparatory hem, and cuts away as follows:—

"Arter the short conwersation atween me and the lieftenant, we leaves the rajah's palace, and gets into the street, where we war joined by the hinfantry hensign.

"'Are it all right?' says the latter genlemn.

"'As a trivet,' says the lieftenant; 'I've got this smart lad here to assist us.'

"'That's your sort,' says the hensign, 'we shall have a glorious spree.'

"I goes with them to the lieutenant's bungalow, where we all three browns our faces, and puts on white jackets and turbans, so as to make ourselves look like native servants, and then we turns hout.

"'I suppose, Wheeler,' says the lieftenant to me, as we war cheveying through the streets in double quick, 'you knows what we is up to.'

"'Oh yes, your honour,' says I, touching my turban; 'we're going to have a squint at the birds of Paradise.'

"'Yes,' says he, 'I've found out an unguarded part of the gardens of the zenana, and we are going to scale the wall, and conceal ourselves among the shrubs till daybreak, when the beauties will come out to bathe in the tank. We want you to keep watch for us in case of surprise.'

"'You may depend on me, your honour,' says I. 'On which side of the wall am I to take up my position?'

"'On the inside, of course,' says the lieftenant. 'Here's the place; now to make fast the ladder, and over we goes.'

"No sooner said than done. I chucks over the wall a knotted rope, with a hiron hook at the end of it, which the two hofficers had prepared for the purpose, and arter two or three tries gets it to catch in the top part of the

ornamental brick-work, and up the two hofficers shins and drops on the hother side. I follows them, and when I got to the top I changes the persition of the hook and lets the rope hang in the garden and walks down by it.

" 'So far all's right,' says the lieftenant. 'Now, like prudent generals, we'll secure our retreat, and then advance.'

" With that he takes a good hobserwation of the landmarks as led to our ladder, which, being covered in by trees and bushes, warn't to be easily found arout we made for some striking hobject in the hopen ground afore it.

" 'I have it,' says our commander. 'It's in a straight line with that broken statue, and is backed by a tall cocoanut-tree. Take particular notice of this, boys, for we may have to run for our lives, and it would be awkward to miss our road.'

" 'All's right,' says the hensign, arter he had taken a lunar, 'I could find it blindfold.'

" 'And so could I, your honours,' says I, 'it's as plain to me as a turnpike.'

" 'Now then, we'll advance,' says the lieftenant. 'But mind, we must keep perfectly quiet, and on the least alarm away to the ladder.'

" 'All's right,' says we, and away we went, creeping from bush to bush, and tree to tree, till we comed right up to the pawilion in which the women were kept, which war a wery fine building, with a marble terrace, which went down by a flight of steps hinto the garden, which war one of the most beautifullest I ever seed—full of rare flowers, and fruits, and fountains, and summer-houses, and statues, and a large lake, or tank, as they calls it in that country, with a helegant striped canwas hawning over it, and steps leading hinto the water hall round, for the conwenience of bathing.

" 'Here we are,' says the lieftenant. 'Now, wot shall we do next?—the sun will soon show himself, and the *birds* won't be long arter him; you two stay here, and *I'll reconnoitre*.'

"With that he takes a circuit of the building, and arter a few minutes comes back and tells us that all war quiet, but we must be wery cautious, for he had seed seweral of the zenana guard asleep in one of the werandas.

"'Our best plan,' says he to his friend, 'is to leave Wheeler here to look out for squalls, while we two goes down and hides behind the summer-house as looks upon the tank.'

"'With all my heart,' says the ensign, and arter giving me instructions to keep my weather eye hopen, and himitate the scream of a peahen if any danger should turn up, away they went skuttling along the bushes hinto the lower garden to the lake.

"'Well, Tom,' says I to myself, when they war gone, 'you's in a wery haggrawating sitewation here, old feller, —you has the best share of the danger and wont see none of the fun; for where you is, being at the back of the pawilion, you wont get the ghost of a glimpse of the birds of Paradise, and will have nuffin to diwert you but a view of a guard-house, and a parcel of horiental blackguards.'

"Arter staying at my post a little while, kicking my heels and feeling wery huncomfortable at being cut hout of my sport, I gets uncommon fidgetty, and kept gradually hedging hoff hup to the pawilion.

"'I should like to have a peep at em, that's the truth,' says I, for I war young and foolish then, and war huncommon curious on such subjects. 'Wot perwents me from following the lieftenant's hexample, and having a reconnoitre on my own account?'

"No sooner thought on than hexecuted, for the sky war getting gradually greyer, and I knowed it wouldn't be long afore the sun showed his nob, when I shouldn't have no hopportunity of leaving my post; so I goes down on all-fours and creeps to the nearest weranda. The winders, as is usual in that country, being honly blinds, I pulls one of em gently aside and peeps in. Thof it war still darkish, I war hable to see that it war *a large room, with* winders on three sides of it. I lis-

tened, and hearing no sound, I gets bold and steps in. Arter a minit or two my eyes becomed used to the hobscurity, and I seed it war a sort of hapartment as hanswers to our drawing-room, with a chinam floor (which are a sort of glazed white tile they makes in that country out of oyster shells and sand), which war covered with grass mats as fine as a Leghorn straw hat; and kicking about at all corners war cushions and small square Persian carpets, and low couches and hottomans, and wases filled with flowers, and gold bird cages full of beautiful birds, and fine French clocks, and gold and silver hornaments, and strings of beads, and dressed dolls, and all sorts of children's toys.

"'Well,' says I to myself, 'this is a fine crib, and no mistake. If I could hide in a corner anywhere, I might have as good a sight as my hofficers; wot's to hinder me?' So I looks round for a likely berth.

"'No,' says I, arter I'd had a good squint round the room, 'it aynt posserbul; there aynt cover for a rabbit, much less a full-grown cavalry soldier. I must give it up.' And I war turning back, and going into the weranda again, when I hears footsteps adwancing to me.

"'My eyes, Tom,' says I to myself, in a hawful funk you may believe, 'you's booked, old boy; you're a dead man, as sure as you're alive.' So I slips back hinto the room, jest in time to perwent myself from being seed by a hold Hindoo ooman, as comed hobbling up from one of the out-buildings. Hon she comed along the weranda, towards the place where I war concealed; and as she passed the winders, she throwed back the blinds in regler rotation.

"'Damme,' says I to myself, 'I'm nabbed now, and no mistake.' For the old devil had only got three more to hopen afore she comed to me, and my knees war getting hup a himitation of the castenets, when I seed at the far end of the room a large curtain, as seemed to cover a door-way. 'Hout of the frying-pan hinto the *fire*,' thought I; 'but here goes for a try.' So I whips *off* my shoes, waits till the old un had opened the blinds *of* the winder next to mine, and then I makes a bolt, and

cuts away to the curtain, and gets behind it arout being twigged.

"'On your legs once more, you willin,' says I to myself; 'you've got another squeak for it.' So I feels about to find what sort of a place I had got hinto.

"'Stop, stop, though,' thinked I, standing still; 'I mustn't move, or the curtains will shake, and the old un will smell a rat.' So I kept quiet for a few minits, and then cautiously pushed one end of the drapery a little on one side, that I might reconnoitre my quarters, for the daylight war just beginning to appear. It seemed to be a sort of recess or halcove, and, by groping about, I found out it war a raised diwan, or throne sofa, with shawl hangings all round it.

"'Here I is,' says I, 'as snug as a bug in a rug. If the rajah don't make too hearly a wisit to his beauties, I'm as safe as the bank, and I shall have a hout and hout view of his highness's domestic arrangements.' Hall this time I heard the old ooman's feet going pat, pat, pat, about the room, as if she war setting it in order, and presently she comed so near the curtains that I could hear her breathe.

"'Oh,' thinks I, 'I am in for it again; if she should have seed the curtains wave, and be suspicious, I'm pickled.' Whisk, whisk, goes a feather broom hover the houtside drapery; shake, shake, goes the shawls; and presently, rattle goes the rings, as the hold ooman throwed 'em back, and hobbled up the steps as led to the diwan, humming a Hindian melody in a low voice, as she shook up the cushions, and whisked her broom hover the throne and hangings.

"All this time I war hid behind the back drapery, hexpecting hevery minit she would pounce upon me. My feelings just then warnt wery henviable, I can assure you; hevery second seemed as long as an hour, and cold perspiration ran down my face in streams. Shake, shake, shake—whisk, whisk, whisk—and ali, da, da, da, I, I, I —eih! eih!—and all sorts of queer Hindian howls kept going *on arout end,* and I thought myself clean gone, *when the old mahog*any slavey, having finished her work,

gave a grunt of satisfaction, and hobbled down again, and arter fastening back the houtside curtains, went away.

"'Good riddance,' says I, drawing a long breath; 'I aynt dead just yet, but I'm in a hawful ticklish persition.' By this time it war quite light, and in a minit or two arterwards 'boom' goes the morning gun from our fort, and I heard all around me woices, and people moving. My first thought war to bolt back to my hiding place among the bushes, but second reflection told that would be dangerous, so I made up my mind to watch my hopportunity to cut away when the coast war clear. Presently I hears female woices, and then a racing about, and a loud larfing and giggling. 'Oh,' says I, 'the birds is getting up, may be they'll soon be flitting here.' And so they did, for in a minit or two arterwards a door on the left-hand side of the room opened, and in comed two young sultanas a larfing and jumping and clapping their hands, as if they war little children home for the holidays. They war both about fifteen or sixteen years old, and such lovely creeturs—oh!——"

Here the old boy turned up his eyes, and put his hand to his heart, and gived such a queer expression with his comical mug, that we all on us roared with larfter, while Mrs. Wheeler hup fist and whopped him.

"That'll do, that'll do!—mercy, mercy," says the funny old codger; "don't murder me—I can't help these tender recollections. I war always fond of a pretty face." Here he throwed his arms round Mrs. Wheeler's neck and patted her cheeks, and pretended to be wery affectionate, but she pushed him away and called him a old fool, and hadwised him to go hon with his story.

"Well, that are cruel," says the old boy, winking at the company; "the old ooman's jealous. Never mind, I'll persede with my description of the two heastern beauties. In the fust place, they were tall and slim—not lanky, and gawky, and bony, but plump, and round, and supple; their complexions war a delicate light brown; their noses war large, and a little inclined to the hook; their eyes!—oh! what shall I say to them? The

eyes of all heastern women is peculiarly large and lusterous. They ayn't like those of Europeans, full of shades of black, or blue, or hazel, with a little black spot in the middle—no, theirs is quite different. The white is huncommonly large and clear, and the ball is jet black, and seems to strike fire as it looks at you through long silken lashes, with a die-away expression that nuffin mortal can resist. I don't wonder at the Musselemen believing that their paradise is lighted with 'em.

"Their hair, which war wery long and glossy, war divided on their foreheads, and hanging down in plats behind, tied at the hends with gold cords and tassels. They had muslin petticoats, trimmed with gold and beetles' wings, scarlet trousers, bare feet, and jewelled ornaments round their ancles. They each had two cashmere shawls, one of white and t'other of blue, twisted carelessly round their waists and flung over one shoulder, leaving t'other side naked down to the waist. Their finger nails war wery long, and dyed red; their fingers and wrists and arms war covered with rings and bangles; their ears war hanging down with the weight of a string of gold coins, and they both had a large jewelled ring hanging to the tip of their noses. Then their hactions war so helegant! They knowed nothing about stays, and war as upright as a dart, and bent themselves about as graceful as a cat and as active as an eel. Arter them comed three more, a little olderer and a trifle shorterer and stouterer, dressed pretty near in the same manner; and arter them harf a dozen more of all sorts and sizes; and then comed another couple, who war, if possible, more beautiful than the two first, for their complexions warn't near so dark, and their dresses war costlier and more magnificent. These I knowed in a moment war Circassians, and from the curiosity they excited among the others, and the attention paid 'em by the ayahs and other female servants, as bringed in and handed round little trays of kudgeree, and kabobs, and sweetmeats, and sherbet, which they all walked into like one o'clock, making such a hullabaloo with larfing and talking, and romping and singing, as I never heard afore or since, I

knowed they war the strangers as belonged to the rajah as arrived the day afore.

"There they war, some sitting cross-legged or carpets, playing with the dolls and other childish others were lolling on the couches and otoman running about and pelting each other with cushion flowers, and all sorts of follies. All this time I behind the drapery of the state divan. 'Oh, you l little devils,' says I to myself, 'If I war just to po my head an inch or two further, wouldn't there hawful skrimmage!' As it war, I war nearly cot for the two gals I first speaked about, who seemed wery dear friends and the greatest romps of the got chasing each other round the room, and hac got upon the throne, and would in another minit routed me out from behind the curtains if they h been called away by the head sultana, who seem inform 'em that they war trespassing on sacred gro

"Arter this ere fun had been kept hup for some a large bell war ringed from the outside of the buil and all the beauties started up.

"'Hollo, hollo,' says I to myself, 'here's a go! blowed if the rajah aynt a coming; I'm settled now a wengeance.' But it war a false alarm. The comed in with little baskets of towels and box essences, and opening the great door as led on t terrace, started off for the tank, followed by the bir Paradise, who put their arms round each other's n and walked as horderly and as stately as a young la boarding-school when it's hout for a walk.

"'Now,' says I to myself, 'the hofficers will their chance, and I'll take the opportuity to cut out of this and get ready for a bolt.' With that I a look round to see that the coast was clear, and wi hop, skip, and a jump, gets safe to my old hiding among the bushes, from whence I had a full view of pawillion, and could perceive the slightest movemer took place in any part of the adjacent buildings.

"I waits in my concealment a few minits, wh looks round and takes a hobservation. All war

and regler; some of the guard war smoking their chebooks, others war cooking, and others cleaning their arms and accouterments. In the garden, too, all war quiet, except now and then the light larf of the gals as they war sporting in the tank.

"'Well!' thinks I, 'the genlemn as is watching them from the summer-house will be able to give a pretty good description of heastern manners and costumes. I wish I had such a chance.' I had scarcely made this hobserwation to myself, when I heard a piercing scream in the direction of the bathing-place, which war instantly succeeded by a yell as would have waked the seven sleepers, and then there war the hout and houtest shindy as nothing could equal. Squeak! squeak! squeak! squawk! squawk! squawk! yelp! yelp! yelp! and yah! yah! yah! in all sorts of tones rent the air, while the frightened birds of Paradise were cheveying up the garden in picturesk confusion.

"'Oh,' says I, 'it's all hup, the hofficers has been seen, and it's devil take the hindmost;' so away I cuts, but in my agitation I takes a wrong turning, and——"

"Well, well! wot followed?" says we, in hanxious himpatience.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," says the old 'possom, getting hup, and walking into house; "my left knee has got a twinge of the roomatiz, and the evening dew ayn't good for it."

This war the way he broke hoff, and we war hobliged to speculate on the conclusion of his history, which larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—If you wants a good day's fishing, *ground bait* over night.

SPECIMENT.—Spose you had got a small preserve of game, wouldn't you be a fool to go and shoot 'em all in one day? In coorse you would. So it are in all other affairs of life—*they as economizes their resources is always the most esteemed and sought after.*

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE is two subjects as has come wery often hur my hobserwation during my passage through the wc in which I has never yet been able to see my clearly; and wot's more, on which I has never t able to find nobody as could give me any *rational* in mation. I alludes to "popular traditions" and "pop superstitions."

Hevery country abounds with the first, and hev hindiwidual as lives and breathes—no matter how str his hintellect, how sound his education, or how elew his station—has more or less a belief in the exist of certain signs and tokens by which his fate is gover

Now the question that arises to me are, What are cause of this strange infatuation?

'Tis true that "coming events cast their shad before," for we expect certain things will happen, w we see certain *natural* signs of their approach; but does a magpie hopping across one's path, meeting one on a flight of stairs, placing knives across, spil salt, walking under a ladder, seeing the new m through a glass window, coming back for someth forgot after commencing a journey, turning one's s or stocking after having put 'em on wrong side first, a wariety of other equally ridiculous trifles, *forbod luck?* Thousands will tell you they *do*, but no one give anything like a *reason* for such belief.

For my own part, though I have never lived i haunted house, or seed a ghost, or believes in any of unlucky things I has enumerated, yet I has every and then wery strange presentiments of things a going to happen to me. Fight the weakness as I wi can't get over it, and many and many's the event comed to pass, that has been previously pictured to imagination by the interpretation of dreams and strang [redacted]cied omens.

Many, perhaps, may say to this, "Pooh, pooh, Mr. Muggins, you are a silly old driveller;" but I says boldly, "Look at home." Larf, and pertend to despise all such supernateralness, as much as you please, there aynt no man, woman or child (old enough to think), but who, when they gets to themselves and cogitates hover their ways and means and hopes for advancing to honours or good fortune, but wot has, like me, a strong dash of superstition, and sets great value on certain signs and tokens as omens of success or failure.

Rosso decided his luck by throwing stones against a tree. Napoleon, Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, and a thousand other great men of old and modern times, had their lucky and unlucky days, and believed in ghosts, and *acted* upon omens.

The more I thinks upon this strange subject, the more I gets puzzled, for it's perfectly evident that the strongest as well as the weakest of minds gives way to these—what shall I call 'em? waking dreams! No, that won't do—I'll look for a good comprehensive word in the dicksnary. I have it, these *chimeras*—that's the ticket, for they is both wild and fantastic hinfatuations, as nuffin can subdue.

Now, wot I wants to know are this—Whether this ere passion for reading the Book of Fate are a weakness as is natteral to us, or a poison instilled hinto our minds by hignorant attendants in our early childhood, which, like a blot on a sheet of white paper, can't never be thoroughly eradicated? I am hinclined to think 'tis the latter, for I recollects some years ago catching my nus-maid telling my youngest boy a hawful ghost story, with a running accompaniment of lucky and unlucky signs, which, I have no doubt, made such wiwid himpression on his unfledged brains that he has never since been able to get rid of the infection.

Now for "popular traditions." Almost all of 'em are some way or other connected with ghosts, and though *I* never knew anybody who had actually clapped eyes on one of them what they calls in the mellerdrammers, "*Mystic Shades*," I has conwersed with many who has assured me that they himplicity believes such things does

exist, and that the hidentical "shade" as war the to of conwersation, did haunt such and such a building, appear to such and such a person.

I recollects when I war some years ago at Gainsborou in Lincolnshire, hearing of a wery strange affair as t place in John of Gaunt's Castle. It war at that t conwerted hinto a theatre, and stood in the middle c large plot of waste ground called the Mart-yard, in c sequence of the fair or mart being held there. A pair war all alone in the theatre one morning arter rehear painting a scene on the stage for a new piece as war t bringed out that night, when happening to look into audience part of the house, he saw sitting in the l hand stage-box a lady dressed in a strange old-fashio style, with a wery high frizzled head of hair, stuck ful blazing jewels, a henormous large ruff, wery long wa and a hoop petticoat hembroidered all hover with g staring him full in the face. At first, he thought it a joke of one of the actresses, who had dressed herself and placed herself there to frighten him, for the pl war uniwersally believed to be haunted, and nuffin co tempt nobody to remain alone in it arter dark. after a bit he beginned to get frightened, for there figure sat firm and motionless, staring at him with a st and ghastly smile. W—h—o are you? w—h—a—t you w—a—r—n—t?" said the now hawfully terri painter, hinvoluntarily hadwancing to the happariti but at every step he took nearer to it it grew more more indistinct, and at last totally wanished. "It ghost," said the poor fellow, as, half dead with fear, war rushing out of the building; but just as he left stage, he turned his head and gave a look back, and th in the same spot, and in the same attitude, sat the la staring and grinning at him as per last. This *story* a no fiction, though I don't wouch for the *painter's* worac it is well-known in Gainsborough, and the painter, w he recovered from his fright, painted the portrait of lady from recollection, which picture are now in possess of a genlemn in Hull.

Then, again, there war a house in the old town

Plymouth as war said to be haunted, and war obliged to be pulled down cos nobody dared to live in it. The history of it war, that ewery night, as soon as the clock struck twelve (by the bye, that's the fashionable hour for happaritions), the hinmates used to hear the sound of feet in high-heeled shoes walking round the table, and the rustling of silk, as if a lady in a dress of that material war sitting down opposite the master or mistress of the house. This used to be repeated all over the premises, but hinwariably stopped at a closet in a bedroom on the second floor, which for many years had been nailed up. This closet war at last opened, and when the planks at the back of it war taken away there war found the skeleton of a female—no doubt that of the ghost with the high-heeled shoes, which had been murdered and buried there and didn't like such close quarters. This story is strongly believed all over Plymouth. Then the history of the old man who sits on the top of the long flight of steps on the Exeter side entrance of Totness—nobody doesn't dare say they disbelieves it. He is said to sit there every day dressed in a long great coat and a white night-cap under his hat. Why he chooses to hexhibit himself aynt hexactly knowed, for there's warious rumours afloat. Some says he war a pauper as loved the spot when he war alive, and so returned to it when he war dead because it war on the *shady* side of the way; others affirm that he war a smuggler looking hout for squalls; others that he war an old soger as used to lock the wheels of the coaches as war going to London. But let him have been wot he may, there's hundreds in Totness at this wery minit as will tell you they is well hacquainted with somebody as has seed him.

Then, the belief in fairies, or *pixies*, as they is called, is common throughout Devon. Dartmoor has a thousand wonderful legends of em, and nobody hever loses their way in crossing heaths or moors, or gets benighted in the woods and fields, arout feeling perfectly conwinced they has been "*pixy-led*," which means, that they has been enchanted by the fairies, who has led 'em a wild-goose chase.

Ask any country lad or lass the meaning of the beat circles as is sometimes seed in high grass fields. "Th is '*pixy rings*,'" will be the sure reply, "made by t '*little people*' when they dances in the moonlight."

There is a little stream in Plymouth as runs down street that leads into the bottom of Frankfort-street a the beginning of George-street, which is a peculia favourite haunt of the *pixies*. Night arter night th holds their revels there, and woe to the unfortun mortal who hintrudes upon 'em. Many and many's t good dame, particularly at Christmas time, who, in stoo ing to fill her pitcher with water, has been toppled o by the mischievous elves and treated with a good duckii

The superstitions about bees in Devon and Cornwall wery strange. I one day seed a hold ooman putting l mouth down to the entrance of her hives; and as I h never seed such a proceeding afore, I arks'd her wl it meant.

"I'm jest," said she, "whispering to the bees that t master of the house is dead; for if I didn't give ' notice of it, they would all die or go away."

I could relate a thousand other strange superstitions warious countries and places. But the oddest of 'em is *the ghost of the bachelor's legs*, at the Dean Jo at Canterbury. This singular happarition is unrival in the history of spirits; it is the only case on record a *bodiless* spectre. It consists (if anything ghostly be consistent) of a pair of handsome Happollo legs, ca in spotless white silk stockings; two small and elegant shaped feet, in high shoes, with red heels and diamo buckles, which trip along with a mincing, springy, tip motion, and carefully steps over puddles and all ot promenading obstructions. This delighful exhibitior to be seen every night, between the hours of twelve a two. The late howner of the airy pedestals is suppo to have been a French emigrant marquis, as lived by legs—that is teached dancing—who, when he died, t his body off to France, but was obliged to leave his l as security to the Alien-office, that he would return England as soon as he had settled his affairs.

So much for popular superstitions. Now for the conclusion of Tom's Hindian's story.

"I found myself," says the old boy, resuming his adwenture at the point he left off at the evening afore, "in the midst of a party of the guard, which war scouring the grounds in all directions.

"'Horoo!' says they, catching a glimpse of me, and firing their matchlocks.

"'Walker!' says I, twigging my land-marks, and cutting back, and stepping out like a racer when he passes the Red-house, and is lifted for a win; 'you aynt got me yet, snowballs.' On and on I ran, followed by ten or a dozen of the blackguards who kept on continually amusing themselves by firing at random through the trees and bushes, till I comed to the ladder. You may suppose it war but one, two, three, afore I got up; but jest as I had got to the top of the wall, and had throwed one leg over, and war pulling up the rope, my pursuers got a full view of me, and fired a wolley, and I dropped on the ground."

"Wounded?" says Mr. Spoff, in great anxiety.

"No," says Tom, "not so much as scratched; the lubberly swabs couldn't hit a haystack, much less a man as war waggling about. 'Ah! hoo!' says I, mocking on 'em as I scrambled on my feet and chucked a large stone over the wall; 'good bye, spooneys,' and away I cut to the lieftenant's quarters, where I found him and his friend quite safe, and dressed in their uniforms ready for parade.

"'Glad to see you, Wheeler,' said the lieftenant; 'we war afraid you war nabbed. Go into my room and wash your face, and put on your jacket, and then be hoff to your quarters, for depend upon it, there'll be an infernal shindy kicked up about our frolic.'

"'Yes, sir,' says I, touching my turband as I war going. 'I begs pardon, genlemn—you seed 'em of course?'

"'Oh, yes,' says the lieftenant, 'we had a capital view, and should have got off without discovery, if my friend here hadn't imprudently wentured too near.'

"Well, as we hexpected, there war a devil of a row,

and all the troops war hinspected, but the culprits war never found. And now I comes to the hadventure of the two griffins."

"Ah!" says we hall, deeply hinterested, "we shall hear that at last."

"Don't be too sure," says Tom, with a malicious wink; "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—I may put it hoff to a future opportunity."

"No, no," says we, "give it us now, we can't wait."

"Well," says the old boy, "I won't tantalize you no longer, here goes:—

"The little affair I has just related, having, in coorse, made a great noise, war the common topic of conwersation among all the men and hofficers of the different regiments as war brigaded with ourn, and, as is usual in all cases of hextrornary daring, there war numbers who longed to try a similar hadventure on their own accounts. Among the rest war two young chaps as had just comed from Europe, and had been drafted to the troop to which I and the sargeant here belonged. They war two of the reglerest Simon Suck-eggs as hever war suffered to walk alone, and war the butts and laughing-stocks of the whole division.

"These two sappys or griffins (which are the Hindian term for hall them as hasn't been twelve months in the country) happening to be at a grog-shop with me and the sargeant, and a lot of our gamesomest blades, the conwersation chancing to turn upon the wisit to the Rajah's harem, they expressed themselves wery warmly on the subject, and hended by boasting that if they had had such a chance they would have behaved wery different.

"'Indeed,' says, I spying a game, 'wot would you have done?'

"'Why,' says the heldest of the two, who war a fine, fresh-coloured, strapping country lout of nineteen, 'I'd ha' picked hout the one I loiked best, and carried her away and married her.'

"'And I would ha' done the same with another,' said his companion, who war his wery double in happear-[redacted]upidity and hewery thing.

"'Oh,' says I, looking at 'em wery mysterious, and whispering, ''spose I could put you in the way of proving your words, would you have the pluck to wenture?'

"'Wouldn't we!' says they, huncommon walliant; 'try us, that's all.'

"'Mind,' says I, shaking my head, and looking more mysterious, 'it's certain death if you gets cotched.'

"'Oh, we don't care for that,' says the heldest, who war the leader. 'Only you give us the chance, we'll stand by all the risk.'

"'Agreed!' says I; 'meet me and the sargeant here to-morrow night and your curiosity shall be gratified; but mum—keep it dark—for the slightest suspicion would bring us all to the halberds.'

"'No fear!' says they; 'we'll be snug,' and away they went.

"As soon as they war gone, I and the sargeant and the others has a hearty good larf, and then we harranges a plan for gammoning 'em.

"The time happointed comed, and me and my friend here, who war the two principal performers, war ready to receive our wictims. 'Now,' says we, as soon as they showed, 'come along, and we'll take you to the gardens of the harem; but remember, if you speaks one word you are lost.'

"We takes 'em a long round, till we comes to a walled garden at the outskirts of the town. 'Here's the place,' says we; 'now for the signal.'

"With that I makes a scream like a peahen, and presently arterwards a little door hopened in the wall, and a hold native ooman happeared with a lantern.

"'*Salem aleicum*,' says she; which means, How do you do, or sumat hequivalent to it.

"'All right, mother?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she; '*wanko*—Rajah all sleep, no hear nuffin.'

"'That'll do,' says I. 'Now take care of these two genlemn.'

"'Wot, ayn't you two going with us?' says the

spooneys, beginning to feel a little queer at the thought of being left alone.

"'No,' says I; 'it won't do for so many on us to wenture. Good bye, take care of yourselves, for you is on a wery dangerous henterprize.'

"With that we takes leave of 'em, sees 'em in at the garden gate, and then runs round to the front door, for we had bringed 'em to the wery house from which we started, which war formerly a palace, with a wery fine garden. The old ooman, who war one of our comrades, dressed up Hindoo fashion, persuaded the two fools to let handkerchiefs be tied over their eyes, and suffer themselves to be led by their guide, who, you may believe, gived 'em a precious dance up and down steps, through long passages and cetera, till he bringed 'em hinto a room we had prepared for the hoccasion, where me and the sergeant, dressed as a couple of Circassian sultanas, war seated on the floor, surrounded by a party of nautch gals (which are dancers as attends weddings and parties).

"'Now take off the handkerchiefs,' says the hattendant to the two spoons.

"Off they went, and our wictims war preciously astonished.

"'Wonderful!' says they, hadwancing to lay hold on us.

"'No, no, don't go near 'em yet,' says the guide, 'or you'll frighten the dear creeturs. The Bayaderes is going to dance—I'll tell you when to approach.'

"All this time we two covies war sitting cross-legged on two pieces of carpet, smoking long hookers and drinking rack punch.

"'Hollo!' says the spooneys, 'if the sultanas aynt smoking!'

"'To be sure,' says the old ooman, 'they pipes continually.'

"'And drinks too, eh?' says the heldest wictim.

"'Yes,' says the mistress of the ceremonies, 'they gets reglerly toppy every night.'

"'You don't say so,' says the hinnocent chaps.

"'I does,' says the old un; 'Zirazazazima seems funny already, and Azimarackamoonshee aynt much better. Look how the pretty lambs gambols.'

"This war the cue for me and the sargeant to begin our capers, so we sets to and rolls about on the carpets, and then gets up and dances and sings a little, and then we sits down and smokes and drinks again.

"Now for the Bayaderes, says the old ooman, and off went the gals, and guved us an out and out caper, which the sargeant and me, pertending to be wery drunk, jined in, and reglerly alarmed and astonished the two wisitors with our hextrornary wehemence.

"'Now,' says the old un, 'I'll introduce you.' So he walks up to us, and, with a lot of wery low salams, speaks a lot of gibberish, and presents the two chaps.

"We, in course, replied in the same language, and pinted to the carpets, and in haction told 'em to sit down beside us. Then we clapped our hands, and the old ooman bringed in refreshments, which war bitter nuts and salt and water, which we made 'em eat and drink, and then gave 'em a couple of sticks and forced 'em to stand up and dance a war-dance with us and the Bayaderes, and away we went like fury, tapping 'em hover the shins and elbows, and wopping 'em till they war black and blue.

"Hall of a sudden, in the middle of the dance, the old ooman runs in, and, pertending to be in great consternation, tells in the gibberish, and in English, that the Rajah war coming, and that we should all be killed. Scream, scream went the Bayaderes, and I and the sargeant, pertending to be in great despair, clung to the two chaps, and pulled and hauled 'em all round the room, jabbering away like one o'clock. In the midst of hall this ere confusion the lights war put hout, and a loud knocking war heard at the door.

"'Come with me,' says the old un, taking the hands of the two wictims; 'I'll get you into the garden by the secret door.'

"In coorse they war wery glad of such a chance, and let themselves be pulled away hout of the room, along a long passage hinto the garden: but the moment they

got out of the house, a lot of our chaps, who war waiting for 'em, throws a couple of table-cloths over their heads, binds 'em hand and foot, and carries 'em in again.

"'So, so, we've cotched you in the fact, you damn'd rascals,' says the native landlord of the grog shop, who war in the spree with us, and hacted the part of the Rajah. 'Go, fetch a couple of sacks—we'll teach you to intrude into our harems. Guards, get your bowstrings ready, we'll strangle the villains, and then chop them in pieces. Fetch the block and chopper. Ah! there's the sacks—that's right; be ready to fill 'em with the pieces, and then carry 'em down to the river. Ah! there's the block and chopper—that's right. Now, executioners, get your strings ready—that's right. Now unbind 'em—we'll teach 'em to run away with our sultanas.'

"All this time the two chaps war hunable to see, but they heard the trailing of the sacks on the floor, and the chopping of the axe on the block, and the twanging of the bow-strings, and they war trembling in a hagony of alarm; but when me and the sargeant beginned to fee their necks, as if we war putting on the bowstrings, they fell on their knees, and roared for mercy.

"'Off with 'em,' says the pretended Rajah; and away went the table-cloths, and discovered to the astonished eyes of the wictims the drinking-room of the grog-shop and me and the sargeant, and a lot of their comrades larfing and making fun on 'em."

So much for Tom's heastern story, and so much for Plymouth, for a day or two afterwards I took my leave of my kind old friend and his family, and returned to London.

I gets home all right and comfortable, settles my haffairs, reopens my shop, and goes on well up to the pagoda opposition; but arter that nuisance war removed I went before the wind, and war doing a wery steady good trade, when an ewent took place which made me wery miserable, and larnt me another lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—We never knows the true value of nuffin *until* we loses it.

MENT.—Once upon a time there war a man who great affluence, with horses and carriages, a fine nd hevery day the best of eating and drinking; ast, *he got so accustomed to luxury, that he took all things as comed to him as matters of course, and value upon nuffin.* Now, it so fell out that this denly tumbled hinto hadwersity, and war reduced hextreme of poverty. "Oh!" he would cry, back on former times, "wot a hungrateful, ible beast I war when I had my comforts about *! if I could live my life over again, wouldn't I ch on 'em!*" So it are with all on us. *It are a ly truth, that we trifles with our happiness and s, and hoften wishes, when too late, that we had set re on the blessings that are taken from us.*

CHAPTER XXXII.

a poor heart that never rejoices," says the old hich assertion I believe; and moreover, I thinks there be one day more likely than another to e its truth, it is on the 25th of December. nerry Christmas and a happy new year," is the ient of the season as is paid and received by all and hevery one makes a heffort to shake off care, s his hardest to be jovial. And wot a stirring ire; wot meetings of families, commencements of tances and courtships, and renewals of old friend- Young and old, rich and poor, all look forward to as-day as the greatest holiday in the year. The and gentry and hoppulent tradesmen gives grand where they feasts on the fat of the land, and has toast buttered on both sides, and drinks lump

The middlingish-off small tradesmen and clerks *wife's well to-do*-relations, and a select few of

their pertickler friends, to "pick a bit of turkey." And the poor hand-to-mouth mechanics scrapes together a few shillings, and regales their wives and children, and their old fathers and mothers, with "a prime bit of hot beef, and a thumping plum-pudding."

It are my delight to walk out on this ere joyous day to watch the manœuvres of the gay throngs as is streaming along the streets, or frolicking on the ice in the parks. On my passage to the Serpentine, which are the great rendezvous for skaters and sliders and promenaders, I looks hup at the chimbleys—don't they smoke!—and looks down hinto the kitchens—aynt the spits loaded with beef and poultry, and the saucepans a bubbling away with the puddings! Then the skaters—don't the young uns get "purls" when they tries to come the outside edge, and don't the old uns figure away on the slides!—poor old codgers, they likes their Christmas fun as much as the children. Then, about one o'clock, I looks out for the dinners coming from the bakehouse—such "bits of beef," shoulders of mutton, and legs of pork, all with "taters" under 'em; here and there, by way of variety, are a goose and a big "minch pie," or a "wopping baked plum." And the carriers of these good things, aynt they spruced up? I believes they is, indeed—nobody's untidy on Christmas-day. The gals turns out with their hair done wery nice under new lace caps, and clean white linen aprons over a new stuff, or may be, a silk gownd, white cotton stockings, and black leather shoes, with wery broad sandals. The young chaps has wery clean shining faces, and smooth combed greasy hair; drab trousers a little shrunk with washing, but well strapped down to Bluchers; wery deep yellow westcuts, with fancy buttons; huncommon high black stocks; clean white shirts, of wery coarse linen, with wery stiff starched collars, as keeps continually cutting 'em hunder the ears; blue dress-coats, with metal buttons and shortish tails, a good deal creased by being *up*, or stowed away carelessly the Sunday afore. The old fathers and mothers and servants has got on their best Sunday coats and gownds, and looks quite spec and span.

Then the conwersation at the bakehouse!—that beats bull-baiting.

"My beef if you please, Mr. Doughey," says a old ooman.

"There it are, mum," says that hamiable genlemn, pushing a brown dish over to her with a wery little bit of "ribs."

"Why, goodness gracious, how you has burnt it," says the poor proprietor, looking dismayed at the wreck of her hopes of a comfortable dinner. "It's as dry as a cinder."

"Cant elp it mum," says the hunfeeling destroyer; "hoven too fierce, I suppose; shouldn't bring so small a joint; take it away. Now, Biddy, wot's yourn?"

"Shoulder and petaties, No. 15," says the second customer, giving a tin ticket, and receiving in hexchange wot the students calls a wery small "scapular," perched on a wilderness of potatoes.

"There you are now, Mrs. Smith. Shave you directly, Mr. Brown. Hollo, Biddy, wot are you staring at? Wot's the matter?" says the baker.

"Matther!" says the lady of the shoulder and "petaties," putting her arms akimbo, and looking volumes of reproach and hindignation. "You has been at your ould thrucks, you warmint. This mite of a jint aynt my shoulder—you knows it aynt, ye cheating owmadawn; you has changed it."

"Pooh, pooh!" says the hunflinching Mr. Doughey, "it's only shrunk a little—shoulders is wery liable to it in frosty weather."

"Ah! hould your whist, you robber," says the customer, taking up her dish and shaking her fist at the abductor. "You aynt going to the fair with me in that way—you've been ringing the changes on my poor shoulder." Then she drew an imaginary line of dishes on the counter, and proceeded to exemplify the changing process. "All in a row, Mr. Doughey, you big blackguard—a lot of little uns change, change, change, till ye has *made* a big un for for yourself. I'm awake to ye, ye see, ye mealy-mouthed sarpint; this is the last time I darkens your doors."

"Be off, and don't be habusive," says the baker. "Now, young man, wot's yourn?"

"Beef and baked plum," says a big young youth, putting down a tray.

"There you are. Now, my dear, wot's yourn?" continued the dinner-dispenser, smirking at a pretty young ooman as stood a good way from the counter.

"Goose, if you please."

"There it are, my love—merry Christmas and a happy new year," says the polite genlemn, handing over the bird, and smiling insinewatingly at its proprietor.

"Thank you; the same to you," says the young ooman, putting a clean cloth over the savoury little hanimal, and giving the happy Mr. Doughey a killing smile, while she added with a reproving shake of the head, in a confidenwhisper, "Oh! Mr. Tammus, you is a wery nice young man, but I wish you wouldn't prig the taters."

This ere scene are from life, and the counterparts on it may be seed hacted every Sunday throughout the year.

Then, as the hevening draws in, rattle, rattle, goes the coaches—knock, knock, goes the knockers—dingle, dingle, goes the bells—jingle, jangle, goes the steps, and hevery street is alive. Then there's the arriving of company and the compliments of the season. Then comes the dinner, and the burnt brandy, and all the nice things; and then the drawing round the fire, and the singing and story-telling, and the playing on the pianer, and the dancing, and blind-man's-buff and forfeits, and hunt the slipper; and the scrambling down to supper, and the putting on shawls and cloaks, and wishing good-bye, and going home at two o'clock in the morning. Oh! there's no time like Christmas.

Yet, there is many to whom this season of mirth and festivity brings nuffin but unhappiness. The poor in the workhouses and prisons, though, through the humanity of their guardians and the public, they has an allowance of beef and pudding, recollects the past Christmas-days, and can't help being miserable at the contrast. Then, again, the poor wretches as wanders through the streets all day arout a penny to procure food and shelter—

Christmas is an haggrawation to their misfortunes. Then the friendless young men, or broken-down and forgotten old ones, as takes their solitary dinner in a tavern or cook's shop;—their feelings ayn't by no means to be henvied. I has felt wot it are to be friendless and pennyless on Christmas day, and can answer for the heart-breakingness on it. But, as I don't want to hindulge in melancholy reflections, and thinks it better to laugh than cry, I'll beg leave to launch hinto the world "a paper" I received a little while ago from Mr. Spoff, the young poetical genlemn who married old Canterberry's daughter. He had been "sojourning on the continent," as he called it, during the summer, and had "thrown off" a few pen-and-ink sketches, which he intended to call "Telescopic Glances of Continental Manœuvres."

The following small trifle is a speciment of his style, which he flatters himself is peculiarly fashionable and elegant.

THE UNATTACHED AT BOULOGNE.

CHAPTER I.

"WHO is that splendid creature going into the bathing rooms?" inquired Mr. Tryall of his friend the *soi-disant* Captain Killingly, as they were lounging away an hour on the pier at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

"'Pon my life I don't know," replied the captain, pulling down the waist of his elaborately braided frock, and elevating his extensive black stock. "But as she appears to be rather orthodox than otherwise, perhaps 'twould be as well to walk down to the Rooms and inspect her."

"With all my heart," said the friend. "*Allons.*"

Linked arm in arm, consuming Havannahs, and puffing the smoke in the faces of the shrimp-girls, the two worthies quitted the pier and migrated towards the baths.

At a window which opened on the sands, in an attitude *Canova would have adored* (one *couleur de rose* kid-covered

hand holding a newspaper at ease, while the other, divested of its "envious case," performed divers gyrations amid a cluster of nut-brown ringlets), sate, or rather reclined, the "*splendid creature*" who had excited the attention of the inquisitive Mr. Tryall and his military companion.

"Devilish good hair, and plenty of it," said the captain, as he entered the room, and brought his glass to bear on the ringlets, fine hand, and unexceptionable goldsmithical embellishment.

"Yes," answered his friend, "those are facts of which she appears to be fully sensible. How is her face?"

"'Pon my life I can't tell," drawled the captain, who, like Mr. Acres, loved to swear by something. "Curse me, if I can make it out, 'tis so masked by her demn'd curls. However, I'll try a *ruse* to put her up; be ready to apologize when she gets on the wing."

With this *polite* determination he commenced the attack by executing that peculiar sidelong movement, between a walk and a stagger, so universally patronized by west-end genlemn, as they meander through the bazaars and fashionable streets, reconnoitring the bonnet-builders' and milliners' apprentices.

His hat a little inclining to one side, the thumb and fore-finger of his dexter hand persuading the extremity of his moustache to take a curvilinear form, while the digitals of the sinister member compelled his eye-glass to revolve round its chain in *double-quick*, the gallant son of Mars approached the *splendid creature*, who still continued her *pose*, leaning out of the window, and undulating her ringlets.

"Hem!" coughed the captain.

Still the *splendid creature* remained *in statu quo*.

"Any news, Brown?" experimentally essayed the determined inspector, in a loud whisper, to a friend on the other side of his *object*.

"Any news?—do you mean to be at Lady Ann's ball to-night?"

The *creature* continued "fixed as the sculptor's statue on the gate of Altorf."

"Have you the *Times?*" inquired the persevering captain, as the proprietor of the baths passed him, pointedly directing his eyes to the clock and other flourishing emblems of the "leading journal of Europe," as it reclined on the black silk dress of the *splendid creature.*

"Have it directly, sir," replied the proprietor, as he bustled out of the room, calling to his assistants, "Tepid five—shower three—hot four; make haste with the towels."

"Devilish provoking, she won't show her face," said the captain. "I'll try her with a fright."

"Good heavens!" he suddenly ejaculated, with a start that dislodged his hat from its ordinary resting-place to the floor, at the *splendid creature's* feet, "that man will be over the cliff."

The *ruse* took effect, but not in the manner its projector calculated on. For the *splendid creature* turned her head still further out of the window, depressed the back of her pink satin bonnet several degrees, as she elevated her eyes to the cliff, then, with the assistance of the ringlet-hand, which had dropped *vis-à-vis* to its sister of the newspaper, brought the *double sheet* to reading distance, thereby completely covering her upper works, and of course foiling the intended inspection.

"Beg ten thousand pardons, madam," said the unabashed hero, taking up his hat, and remarking as he did so that the *creature's* feet and ancles were beautifully formed, and captivatingly arrayed in cream-coloured *brodequins* and blushing *bas-à-jour;* "I beg ten thousand pardons; I felt so alarmed at that stupid fellow's danger, that I fear I have disturbed you."

"Not in the least, sir," replied a gentle voice from behind the leading journal; "I beg you will make no more apologies."

"You try her, Tom," whispered the captain; "see if you can unkennel her."

"My friend," observed Mr. Tryall, in an insinuating tone, taking the hint, and advancing,—"My friend, *Captain Killingly, is* such an awkward animal he is always

getting into scrapes, and I am obliged to apologize for him at least a dozen times a day. I hope you have recovered the fright his stupidity must have given you, and will condescend to grant him your pardon."

The newspaper performed a sort of advance-and-retreat movement, accompanied by a slight rustling of silk.

"She's determined not to *show*," said the captain.

"So *I* think," replied his friend; "but don't give up; try her with some terrific startler; pretend to be mad, or attempt to commit suicide."

"*Votre bain est prêt, Mademoiselle*," said one of the bathing-women, pushing the friends aside. "*Par ici, s'il vous plait. Excusez, Messieurs*," she added, whisking a wet towel in their faces; "*laissez passer la dame.*"

Involuntarily shrinking from the formidable *baineuse*, the friends stepped back, while the *splendid creature*, protected by the nymph of the towel, rose from her chair, dropped the newspaper, and displaying, not her face, but a section of the before-mentioned pink satin bonnet, progressed to an inner apartment, leaving the two inquisitive and impertinent inspectors staring after her in crestfallen disappointment.

"Floored," drawled the captain, settling his stock, and shaking up his side curls; "regularly done."

"Queered," echoed his friend, turning a pirouette, and endeavouring to hum the "Light Guitar." "What are we to do now?"

"Wait till she comes out," replied the military gentlemn. "Sure to have her then."

"Devilish good idea," approved the civil inspector.

"Keep your eye on the door, Tom," advised the captain. "Take care she does not bolt."

"Never fear," replied the obedient friend, possessing himself of a newspaper, and extending his lower extremities on three chairs; "I'll watch like a terrier at a rat-hole."

"That's right," said the captain, taking up a magazine. "There's some spirit in this adventure; we won't give it up till we know all about her."

The magazine and newspaper then did their duty,

cupying the attention of both gentlemen about twenty inutes, during which Tom observed his friend's caution r occasionally scanning the door.

"She's a long time in her bath," suggested the ptain.

"I wish she would make haste," yawned his friend.

Ten minutes more elapsed, when the captain, becoming ıpatient, threw down the magazine and paced the room, uch to the annoyance of several determined readers, ıo were spelling the various journals and pamphlets.

"I wish Captain Killingly would sit down," growled ı elderly gentleman, who had just got into the pith of a ng debate. "His spurs make such a dreadful rattle, ıd his boots creak so awfully, I cannot understand a ɔrd I read; I have commenced one speech no less than ven times. There he goes again! I shall never finish

Here, Simpkins," continued the unhappy victim, ving the paper to a gentleman who had been for some ne anxiously waiting his turn. "There it is—beautiful ɔbates—but while that confounded captain is exercising s long legs, I'll defy you to read them."

Saying which, the irate old gentleman started on his et, took off his spectacles, thrust them into his pocket, riously buttoned his coat, established his hat on his ining pericranium with a petulant slap, and, darting a thering look at his tormentor, quitted the room.

Meanwhile the impatient captain, unconscious of the noyance his boots and spurs were causing the "gentle aders," continued to strut and fret for ten minutes ɔre, whilst his friend, blessed with a more quiet temrament, coolly perused his paper, casting, from time to ne, reconnoitring glances towards the embargoed door. The captain, at last, losing all patience, extended his omenade to the other end of the building, where the ly of the towel was bustling about in all the dignity d importance of her exalted station, and accosted her his peculiarly elegant and original French, as lows:—

"I say, Madame, *venay ici. Combeang*—I mean, tell —*voulay vous dire moi—où est la dame?*"

"*Plait-il, Monsieur?*" replied the Frenchwoman, in rich Boulogne patois. "*Qu'est que? Veux-tu quelque chose, eh? Qu'est que c'est?*"

"*Où est la dame?*" repeated the captain, adding, to make his meaning more intelligible, "*La dame bang.*"

"*Madame la bourgeoise?*" interrogated the woman.

"*Oui, oui, certainement,*" assented the captain.

"*Madame,*" bawled the *gentle dipper*, through a window near the public entrance, "*voilà un monsieur désire à vous parler.*"

Obedient to the summons, out stepped from a little parlour madame the proprietress of the baths (an English woman), who, politely curtseying to the captain, wished to know his pleasure.

Quite unabashed by the mistake, the enterprising *militaire* returned the lady's curtsey with a profound bow, and, with a preparatory hem, begged pardon for having disturbed her, and lamented that his bad French had caused the assistant to mistake his meaning, which was merely to learn if a lady who had taken a bath a short time since was still in the house.

"What lady do you mean, sir?" inquired the proprietress.

"Dressed in black silk, and a pink satin bonnet," rapidly described the captain.

"She has been gone these twenty minutes," replied madame. "I saw her go out by the door that leads to the sands."

"Gone!" exclaimed the disappointed inspector. "The devil! She has made fools of us again."

"Yes," said Tryall, who had advanced during the colloquy,—"escaped, by Jupiter."

"Do you know who she is?" inquired the captain, politely lifting his hat to the lady of the baths.

"No, sir," was the curtseyed reply.

"Or where she lives?" inquisitively continued the persevering captain.

"No, sir; but I believe 'tis somewhere in the Grand Rue or the Haute Ville," obligingly invented

subtle proprietress, wishing to return to her parlour and get rid of her unprofitable customers. "I'm told she's a very rich heiress."

"A rich heiress!" exclaimed both the friends in a breath. "Lives in the Grande Rue, or the Haute Ville! Good morning, madame. Sorry to have given you so much trouble. Good morning, good morning."

Performing a series of bows and scrapes, the well-dressed puppies backed out of the rooms, and rapidly commenced a chase, while the amiable proprietress returned to her *sanctum*, laughing at the credulity and impertinence of her countrymen.

CHAPTER II.

"Where the deuce are you posting to in such a hurry?" said Colonel Martingale (a sold-out cavalry man), who met the friends as they turned into the *Rue des Minimes*. "Where the deuce are you going?—and what has put you so on the *qui vive?*"

"A woman, my dear colonel," answered the captain; "a rich heiress, my boy, who lives somewhere in the Grande Rue."

"Or the Haute Ville," added the accurate Mr. Tryall.

"A heiress!" said the colonel, his grey eyes sparkling with animation. "Who is she?—when did she arrive?—how much has she got?"

"Don't know," replied the captain, quite at fault. "She cannot have been here long, or she would have been reported at the club. But here comes Miss MacClack; now we shall learn all particulars. I'll be bound the old lady can tell us her exact amount, as well as her birth, parentage, and expectations."

"Good morning, my dear Miss MacClack," said the whole party, shaking hands with an old lady who came out of Stubbs's with two sets of books under her arm.

"Good morning, lady fair. How well you are looking!" said the polite colonel, pretending admiration.

"I *protest* you are quite blooming," insinuatingly *added the captain.*

"With rouge and pearl-powder," whispered Tryall, aside. "She has put them on with a trowel."

"Well," resumed the colonel, "and what is the world about? Any news, anything stirring, Miss MacClack? Any elopements, or interesting domestic calamities?"

"La! Colonel Martingale, how can you go on so?" simpered the antique maiden. "How should *I* know? Why do you ask *me* about such things? One would think, to hear you talk, that I'm a walking newspaper—a civil and military gazette, containing all the tittle-tattle and scandal of the place. Everybody thinks that I know everything about everybody, when I positively know nothing. Why 'twas only yesterday I heard of that unfortunate affair between Lieutenant O'Mauley and Mrs. Green. Everybody else knew *all* the particulars a full hour before I had heard a syllable. Then, again, the circumstance of Mrs. T—— and Sir W. —— being discovered by Lady W. ——,—I assure you I didn't know it till past eight o'clock last night, when the affair, everybody knows, occurred at half-past seven."

"Shameful, shameful, colonel," said the captain, pretending to defend the old lady. "I am sure my dear Miss MacClack is the last person in the world to trouble herself about other people's affairs; she never knows any news. Now, I'll venture a wager she hasn't heard a word about the beautiful heiress Tryall and I saw at the bathing-rooms just now."

"A heiress!" ejaculated the spinster, in a voice bearing strong affinity to a peacock's scream. "Who is she? Havn't heard a word about her. Where—where—where does she live?"

"Somewhere in the Grande Rue or the Haute Ville," replied the captain.

"Good morning, gentlemen, good morning," said the old tabby, hugging her books tightly under her arm, and preparing for a move. "You don't know what street in the Haute Ville, captain?"

"No," replied that respectable individual, "but no *doubt* you will easily learn."

"*Oh yes*, I'll find out directly," said the lady. "I'll

to Mrs. P., Lady A., and Dr. M.—sure to hear of
' from them. Good morning, gentlemen, good
rning."
So saying, she hitched up her thrice-dyed brown silk
vn, and displaying a pair of black-worsted-covered
l-post supporters, brushed past the "puppy trium-
ate," and waddled off towards the Grande Rue.
'My dear Miss MacClack," said the captain, who left
friends to follow her, "if you find out who she is—
I know where I live—give me a call. You understand
I shall be too happy to reward your kindness in any
y you may please to point out."
'Don't mention reward, captain," replied the sensitive
lady, "I should be quite shocked if I thought you
hed to buy my services; no, no, I am sure you don't
an that. I'll let you know all about her, and if you
uld happen to marry her, why then—"
'You may depend upon my gratitude," said the
ent captain, insinuatingly squeezing her worsted
tens, and turning on his heel. "I'll not forget you."
'Miss MacClack, Miss MacClack," bawled the colonel,
of breath with running to overtake her. "Stop, stop,
dear creature. Let *me* know who the lady is—there's
good kind soul. Get me an introduction, and I'll
nd a fifty if I do anything matrimonial."
'La, colonel, what do you mean by standing a fifty?"
uiringly reiterated the innocent *young* lady. "One
uld think you were at a horse-race or a betting-room.
ke it a hundred," she significantly added, taking a
ch of snuff, "and I'll see what I can do."
'Done, done," said the sporting colonel, elated at the
spect of catching an heiress. "I'll call upon you in
hour."
In less than twenty minutes the news spread like
dfire through the town. Groups of half-pay men and
ttached civilians were to be seen at the corners of
ry street, and in every gossiping-shop, discussing the
portant intelligence, and speculating on the fortune of
heiress.
The hour had scarcely passed when, faithful to her

promise, the convenient and respectable Miss MacClack rushed, out of breath and overflowing with news, into Captain Killingly's lodgings, and throwing her delicate anatomy upon a sofa, which groaned and trembled with her enormous weight, thus unbosomed herself:—

"Well, captain, I've discovered all. How I have walked! Is that Curaçoa on the shelf there? Only think, by the greatest accident I fell in with—half a glass, if you please—Mrs. Peeper, who had just heard the report, and had seen a lady with—another glass! oh, dear no, I should never get home—a black silk dress and a pink satin bonnet get out of a—crust of bread, if you please—a yellow carriage, and go into—the smallest drop in the world—the jeweller's at the top of the Grande Rue. Well, I know Monsieur Laval, so I walked in and asked him—where did you get this Curaçoa?—at Madame Coste's, I suppose—I should like to have a bottle to keep as a cordial."

"You shall, my dear madam," said the impatient captain; "I'll send to Madame Coste's, and get you one. But your news?—who and what is she?"

"A real heiress," replied the lady. "Her name is Sinclair—of high family, and immensely rich."

"That's enough," said the captain, snatching his hat. "Lives at Laval's, the jeweller's,—I'll introduce myself at once. Many thanks, my dear Miss MacClack; you may depend on having the Curaçoa. Take care how you come down these break-neck stairs. *Au revoir.*"

So saying, he kissed his hand to the ancient spinster, and darted towards the Grande Rue, with the valiant determination of carrying the heiress by a *coup de main.*

But, alas! how vain are the resolves of man,—how soon are they overthrown, and how perverse is fate.

Just as the gallant captain, burning with ardour and expectation, arrived at the jeweller's, and was about to turn into the *porte-cochère*, the sound of revolving wheels intimated that a carriage was about to leave it. He drew back to allow the vehicle to pass, when what tongue or pen shall describe his disappointment and confusion, as he beheld the well-remembered pink satin

bonnet of the *splendid creature*, vibrating in the interior of a yellow travelling-chariot, which four post-horses whirled past him at a hand gallop, and rattled down the street on the road to Paris.

"Demn'd provoking," sighed the unfortunate self-dubbed "soldier officer;" "I thought to have made sure of her."

"So had I," said the colonel, coming out of the house from which the *splendid creature* had departed. "I have not seen her, though I sent in my card by Sir Charles Totterly half an hour ago; she has kept me kicking my heels in the back parlour ever since. She is off to Paris, I hear."

"Is she, indeed!" says Tryall, jumping out of a pony chaise, driven by an elegantly-dressed woman. "How unfortunate, I've brought Lady Dashwood to introduce me."

"I've got the Curaçoa, captain," bawled out Miss MacClack from the other side of the street, holding up a bottle. "I told Madame Coste you would pay for it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the colonel and Mr. Tryall. "Poor Killingly, how dreadfully you have been done."

"So have *you*," roared the captain, stamping with rage.

"No, my dear feller," coolly replied the calculating Mr. Tryall. *We* have only lost our time—*you* have lost your temper and a bottle of Curaçoa."

So much for Mr. Spoff's Telescopic Glance, which larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—It ayn't never no use to keep on persewering in a *bad* cause.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose it were in your power to make a subsistence by honourable employment, wouldn't you be a fool to run the risk of losing your time and money by speculating in lotteries? In coorse you would. So it are with all them as tries to get a fortune arout working for it,—*they almost always in the long run finds themselves on the wrong side of the hedge.*

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"HOME-KEEPING youth have ever homely wits," says Pope (or Goldsmith, or some hother respectable genlemn, for I am huncertain to whom the sentiment belongs), but I'm hinclined to think that it wery hoften happens that many as goes abroad to cultiwate knowledge, comes back bigger fools and worser men than they would have been had they remained at home.

Go hinto hany company and you'll see the truth of this. Travelled "*Lions*" (I believes I'm right in the term, for I prigged it from a fashionable novel) habounds hevery where, who himprovises in what they call *La beller linger Toscana* of the *Largo Madgeorey*, Rome, Venice, and Milan, and descants in glowing terms of hyberbolical metaphor (dicksnary cram) of the sunny skies of *La Belle France*, or the picturesque and soul-entrancing banks of the "translucent" Rhine. As a speciment of these *travelled fools* I'll jest give you a conwersation I heard the hother day on Richmond Terrace, as I war henjoying the beautiful spring.

"Of course you have been on the continent?" said a young lady, to a wery himposing-looking genlemn in whiskers and mouse-tail faxinaters, who war "hanging on" on her off side as she war promenading with her "Ma." (By the bye, afore I goes hany further I may as well hexplain to the huniniated, that "hanging on" means walking zigzag by the side of a lady who won't take your arm, but suffers you to keep continually looking hunder her bonnet, and whispering soft nonsense to its strings. N.B.—This wery agreeable manœuvre is wery much practised in garrison towns.) "Why, yas," replied the genlmn, smiling placidly, and half-closing his eyes, and then suddenly throwing them hupwards with a sudden jerk, as meant to say, "Are it posserbul you could for a moment suppose a man like me had not,—"

I think my hortograph is to be found in a *few* of the ıpitals."

"Then tell me," said the young lady, stopping short ıd pinting to the prospect, which the bright sunshine ıd the clearness of the air made most pertickerly ɜautiful, "did you ever see a point of view equal to ıis?"

"*Oh, Dieu!*" said the genlemn, stepping back a pace, ıd holding up his straw-coloured kids in genteel asto- shment, "*est-il possible* that you can be serious? ompare this *mesquin* affair to the *magnifique paysages* the 'cawntinent!' Really, I am surprised,—'pon my ord, you *must* be joking."

"Oh, you double-distilled puppy!" said I to myself; you is a fine hexample of the monkey as has seen the orld; what good has your travel done you?" So much r "cawntinental" lions. Now I'll persede and give ɔu the perticklers of a pilgrimage I made hinto the ity, to take a last farewell of the chop-houses in veeting's Alley, and mourn over the ruins of the exchange.

I did intend to give you my hadwentures in the ıntry of Robert the Devil, Joan of Arc, William the ɔnqueror, *bonne bière, cidre, et l'eau de vie, ici on loge pied et à cheval, Hôtel de l'Europe, Hôtel du Nord, ɯme cuite,* and cettra (for I has lately made a trip ere); but I thinks I had better reserve 'em for another ɔppertunity, and persede with my city pilgrimage fust.

Oh, "*trumpery mutantur,*" as they says at the huni- rsities. The hold glories of the heast is fading fast ray; the dewouring helement (I means fire), and the ırch of improvement (the building committee) is ıashing 'em right and left, and in a wery few years ere won't be no westage remaining of the wenerable defaces and streets with which we has hassociated in r youth, and of which we has so many pleasant recol- ɜtions.

First of all, look at the clearing for the New Post ffice,—then the hextermination for King William ɾeet and *New London* Bridge. Oh! poor Abchurch,

Nicholas, Clement's, and Crooked Lanes, Eastc
Fish-street-hill, what hagonies you must have
when you war cut through your middle, and you
ties were mackadmized. Then wot a dreadful
been put hinto King's Harms Yard and the
Coleman Street to make room for the H
improvements. Then Lothbury and Bartholon
is going; not heven the weather-beaten hold c
the corner can be spared. That's down alr
soon,—oh! how can I write the hawful news,—t
the far-famed Cock is doomed. Mourn, mourn
tronomes,* the ruthless destroyers are at work
renowned *hostel*† hover whose friendly doors
Rooster" (as our Hamerican friends would pol
delicately term him) now flaps his wings and
joyous welcome, will shortly be levelled to the d

Farewell mock-turtle, farewell gravy, farewell
farewell ox-tail, farewell pea, farewell bully
kidneys, steaks, poultry, jints, breads and cheese
of port, pints of sherry, bottoms of brandy, an
of cold without, and hot with. Farewell, a long
to all thy greatness,—thy pleasing hoccupation
be o'er, and cabs and busses will hinwade the
floors of thy bar and coffee-room.

"Ah, why must you die and leave so mu
behind?"—and why, oh why, wert thou not p
to end thy days in peace? Why were thy sacre
hexposed to the wulgar gaze? Why, in a vile
law were the secrets of thy prison-house di
Why did the reporters (unfeeling wretches
bowels) record thy private life, and so make th
your *valet de sham*, and teach 'em to lose res
their hero? Why are we forced to know t
quantity of heads and tails, and scalps, you c

* *Gastronome* is a French word as means haldermar
chap as is wery fond of good heating. I makes use of t
idiot cos I is doing a bit of fine writing jest now, and F
Italian, and jaw-twisting expressions, halways command
and is considered pertickler helegant and genteel.

† *Hostel* is hold English for public-house.

during the year? Why were we told that a fowl is sufficient for the dinner of *one* person, and a goose more than *quantum stuff* for *two?* Why in mercy (as the worthy halderman feelingly hobserved during the hexamination) couldn't we have remained happy in the hold and pleasing delusion that the latter was a "hawkward bird," being rather too much for one, and not enough for two? And why do we know that your profits exceed a hundred per cent.? Shame, oh shame!—'twas too delicate a subject to be trifled with,—thy hidden mysteries should not have been unveiled! War there no patriot to pay the paltry twelve thousand pounds, and let thee make a graceful and a swan-like end? Alas, alas, there is no gratitude extant. Hout of the long list of wealthy customers who have revelled in thy "festive halls," and fattened on thy *happetesong mets*,* not one "stepped forrud" to awert the fatal henquiry. Farewell, hold friend; as Billy Lackaday says, thy days, like thy napkins, is numbered,—thy rooster's crowing will soon be hushed,—the time is fast approaching when neither hold *habitue*† nor erratic stranger will hear thy well-bred waiters convey to thy *chef de quizine*‡ their gentle wishes for thy various *potages*,§ couched in the bland abbreviation of—

"One ox, two mocks, three peas, and a bully."

Now for Sweeting's-rents and Sweeting's-alley. What a change is there, my countrymen. Where's the picturshop at the corner?—Gone. Where's the watchmaker's?—Gone. Where's the mock hauction?—Gone. Where's the tempting chops and steaks, and sausages, and kid-

* *Happetesong mets* is a French frase as means palatable wittles, or tit bits.

† *Habitue* means a constant customer, as reads the newspaper and sits in the same box, and has his brekfast, or luncheon, or dinner, hevery day at the same hour. In Paris, when a coffee or heating-house changes masters, they halways reckons the "*habitues*" as part of the live stock and fixtures, and regularly transfers 'em in the lease of the premises.

‡ *Chef de quizine* is French for head cook.

§ *Potage* is ditto for soup.

neys, as used to hinwite the hungry passenger to henter and feed?—Gone. Where's the great fire and the fat cook, and the big gridgeiron and the hot pewter plates? —Gone. "Mutton chop and a kidney to foller," or "steak and potaters," ayn't never ordered now. Joe's is hextinguished; so is all his cotempory neighbours, and you must seek your chops in the courts on the other side of Cornhill. 'Tis true you may still buy your pound or half-pound of mutton or beef at the butcher's in Threadneedle-street, and have it cooked at the Fleece next door; but it ayn't so much the cheese as the horiginal tothers as I've been a speaking about, where you got not honly the meat, but the taters, and clean knives and forks and tablecloths, and ciwillity and hattention, hall in the wery fust state of perfection.

Then the Hexchange—there's a smash! How hoften has I walked through it of a morning, and read the manuscript hadwertizements on its pillars, or sot me down on its long benches and skimmed the newspaper, or took a nap. Then Lloyd's subscription-room—how hoften has I been hup to the bar there, and had a name called. Ah! it seems like parting with a hold friend. I shuts my eyes, and can see in my head hewery part of the hold building, and hewerything belonging to it, heven to the stick and newspaper shops, the notices framed or pasted on the walls, and the saw-dust as war sweeped down Lloyd's staircase. It are astonishing how wiwidly we remembers little perticklers relating to places we have been familiar with in our youth. I don't know how hother people feels on the subject, but I know it always makes me huncomfortable when hany of my hold cronies is pulled down, or meets with a haccident.

The City has many both pleasant and sad recollections for me, and I wery hoften takes a stroll through it, to look at the hold spots I has frequented in my hearly days, and I conjures hup in my himagination hall the hewents connected with 'em, and I lives my life hover again.

Many's the ball I has been to at Bourk's, in Change-alley, and the Paul's Head, in Cateaton-street—many's

he sale I has attended at Garraway's—many's the glass f punch I has had at Tom's—many's the time I has eaned against the winders of Batson's and quizzed the natives—many's the blow-out of tarts and hoyster patties I has had at Birch's. By the bye, that far-famed hestablishment still hexists in *statu quo*, as it used to be hirty years ago. The little thick winders, with the iron-work houtside, the sawdust floor, the antique-ooking glasses, the pastry warmers, with their little arts, and the haunches and shoulders of wenison, hasn't varied a morsel; there they is in their primitive haustere implicity, disdaining modern jimcrackery.

Then the heating-houses—I've been in lots of 'em. Wot rum places they are, and how superior is their vittles both in quality and quantity to wot we gets at he four-dishes places in Paris; there aynt no comparison tween 'em. At the French shops you gets harf a pint f bone and scrapings soup, tasting wery strong of the vater, a hinch and a harf of biled plaice on a cheese late, with a spoonful of melted butter and two or three apers, which they calls *turbot a la sauce;* that's dish the ast. Then for the second, you has, perhaps, a *bif-stek la Hanglaise*, which are a wery little bit of hunderdone roiled beef (not from the rump, but the brisket), and ay-be two or three wery thin slices of fried potaters. hen, for the third, if you choose to *risk* the poultry, ou has *pully ho crescent*, which are the drumstick of a owl, with a sprig of watercress. For your fourth, if you ynt nice about knowing *wot* you heats, you has a *anket de vo*, which are a little bit of *sumat* stewed to gs in a sort of hasty pudding sauce. Then, for your ind up, the desert, you has heither a happle or a pear, r a halfpenny biscuit, or two wery small figs, six raisins, nd four almonds, which last delicacy is knowed by the ame of "*mendians.*" Hadded to hall this you has harf bottle of what they calls *view maakon*, which are neither ore nor less than an hinfusion of logwood and sloes. here's a dinner for a hungry man! If it warn't for the *ang a discretion* (which, by the bye, heverybody takes *rticler care to have his* wack of) we should come out

hungrier than we went in, and have paid two francs, which are one and eightpence, for sitting in a fine gilded room, on the floor of which heverybody keeps continually spitting, while we makes a fool of our stomach, by tormenting it with a hodgepodge of scraps as aynt got no taste nor nourishment.

Now look at the Henglish heating-houses—Wolf's, for hinstance, in Clements-lane, the City Larder, or hany of the hundred cribs round the Bank, Cornhill, and the Mansion-house. You has a large plate full of prime, good, well-cooked beef, mutton, lamb, veal, or pork, two wacking mealy potaters with their jackets on, a thick hunk of bread, and a pint of Barclay and Perkins's porter, served in a nice snug and comfortable room, with clean knives and forks and table-cloths, by civil and attentive waiters, among company as hasn't taken hout a *hawker's license*, and doesn't conwert the carpets or the sawdust hinto *Spitalfields*.

Hall this real hout and hout *substantial* good feed and comfort you gets for ONE SHILLING, thereby beating the French establishments by eightpence, and giving your hinternals a precious deal more satisfaction.

From twelve to four is the feeding hours of the City *restorers*, during which period the following conversations is keeping continually going hon, and is ditto repeated hevery day, from the 1st of January (hexcluding Sundays) to the 31st of December.

"*Times* arter the last genlemn." "You shall have it." "Now, Nicholas, wot's hup last?" "Yez sir, coming sir." "Money, Nicholas?" "Yez sir, coming sir." "Well, wot's last?" "Now my beef?" "Yez sir, coming sir." "Roast leg mutton—yours is one and three—thank you, sir—and a serline of beef." "Waiter." "Yez sir, coming sir." "Roast beef, well done." "Yez sir." "Waiter." "Yez sir, coming sir." "Potaters and peas—not too fat." "Yez sir." "Nicholas." "Yez sir, coming sir." "Wot pudding is there?" "Brem-butter—pint of ale for No. 4—baked plum—you shall have your cheese directly, sir—marrow, rice—here with the mock turtle—curran and raspberry pie—one and

elevenpence, sir." "Nicholas." "Yez sir, coming sir." "Tooth-pick." "Yez sir, coming sir." "How many breads?—half a pint—no cheese—here Tom, half-and-half, genlemn in the corner." "Nicholas." "Yez sir, coming sir." "Order me a baked plum." "Yez, sir." "Waiter." "Yez sir, coming sir—thirteen pence half-penny—thank you, sir—roast mutton, roast veal, roast pork, jest hup—stewed beef, hashed mutton, sourcrout and sausages—you shall have your change directly, sir." "Waiter." "Yez sir, coming sir." "Nicholas." "Yez sir, coming sir;" and away the *garçon* cuts to the kitchen. Then comes a pause for a minet or two, during which more customers comes in, and them as has given their horders looks at the clock and gets himpatient. In another minit Nicholas returns with a pile of plates of meat and wegebles, which he pitches with wonderful skill and memry hon to the different tables afore the right parties as hordered 'em.

Now, as I thinks I has been in the City long enough, I'll turn westward, giving a glance, *hon passong*, at Williams's, the famous biled beef house in the Hold Bailey, where it are considered fashernable to call for "a plate of both," which means half buttock and half flank.

Then higher hup we comes to the Cock, and its *wis-a-wee*, the Rainbow, both famous supper hestablishments, not to know which are not to know London. Then going hon again hinto the Strand, and "looking to the left," we comes to the Coalhole, time hout of mind celebrated for its dinners and suppers and conwiviality. This and the Cider Cellar is the two most fashernablest supper taverns in the metropolis. Night arter night their "festive halls" is crowded with haristumcratic re-wellers, while the song and the joke, and the pints of stout, and the goes of licker, and the Champagne, and the *devils*, and rabbits, and cheeses, and chops, is flying about like one o'clock, "till daylight doth ap-pear."

So much for my City pilgrimage, and my hon passong *glance. Now* "on we goes to the Otterman Empire,"

and changes the scene to another subject. In hour passage through life there is two things as we hall on us has a natteral hawersion to—one are law, and the hother are fissik. Yet, strange to say, much as we tries to awoid coming in contract with them, we is wery hoften forced, *billy nilly*, to hinwolve hourselves in both.

The latter (which is fissik) we generally makes hup our minds to take coolly, but the former halways plays hup hold gooseberry with us, and we can't be resigned to him at no price. To be heither plaintiff or defendant in a haction is both wery nervous and huncomfortable things, but when we is forced to happear as a witness, that's the toucher. It hacts in the same way as the medical student said a hexamination afore the board of the College of Surgeons would never fail to do—"put the patient hinto a profuse perspiration, and make him uncertain whether he stood on his head or his heels."

Many a poor devil has I seed frightened hout of his wits and skinned alive in the courts of Westminster-hall; the wigsbies has such strornary hartful dodges by which they circumwents and flabbergasts their wictims. Whenhever I sees a chap *up*, and the court roaring with laughter, while the black gowns is a pegging away at him, I halways thinks of the fable of the boy and the frogs.

Aynt it enough that a man is taken away from his business, and forced to give hevidence against his will, arout being turned hinto ridicule, and held hup as a tomfool for the hamusement of a pack of idlers in a court of justice?

Now and then the tormentors meets with a hugly customer, like the abaft-the-binnacle sailor as gives 'em as good as they brings, and makes the roar go *wisey wersey*; but in general the poor hinwoluntary wictims goes hinto the box, and is slaughtered as heasily as the poor hinnocent sheep as walks hinto the butcher's cellars in Leadenhall-market.

As a speciment of the downy witness, I'll jest relate

a bit of an hexamination as I heard in the Queen's Bench t'other day. It war in a hoss case, in which a hossler, who, for his huncommon cheek and wide-awakeness, had got the nicname of "Charfey" among his pals, war called as a witness by the defendant to prove as he knowed the hoss war unsound.

"James Chubb," says the counsel for the defence.

"All right—I's ere, hold feller," sings hout a woice in the middle of the court, where the jurymen in waiting, and those as is hinterested in the trials, sits. "We'm a coming." Saying which the hindewidewal whose company war politely requested by the counsel, pushed and shoved his way through the crowd, and, with a hop, skip, and a jump, hestablished himself in the witness-box.

"Si-lence!" bawls the husher, for the hextraornary free-and-easy manners and classircal costume of the downy James had caused a sensation in the court.

He wor wot the French calls the *bo-highdeal* of his class. He wore a pair of wery-tight-at-the-knee-and-wery-loose-behind drab wot-d'ye-call-ums, ribbed white cotton stockings, hobnailed high-lows, a long canwas jacket as left hoff where he sot down, a blue birds-eye silk pocket-handkerchief tied wery loose round his neck, close-cropped hair, a little fur cap (which he keeped continually a twisting and turning about in his two hands), a wery red and pimply face, a snub nose, and a pair of wot is called pig's eyes.

Arter the bustle his happearance created war hover, the clerk gives him the book, for which he made a perlite bow and scrape, and the functionary proceeded to swear him in his usual quick and perfessernal manner.

"Stop, stop, young feller," says the free-and-heasy witness, hinterrupting the hofficial afore he had got to the hend of his duty. "Not kervite so fast, if you please. Have the kindness to sing that ere song agin, and mind your stops, for I'm blest if I hunderstands a vord of it."

Here the hordinance, in coorse, hindulged in a roar,

during which, on a sign from the bench, the clerk repeated the form, and the witness kissed the book.

"James Chubb, I think," says the judge, writing the name in his note-book.

"At your sarvice, your vership," says that worthy genlemn, making a leg and smoothing down his hair. "I hopes your honour's well?"

"Si-lence!" bawls the husher.

The counsel now called on the witness for his story. "Relate to the court all you know of this matter."

"To be certingly I will," says Mr. Chubb, squaring his elbows, and histing up his what-d'ye-call-ums. "I war playing 'pitch' in our tap with Bill Jones, as tools the Isleworth bus, when I hears my child a crying, and I cuts away to give it pap, and see if a bob or a tanner war a waiting for me."

Here the counsel for the plaintiff hinterrupted him by saying, in a wery loud woice, "Stop, have the kindness to make use of hintelligible language. Wot do you mean by your child crying, and giving it pap, and a bob, and a tanner?"

"Hollo, who are you when you're at home, I should like to know!" says the lively James, looking with himmeasurable contempt at the hinterrupter, and then leaning hover the bar and speaking to the wig on his own side, he continued, "Is I to take hany notice of this Bull and Mouth chap?—cos, if I aynt, make him hold his tater-trap."

"Yes, yes; explain, explain," said the barrister, annoyed at the appeal. "Tell your story as clearly as possible."

"Oh, wery well," says the sleepless witness; "if it's all right, I don't mind. I aynt proud, and pities hignorance." Then haddressing himself to the hinterrupter, he went on: "You're a nice harticle to wear a wig and pertend to be a dicksnary, *you* are. Hewery fool knows a hossler's child is the stable bell—and when it rings it *cries*—and giving it pap is hattending to it—and a bob is *a robert*, and a tanner is a tizzy."

Here war another roar, and another cry of "Silence!" arter which the witness went on with his story, which went to prove that the hoss in question war given hinto his charge to clean and stable, and that he war of opinion the hanimal had got a spavin.

"That will do, you may go down," said his counsel.

"No, no, stop a minit if you please," said the genlemn for the plaintiff. "I wants to ask you a few questions."

"Oh, I'm quite agreeable," says the hundaunted Mr. Chubb, returning to his old quarter at the bar. "Cut avay, old chap—I can give *you* change for sixpence any day in the week. Jim along josey."

"Your name is Chubb, I believe," says the cross-examiner, arout taking no notice of the hinsolence.

"It *are*—Jim Chubb. Now, then, wot else?" says the patient, putting his tongue in his cheek, and his thumb to his nose, and shaking his fingers, and winking sagaciously. "Prehaps you thinks to kevere me by calling me *Charfey*, but I'm down." Then turning suddenly to the judge, he went on, "That's two for his nob, my lord, I think; he won't come hup to the scratch again arter that—oh dear, no, not never."

"Si-lence!" roars the husher agin, and the judge warned the witness that if he did not conduct himself with more propriety he would commit him for contempt of court.

"That'll do, go down," says the baffled counsel. "It's impossible to elicit hanything from this witness."

So hended the hexamination of Mr. Charfey, and so I shall finish this chapter, which has larnt me a lesson, and this is my reflections on it:—

MAXIMUM.—You can't never win a prize in the lottery, arout you has a ticket.

SPECIMENT.—'Spose you war in the backwoods of Hamerica, and hadn't got no roof to shelter you; wouldn't you be a fool to say I must perish of cold, for I am sure

I can't build myself a house, when all the while you had timber and tools, and health and strength, to do whatever war necessary for your comfort, if you would but pluck hup courage and tackle it. So it are with a great many on us in hother situations in life. *We turns our back on difficulties afore we has tried to hovercome them, and we throws away our chances, acause we hasn't courage to go in and make a heffort to win.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ONE of the two or three things I has a perticler awersion to, are being obliged to listen to a long rigmarole story, of which I knows the pint, and another are the drowning of a little good spirit with an inordinate quantity of water; the former makes me fretful, and the latter, savage. But when I reads a book as has got some good stuff in it, which the hauthor has foolishly hadulterated by a quantity of garnish or makeweight, for the purpose of swelling his work into the regler *circulating* medium of three volumes, I not only feels both the two sensations of the afore-mentioned awersions, but hadds to them a goodish bit of regret at the woful waste of time, paper, and talent.

Oceans and oceans of wery useful and clever books has been ruined by this hextending process—like the turtle soup which the Brighton landlord *stretched* with *aqua pumpo* into three dinners, when it had only strength for one.

I don't mean to insinuate that this is the position in which I stands with my history, for I ayn't vain fool enough to call my own work either useful or clever, but

I'm afraid of making it too long. I hopes (though perhaps I is blind to my faults and flatters myself) that I hasn't yet attempted a *stretch*, so, for fear I should be led to follow the fashion and try for three volumes, I has made up my mind to wot Shakspeare calls, "come to Hecuba," and finish my work while it is in its bloom of health and vigour. Though, mind you, I has as yet only given *full particlers* up to the first half of my life, for if them as has read me will oblige me by thinking back a moment, they will find that at the time I recommenced business arter my bankruptcy I war only thirty.

"Wery true," prehaps says many, "but in coorse you means to finish up smooth and ship-shape, and not snap off short like Mr. Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' and leave the conclusion to our sympathetic himagination." To which I replies, "No, I means to make a proper and regler finish, but, for the fear I has before stated, and for two or three other reasons which I will presently explain, I thinks it best to make my subsequent story as short and concise as possible."

Now for my reasons, which, being a confession, are, as the French says, to be considered quite *entre nous*:—

When I beginned my history I had only written four pages, which I sent as a speculation to the *Sunday Times*, with a note to the heditor, stating that if the speciment war approved of I could continue the work as long as it might be considered interesting. Well, the next Sunday, among the notices to correspondents, I seed these words, "William Muggins in our next;" and sure enough on Sunday, the 1st of March, 1840, I seed myself in print to the length of three-quarters of a column, with "To be continued" underneath it.

This, you may suppose, made me huncommon glad. A hauthor's feelings when fust he sees his words *printed* is delushous. It are a sort of mental hintoxication, as makes him live for a time in a bran new world, where everything is bright and beautiful. I war indeed pleased; I read the harticle hover and hover again, and could hardly *believe as it* war me as wrote it. "To be con-

tinued," too—oh! them three words is huncommon cheering—they is the perspective of dinners. Howsomedever, as I don't want to give you an hexample of *stretching*, I'll persede with my confession. As soon as I got my head a little settled I sat down to *continue* by thinking back on the hewents of my past life, and putting 'em down in regler rotation.

This war tolerably easy work for a week or two, till I got hinto the pith of my story, but by-and-by I beginned to find out that I had undertaken a more difficult task than I had calculated on. Having none of my matter prepared beforehand, I war obliged to write up from week to week, which I hoften found wery irksome. Then again I discovered that my bad languidge war a clog to me in parts where I wanted to be serus. Besides which, it war at all times difficult to be made out, and I beginned to fear, as one of my genteel friends said, "that it threw a wulgarity hover the affair which well-bred and educated people couldn't countenance." I urged in my defence wot I said in my fust chapter, that "as long as the beef war good, no matter whether it war served up on china or delph;" but he said I war wrong, quite wrong, for *it war the fashion to be genteel, and trifles on Sevres or Dresden war more in vogue than solids on pewter or ironstone willow pattern.*

At first I woudn't hear of this, and stuck up for my *dialect*, but by degrees I war inclined to think he war right. A *little* unsofisticated spelling and grammar may be tolerated, and even admired, when the subject is *comic*, but, when the *slip-slop* is kept up for a great many weeks, and *serusness* is touched upon, it may grow tiresome; or, if it should, by the natteralness and truth of the story, escape that condemnation, it are more than likely that the readers would lament it had not been told in *proper* languidge.

I war too far himmerged in my work at this time to pull up and halter my style; so I determined to carry on my best on the old plan up to a certain period of my life, and then break off, leaving the conclusion of the *full per-*

ticlers of my hadwentures for another set of papers, which I would publish hunder the heditorship of my son, who are a skoller, and would polish my Hinglish, and so awoid the herrors my want of larning has, on the present hoccasion, obliged me to fall hinto.

This is still my intention—that is, if my friendly readers thinks proper to be pleased with me, and wish me to proceed; if hotherwise, as Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and I'll make my bow and retire to *mes terres*.

Prehaps some may say, "How comes it, Mr. Muggins, that a man of your tact and persewerance hasn't larnt yourself to write better? Surely your hintercourse with the world, perticlerly when you comed to be well off, ought to have taught you to write and spell correctly?" To which I replies, "You is wery right,—it *ought*, but it didn't, and I'll tell you how it has happened. I got my larning, as I have said before, *permiscusly*—I warn't never taught the *rudiments* of nuffin. When I knowed my letters, and could understand wot they meant when they war formed hinto words, *I war content with my reading;* when I could turn pothooks and hangers into letters, and write 'em down into the *sound* of the words I wanted to express, *I war content with my writing*."

The constant hard work, both of hand and head, I had in the early part of my life prewented me from dewoting time to studdy grammar and spelling, and the people I war continually in contract with speaking in the wulgar, I let my ear and tongue get accustomed to bad habits, which, now I am old, I am unable to shake off. So that's why I writes as I does.

Having now unbosomed myself, I will proceed with the continuation, and hasten to the conclusion of my history.

I left off by saying, "An event took place which made me wery miserable." This war the death of Mr. Hallspice.

It war my intention to have dewoted several pages to the *recording of this* melancholy event; but, on reflec-

tion, I feel that, as "much misery may be told in few words," 'tis best to be as brief as possible in relating the particulars of my melancholy loss.

I had passed a happy Christmas, and war beginning a happy new year, when I gets a note from my mother, begging me to come to Camberwell immediately, for Mr. Hallspice war taken suddenly and dangerously ill.

In coorse, I lost no time in obeying the summons. Poor old genlemn! one look war sufficient to tell me that it wouldn't be long afore it war all over with him, for all the muscles of his face war pulled down, and his eyes had that peculiar haggard hexpression that hinwariably denotes the happroach of death.

He war quite sensible and composed; and arter shaking me by the hand in his usual hearty manner, he said, with a faint smile and feeble voice, "Glad—glad to see you, Mug. Account nearly closed—had adwice some time. Said nuffin—knew there was no hope. Not afraid to die;—no—no—no—happy—happy—happy—quite—quite. Never did nobody no wrong; always—always tried to do my duty. Yes—yes;—you—you—you only person I ever injured. Never mind, never mind—I know, I know, forgiven me. Yes, yes—got over that—errors excepted—struck a fresh balance. Don't, don't be unhappy—wot we must all come to. Seventy-six—good age, good age. Lived my life—happy, contented. Made will, not forgot little Pill; no, no, no—never mind. No occasion to give you adwice—don't want it. No, no—I'm quite happy. Draw back the window curtains,—want to see the garden. Snow, snow—frost, frost—hard frost. Kill all the geraniums. Poor birds—poor birds—starve, starve—give them crumbs, give them crumbs. Days, days draw in—night, night, soon dark. Don't light candles. I'm happy,—quite quite happy."

These war his last words. He sank back on his pillows in a gentle sleep, and a few minutes arter ceased to breathe.

Thus died my early friend and benefactor.

t little remains to be told. He left me the whole
property. With it I war enabled to increase my
ess, and in the coorse of a few years I made enough
ire, which I did, having established my third son as
uccessor. My eldest, "little Tim," who I sent to
ia as a cadet, wery shortly expects to get his
ity; my second, who I sent with his two brothers
hedicated at Hoxford, is eating his way to the bar.
wo gals is well married, one to a merchant, and
er to a navy lieftenant.
or old Canterberry slipped his cable last summer;
Simcox and Mr. Spoff, who married his daughters,
th doing well. My dear Mary is as young in heart
s merry as ever; and my dear old mother, who has
living with me ever since Mr. Hallspice's death,
h very old and tottering, is still lively and well;
hen me, and she, and Mary, sits round the fire of the
r's evenings, and torks of "old days," we wonders
e past, is thankful for the present, and looks forrud
hope to the future.
ving thus summed up the latter part of my history
ew words, I will take my leave; but if so be there
d be a cry of "*encore*," I'll start again, and give a
nore speciments on the new plan I has before
led.
w, good bye, gentle readers. I thanks you for your
will; arout it I shouldn't have *continued* for ten
hs; and, critics, pray be merciful, don't flay me
However rough and wulgar my *medium* may be,
ntention are good. I wished to inculcate moral and
l lessons, by showing the consequences of a course
d conduct, contrasted with steadiness and virtue.
have failed, I lament that I have mistaken my
ion and mis-employed my time; but if I have made
ensible person say, "*Some of those papers in the day Times,' by William Muggins, contain words to membered*," I shall say to myself, "*Bill, you old
, hold up your head and be happy, you hasn't been
kiny for nuffin.*"

Once more, good bye. The reviewing my life has lar me another lesson, and this is my reflections on it :—

MAXIMUM.—Though we lives to be a hundred, hasn't done going to school.

SPECIMENT.—Once upon a time, a genlemn, who v a great philosopher, who had read all sorts of boo kept all sorts of company, and had been in all parts the world, war asked if he had ever met with anybo who war so wise that he hadn't got nuffin to learn ? which the genlemn replied, "*The less we knows, the m we prides ourselves on our knowledge,—and the more knows, the more we wonders at our ignorance.*"

THE END.

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